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BOOK

VI

EDITED BY  
THOMAS J. WISE

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PART  
XVI

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SPENSER'S  
FAERIE  
QUEENE

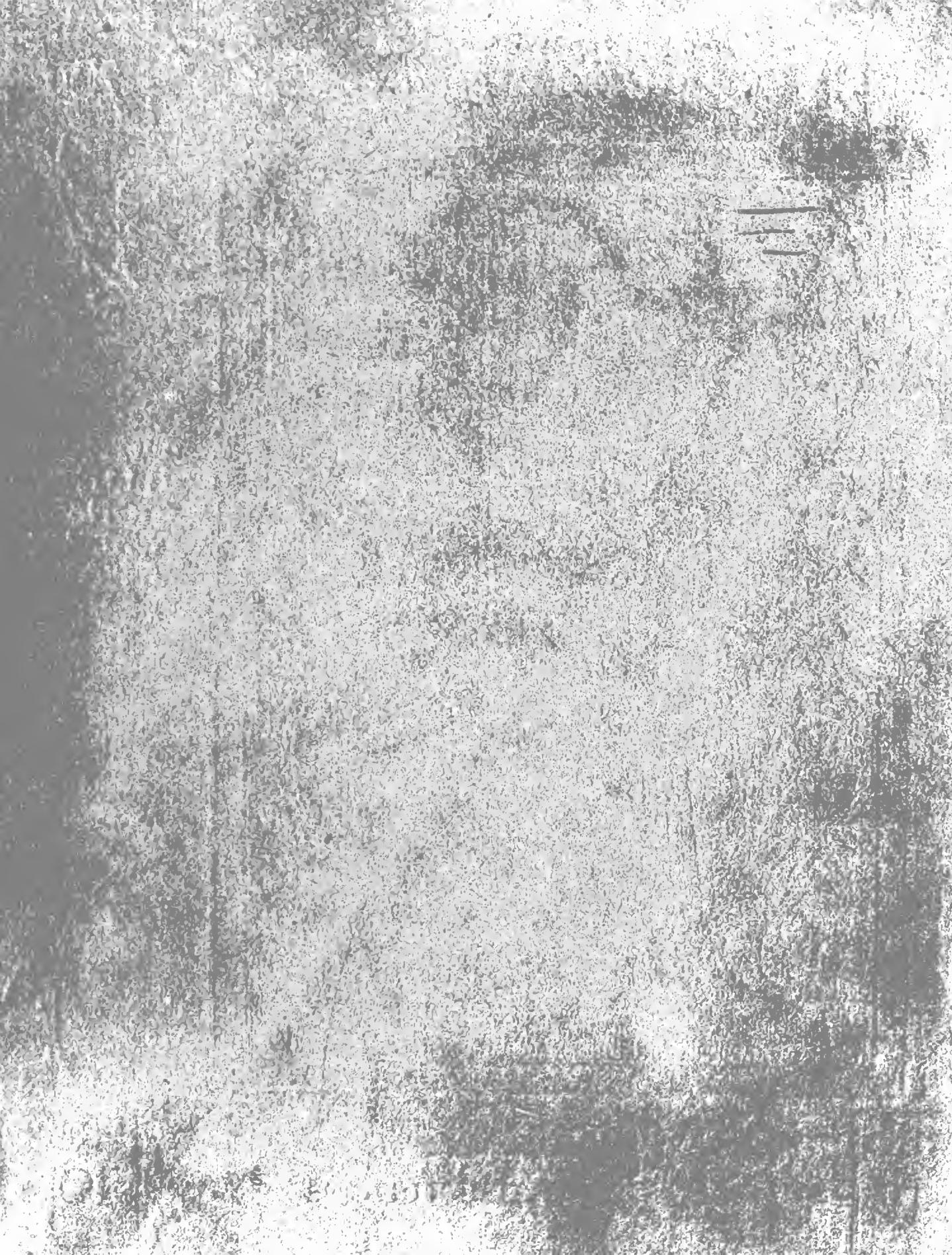
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THE · SIXTH · BOOK ·  
OF · THE · FAERIE ·  
QUEENE · 



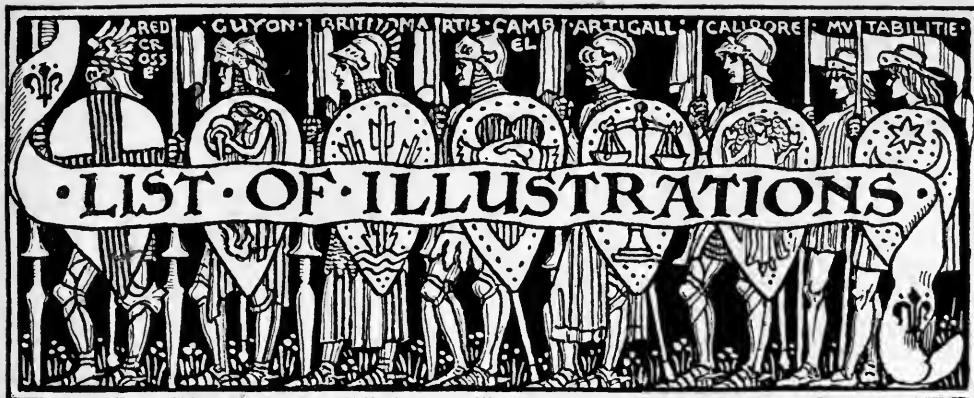
# THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE FAERIE QUEENE

BY EDMUND SPENSER  
CONTAYNING THE LE  
GEND OF CALIDORE  
OR OF COURTESIE  
EDITED BY THOMAS J. WISE  
AND DISPLAYED IN A SERIES  
OF DESIGNS BY  
WALTER CRANE

LONDON:  
GEORGE ALLEN  
RUSKIN HOUSE  
1896



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SIXTH BOOK OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

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HE WAIES, through which my weary steps I guyde  
In this delightfull land of Faery,  
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,  
And sprinckled with such sweet variety  
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,  
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,  
My tedious travell doe forget thereby ;  
And, when I gin to feele decay of might,  
It strength to me supplies, and chears my dulled spright.

Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,  
Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell,  
And there the keeping have of learnings threasures  
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,  
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,  
And goodly fury into them infuse,  
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well  
In these strange waies where never foote did use,  
Ne none can find but who was taught them by the Muse.

Revele to me the sacred noursery  
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,  
Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly  
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdaine ;  
Since it at first was by the Gods with paine  
Planted in earth, being derived at furst  
From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,  
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,  
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre  
Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie ;  
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,  
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,  
And spreds it selfe through all civilitie :  
Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,  
Yet, being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,  
Ye will them all but fayned showes esteeme,  
Which carry colours faire that feeble eies misdeeme.

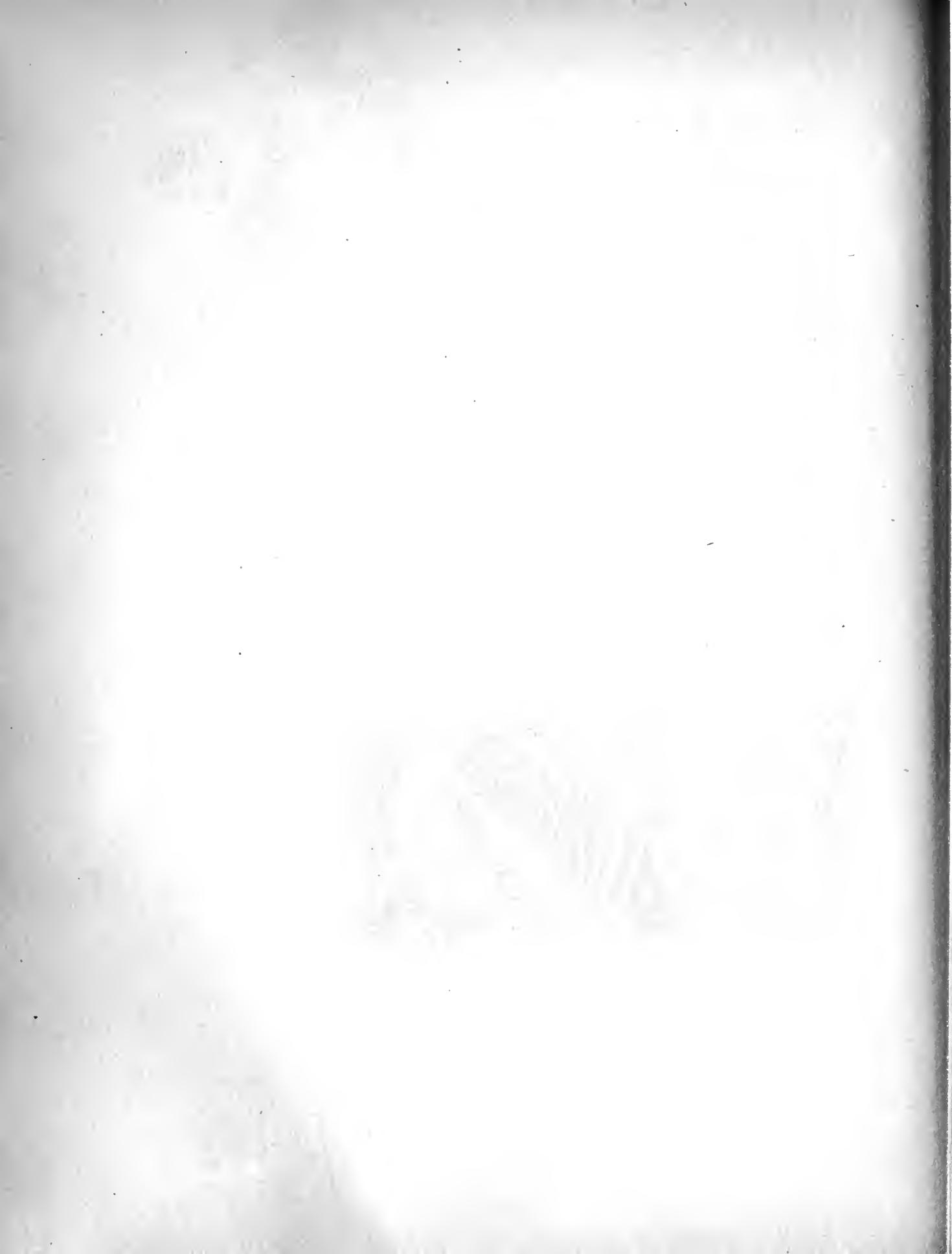
But, in the triall of true curtesie,  
Its now so farre from that which then it was,  
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,  
Fashion'd to please the eies of them that pas,  
Which see not perfect things but in a glas :  
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blynd  
The wisest sight to thinke gold that is bras ;  
But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,  
And not in outward shows, but inward thoughts defynd.

But where shall I in all Antiquity  
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene  
The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,  
As in your selfe, O soveraine Lady Queene?  
In whose pure minde, as in a mirror sheene,  
It showes, and with her brightness doth inflame  
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene,  
But meriteth indeede an higher name:  
Yet so from low to high uplifted is your fame.

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Book VI.

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soveraine,  
That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,  
And to your selfe doe it returne againe.  
So from the Ocean all rivers spring,  
And tribute backe repay as to their King:  
Right so from you all goodly vertues well  
Into the rest which round about you ring,  
Faire Lords and Ladies which about you dwell,  
And doe adorne your Court where courtesies excell.





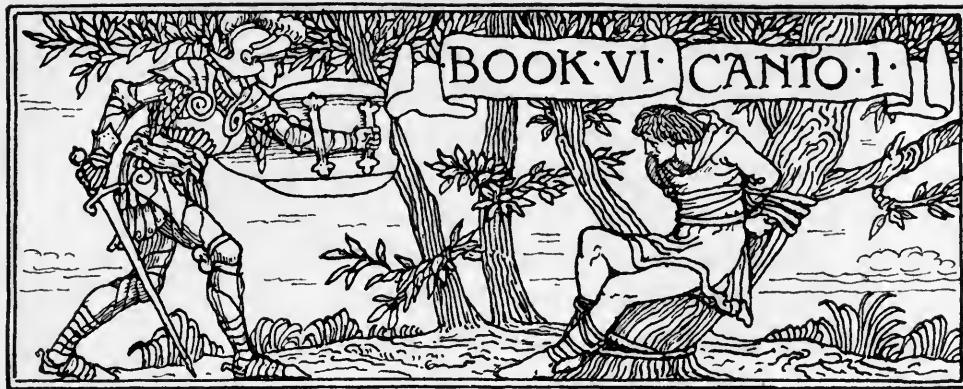






**G**alidore saves from Malessort  
A Damzell used vulde:  
Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make  
Briana wexe more mylde.





F COURT, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,  
For that it there most useth to abound ;  
And well beseemeth that in Princes hall  
That vertue should be plentifully found,  
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,  
And roote of civill conversation :

Right so in Faery court it did redound,  
Where curteous Knights and Ladies most did won  
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

But mongst them all was none more courteous Knight  
Then Calidore, beloved over-all,  
In whom, it seemes, that gentlenesse of spright  
And manners mylde were planted naturall ;  
To which he adding comely guize withall  
And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away :  
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,  
And well approv'd in batteilous affray,  
That him did much renowme, and far his fame display.

Ne was there Knight ne was there Lady found  
In Faery court, but him did deare embrace  
For his faire usage and conditions sound,  
The which in all mens liking gayned place,  
And with the greatest purchast greatest grace :  
Which he could wisely use, and well apply,  
To please the best, and th'evill to embase ;  
For he loathd leasing and base flattery,  
And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty.

And now he was in travell on his way,  
Upon an hard adventure sore bestad,  
Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day  
With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad  
From his late conquest which he gotten had :  
Who whenas each of other had a sight,  
They knew them selves, and both their persons rad ;  
When Calidore thus first : " Haile, noblest Knight  
Of all this day on ground that breathen living spright !

" Now tell, if please you, of the good successe  
Which ye have had in your late enterprize."  
To whom Sir Artegall gan to expresse  
His whole exploite and valorous emprise,  
In order as it did to him arize.  
" Now, happy man," (sayd then Sir Calidore)  
" Which have, so goodly as ye can devize,  
Atchiev'd so hard a quest, as few before ;  
That shall you most renowmed make for evermore.

“ But where ye ended have, now I begin  
To tread an endlesse trace, withouten guyde  
Or good direction how to enter in,  
Or how to issue forth in waies untryde,  
In perils strange, in labours long and wide ;  
In which although good Fortune me befall,  
Yet shall it not by none be testifyde.”

“ What is that quest,” (quoth then Sir Artegall)  
“ That you into such perils presently doth call ? ”

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto I.

“ The Blattant Beast ” (quoth he) “ I doe pursew,  
And through the world incessantly doe chase,  
Till I him overtake, or else subdew :  
Yet know I not or how, or in what place  
To find him out, yet still I forward trace.”  
“ What is that Blattant Beast ? ” (then he replide.)  
“ It is a Monster bred of hellishe race,”  
(Then answered he) “ which often hath annoyd  
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd.

“ Of Cerberus whilome he was begot  
And fell Chimæra, in her darkesome den,  
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot ;  
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,  
Till he to perfect ripenesse grew ; and then  
Into this wicked world he forth was sent  
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men,  
Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent  
He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.”

“ Then, since the salvage Island I did leave,”  
Sayd Artegall, “ I such a Beast did see,  
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,  
That all in spight and malice did agree ;  
With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,  
As if that he attonce would me devoure :  
But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,  
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre ;  
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure.”

“ That surely is that Beast ” (saide Calidore)  
“ Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad  
To heare these tidings, which of none afore  
Through all my weary travell I have had ;  
Yet now some hope your words unto me add.”  
“ Now God you speed,” (quoth then Sir Artegall)  
“ And keepe your body from the daunger drad,  
For ye have much adoe to deale withall.”  
So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,  
When as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,  
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong  
Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound ;  
Who, seeing him from farre, with piteous sound  
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide :  
To whom approaching, in that painefull stound  
When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,  
But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him saide.

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Canto I.

“ Unhappy Squire! what hard mishap thee brought  
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?  
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,  
And thee captived in this shamefull place?”  
To whom he answered thus: “ My haplesse case  
Is not occasiond through my misdesert,  
But through misfortune, which did me abase  
Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,  
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

“ Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,  
Hard by a streight, there stands a castle strong,  
Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,  
And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:  
For may no Knight nor Lady passe along  
That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,  
By reason of the streight, and rocks among)  
But they that Ladies lockes doe shave away,  
And that knights berd, for toll which they for passage pay.”

“ A shamefull use as ever I did heare,”  
Sayd Calidore, “ and to be overthowne.  
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,  
And for what cause? tell, if thou have it knowne.”  
Sayd then that Squire; “ The Lady, which doth owne  
This Castle, is by name Briana hight,  
Then which a prouder Lady liveth none:  
She long time hath deare lov’d a doughty Knight,  
And sought to win his love by all the meanes she might.

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Canto I.

“ His name is Crudor ; who, through high disdaine  
And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mynd,  
Refused hath to yeeld her love againe,  
Untill a Mantle she for him doe fynd  
With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies lynd :  
Which to provide she hath this Castle dight,  
And therein hath a Seneschall assynd,  
Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,  
Who executes her wicked will with worse despight.

“ He, this same day, as I that way did come  
With a faire Damzell, my beloved deare,  
In execution of her lawlesse doome  
Did set upon us flying both for feare ;  
For little bootes against him hand to reare.  
Me first he tooke unnable to withstand,  
And whiles he her pursued every where,  
Till his retурne unto this tree he bond ;  
Ne wote I surely whether her he yet have fond.”

Thus whiles they spake they heard a ruefull shrieke  
Of one loud crying, which they straightway ghest  
That it was she the which for helpe did seeke.  
Tho, looking up unto the cry to lest,  
They saw that Carle from farre, with hand unblest  
Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,  
That all her garments from her snowy brest,  
And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,  
Ne would he spare for pitty, nor refraine for feare.

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QUEENE.  
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Canto I.

Which haynous sight when Calidore beheld,  
Eftsoones he loosd that Squire, and so him left  
With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,  
For to pursue that villaine, which had reft  
That piteous spoile by so injurious theft ;  
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde :  
“ Leave, faytor, quickely that misgotten west  
To him that hath it better justifyde,  
And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art defyde.”

Who, hearkning to that voice, him selfe upreard,  
And seeing him so fiercely towardes make,  
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,  
But rather more enrag'd for those words sake ;  
And with sterne count'naunce thus unto him spake :  
“ Art thou the caytive that defyest me ?  
And for this Mayd, whose party thou doest take,  
Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee ?  
Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome fro me free.”

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd  
On hideous strokes with most importune might,  
That oft he made him stagger as unstayd,  
And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight :  
But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,  
Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,  
Lying in waite how him he damadge might ;  
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,  
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

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Book VI.  
Canto I.

Like as a water-streame, whose swelling sourse  
Shall drive a Mill, within strong bancks is pent,  
And long restrayned of his ready course,  
So soone as passage is unto him lent,  
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent ;  
Such was the fury of Sir Calidore :  
When once he felt his foeman to relent,  
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore ;  
Who as he still decayd so he encreased more.

The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might  
Whenas the Carle no longer could sustaine,  
His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his flight  
Toward the Castle, where, if need constraine,  
His hope of refuge used to remaine :  
Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,  
He him pursu'd and chaced through the plaine,  
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie  
Unto the ward to open to him hastilie.

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,  
The gate soone opened to receive him in ;  
But Calidore did follow him so fast,  
That even in the Porch he him did win,  
And cleft his head asunder to his chin.  
The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore  
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of sin,  
That it could not be shut ; whilst Calidore  
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

THE  
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Book VI.  
Canto I.

With that the rest the which the Castle kept  
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay ;  
But he them all from him full lightly swept,  
As doth a Steare, in heat of sommers day,  
With his long taile the bryzes brush away.  
Thence passing forth into the hall he came,  
Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay  
He was ymett, who with uncomely shame  
Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty blame.

→ “ False traytor Knight ! ” (said she) “ no Knight at all,  
But scorne of armes, that hast with guilty hand  
Murdred my men, and slaine my Seneschall,  
Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,  
And spoile my selfe that can not thee withstand ?  
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight  
Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,  
Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right ;  
And if none do, yet shame shal thee with shame requight.”

Much was the Knight abashed at that word ;  
Yet answer’d thus : “ Not unto me the shame,  
But to the shamefull doer it afford.  
Bloud is no blemish, for it is no blame  
To punish those that doe deserve the same ;  
But they that breake bands of civilitie,  
And wicked customes make, those doe defame  
Both noble armes and gentle curtesie.  
No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

“ Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, forgoe  
This evill manner which ye here maintaine,  
And doe instead thereof mild curt’sie showe  
To all that passe : That shall you glory gaine  
More then his love, which thus ye seeke t’obtaine.”  
Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde :  
“ Vile recreant ! know that I doe much disdaine  
Thy courteous lore, that doest my love deride,  
Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be defyde.”

“ To take defiaunce at a Ladies word ”  
(Quoth he) “ I hold it no indignity ;  
But were he here, that would it with his sword  
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby.”  
“ Cowherd ! ” (quoth she) “ were not that thou wouldest fly  
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place.”  
“ If I doe so,” (sayd he) “ then liberty  
I leave to you for aye me to disgrace  
With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to deface.”

With that a Dwarfe she cald to her in hast,  
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,  
A privy token which betweene them past,  
Bad him to flie with all the speed he could  
To Crudor ; and desire him that he would  
Vouchsafe to reskue her against a Knight,  
Who through strong powre had now her self in hould,  
Having late slaine her Seneschall in fight,  
And all her people murdred with outragious might :

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Book VI.  
Canto I.

The Dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night ;  
But Calidore did with her there abyde  
The comming of that so much threatned Knight ;  
Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull pryde  
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,  
That yron heart it hardly could sustaine :  
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,  
Did well endure her womanish disdaine,  
And did him selfe from fraile impatience refraine.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light  
Above the earth upreard his flaming head,  
The Dwarfe, which bore that message to her knight,  
Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted bread  
He would her succour, and alive or dead  
Her foe deliver up into her hand :  
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread ;  
And, that of him she mote assured stand,  
He sent to her his basenet as a faithfull band.

Thereof full blyth the Lady streight became,  
And gan t'augment her bitternes much more ;  
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,  
Ne ought dismayed was Sir Calidore,  
But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore :  
And having soone his armes about him dight,  
Did issue forth to meete his foe afore ;  
Where long he stayed not, when as a Knight  
He spide come pricking on with all his powre and might.

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Book VI.  
Canto I.

Well weend he streight that he should be the same  
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine ;  
Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,  
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.  
They bene ymett in middest of the plaine  
With so fell fury and dispiteous forse,  
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,  
But rudely rowld to ground, both man and horse,  
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorse.

But Calidore uprose againe full light,  
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse swound ;  
Yet would he not him hurt although he might ;  
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.  
But when Briana saw that drery stound,  
There where she stood uppon the Castle wall,  
She deem'd him sure to have bene dead on ground ;  
And made such piteous mourning therewithall,  
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

Nathlesse at length him selfe he did upreare  
In lustlesse wise ; as if against his will,  
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,  
And gan to stretch his limbs ; which feeling ill  
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still :  
But, when he saw his foe before in vew,  
He shooke off luskishnesse ; and courage chill  
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,  
To prove if better foote then horsebacke would ensew.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray  
Betwixt them two for maystery of might ;  
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,  
And passing well expert in single fight,  
And both inflam'd with furious despight ;  
Which as it still encreast, so still increast  
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright ;  
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,  
Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempest ceast.

THE  
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Book VI.  
Canto I.

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,  
And tryde all waies how each mote entrance make  
Into the life of his malignant foe :  
They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,  
As they had potshares bene ; for nought mote slake  
Their greedy vengeaunces but goary blood,  
That at the last like to a purple lake  
Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,  
Which from their riven sides forth gushed like a flood.

At length it chaunst that both their hands on hie  
At once did heave with all their powre and might,  
Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,  
And prove the finall fortune of the fight ;  
But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight  
And nimbler handed then his enemie,  
Prevented him before his stroke could light,  
And on the helmet smote him formerlie,  
That made him stoupe to ground with meeke humilitie :

THE  
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Canto I.

And, ere he could recover foote againe,  
He, following that faire advantage fast,  
His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,  
That him upon the ground he groveling cast ;  
And leaping to him light would have unlast  
His Helme, to make unto his vengeance way :  
Who, seeing in what daunger he was plast,  
Cryde out ; " Ah mercie, Sir ! doe me not slay,  
But save my life, which lot before your foot doth lay."

With that his mortall hand a while he stayd ;  
And, having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat  
With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd :  
" And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,  
That menaced me from the field to beat,  
Now brought to this ? By this now may ye learne  
Strangers no more so rudely to entreat,  
But put away proud looke and usage sterne,  
The which shal nought to you but foule dishonor yearne.

" For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,  
That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,  
However strong and fortunate in fight,  
Then the reproch of pride and crueltesse.  
In vaine he seeketh others to suppresse,  
Who hath not learnd him selfe first to subdew :  
All flesh is frayle and full of fickleness,  
Subject to fortunes chance, still chaunging new :  
What haps to day to me to morrow may to you.

“ Who will not mercie unto others shew,  
How can he mercy ever hope to have?  
To pay each with his owne is right and dew ;  
Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,  
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,  
With these conditions which I will propound :  
First, that ye better shall your selfe behave  
Unto all errant knights, whereso on ground ;  
Next, that ye Ladies ayde in every stead and stound.”

THE  
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Book VI.  
Canto I.

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell  
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,  
And promist to performe his precept well,  
And whatsoever else he would requere.  
So, suffring him to rise, he made him sweare  
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,  
To take Briana for his loving fere  
Withouten dowre or composition ;  
But to release his former foule condition.

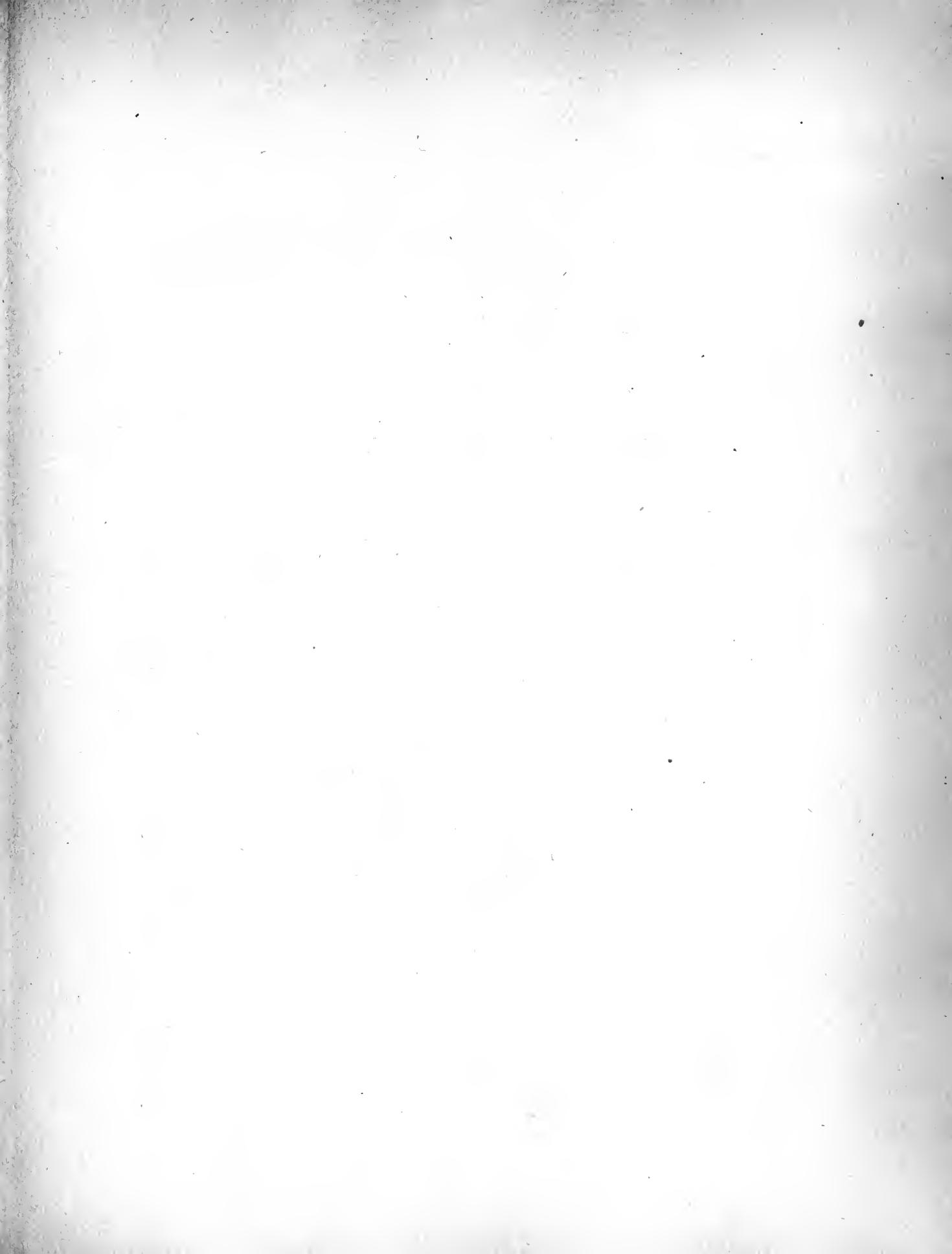
All which accepting, and with faithfull oth  
Bynding himselfe most firmly to obay,  
He up arose, however lief or loth,  
And swore to him true fealtie for aye.  
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay  
The sad Briana which all this beheld ;  
Who comming forth yet full of late affray  
Sir Calidore upcheard, and to her told  
All this accord to which he Crudor had compeld.

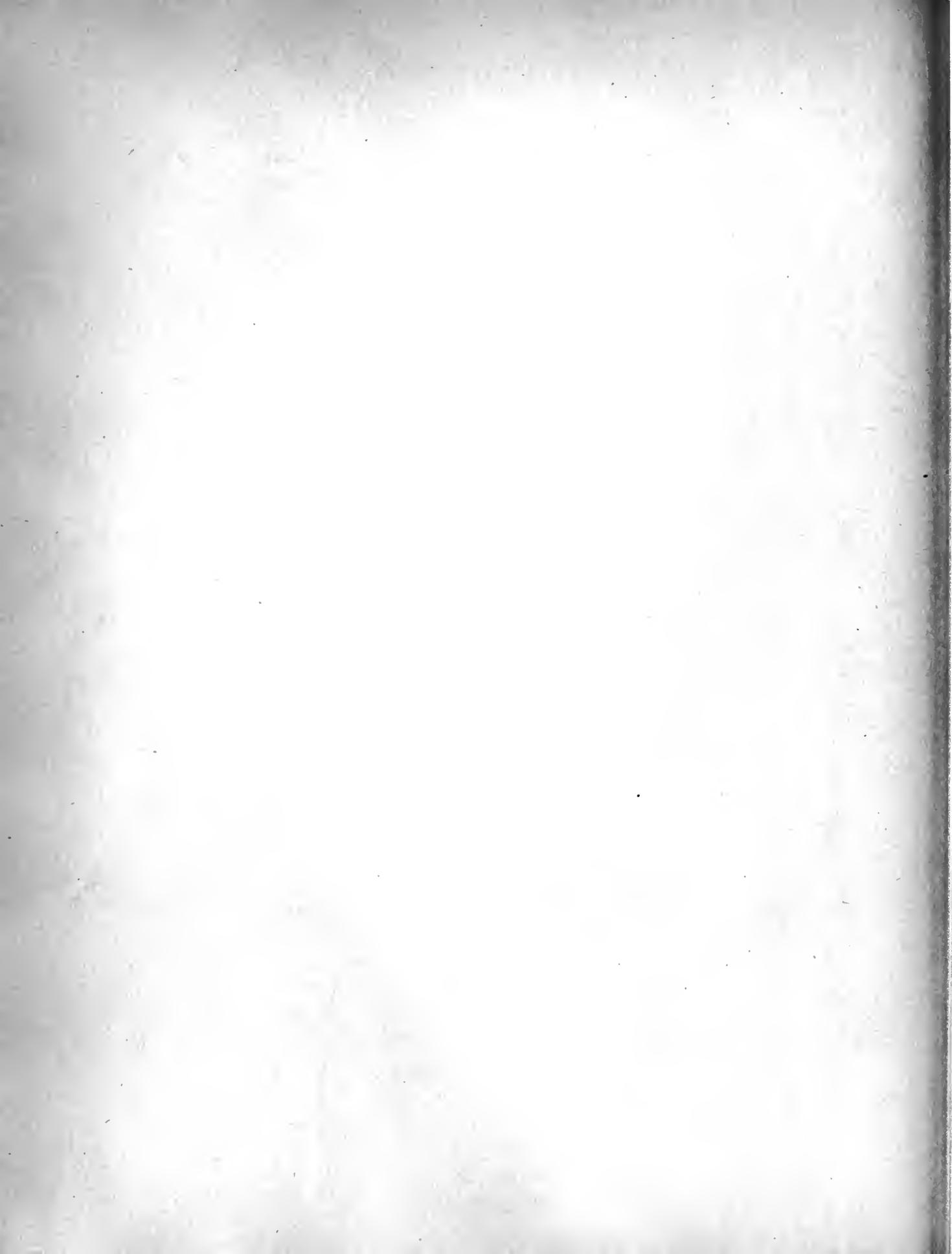
THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto I.

Whereof she now more glad then sory earst,  
All overcome with infinite affect  
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst  
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,  
Before his feet her selfe she did project ;  
And him adoring as her lives deare Lord,  
With all due thankes and dutifull respect,  
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,  
By which he had to her both life and love restord.

So all returning to the Castle glad,  
Most joyfully she them did entertaine ;  
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,  
To show her thankefull mind and meaning faine,  
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine :  
And, after all, unto Sir Calidore  
She freely gave that Castle for his paine,  
And her selfe bound to him for evermore ;  
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was afore.

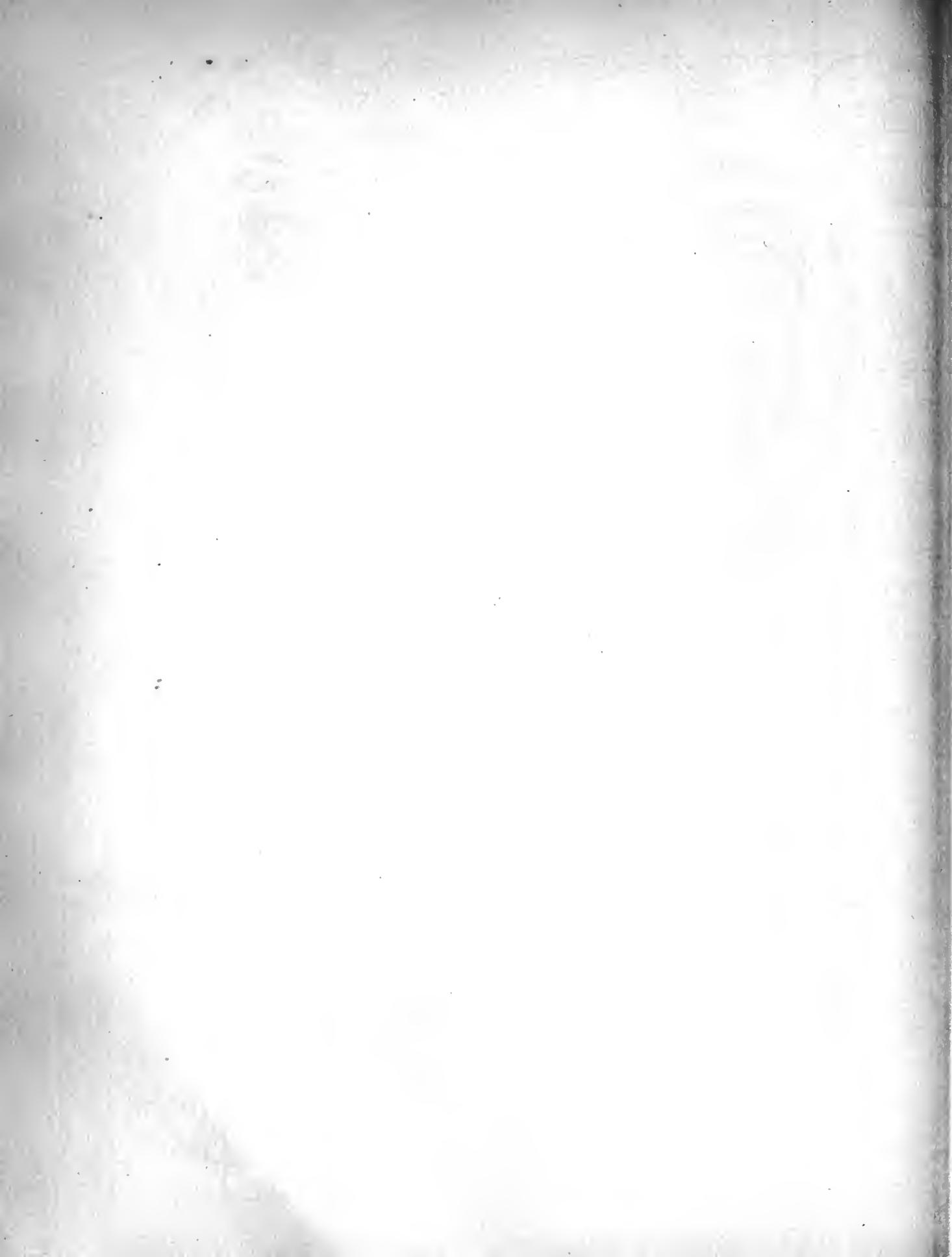
But Calidore himselfe would not retaine  
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,  
But gave them streight unto that Squire againe,  
Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,  
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed  
For recompence of all their former wrong.  
There he remaind with them right well agreed,  
Till of his wounds he wexed hole and strong ;  
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

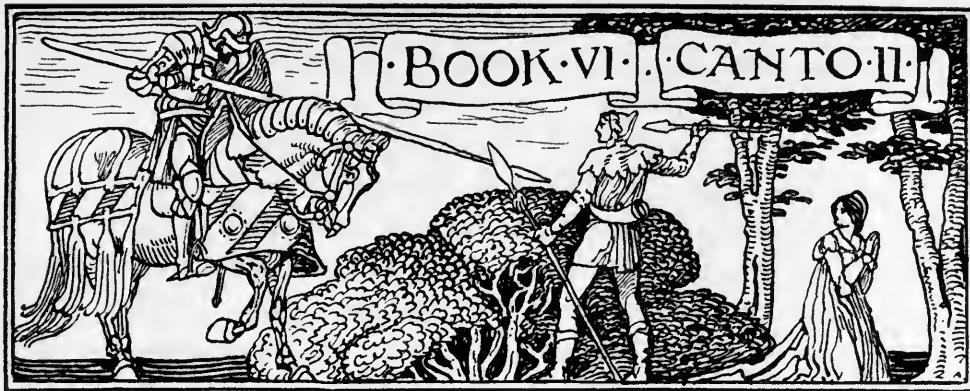






Alidore sees young Tristram slay  
A proud dis courteous Knight:  
He makes him Squire, & of him leames  
His state & present plight.





**K**HAT vertue is so fitting for a knight,  
 Or for a Ladie whom a knight should love,  
 As Curtesie ; to beare themselves aright  
 To all of each degree as doth behove ?  
 For whether they be placed high above  
 Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know  
 Their good ; that none them rightly may reprove  
 Of rudenesse for not yeelding what they owe :  
 Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend ;  
 For some so goodly gratious are by kind,  
 That every action doth them much commend,  
 And in the eyes of men great liking find,  
 Which others that have greater skill in mind,  
 Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine ;  
 For everie thing to which one is inclin'd  
 Doth best become and greatest grace doth gaine :  
 Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforst with paine.

That well in courteous Calidore appeares ;  
Whose every deed and word, that he did say,  
Was like enchantment, that through both the eares  
And both the eyes did steale the hart away.  
He now againe is on his former way  
To follow his first quest, when as he spyde  
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,  
Fighting on foot, as well he him descriye,  
Against an armed knight that did on horsebacke ryde.

And them beside a Ladie faire he saw  
Standing alone on foot in foule array ;  
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw  
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,  
And to depart them, if so be he may :  
But, ere he came in place, that youth had kild  
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay :  
Which when he saw, his hart was inly child  
With great amazement, and his thought with wonder fild.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee  
A goodly youth of amiable grace,  
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see  
Yet seventeene yeares, but tall and faire of face,  
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race :  
All in a woodmans jacket he was clad  
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace ;  
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,  
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,  
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,  
As then the guize was for each gentle swayne :  
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,  
Whose fellow he before had sent apart ;  
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,  
With which he wont to launch the salvage hart  
Of many a Lyon and of many a Beare,  
That first unto his hand in chase did happen neare.

THE  
FAERIE  
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Book VI.  
Canto II.

Whom Calidore awhile well having vewed  
At length bespake ; “ What meanes this, gentle Swaine ?  
Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed  
In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine,  
By thee no knight ; which armes impugneth plaine ? ”  
“ Certes,” (said he) “ loth were I to have broken  
The law of armes : yet breake it should againe,  
Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,  
So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

“ For not I him, as this his Ladie here  
May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,  
Ne surely thus unarm’d I likely were ;  
But he me first through pride and puissance strong  
Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long.”  
“ Perdie great blame ” (then said Sir Calidore)  
“ For armed knight a wight unarm’d to wrong :  
But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore  
Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne uprore.”

“ That shall I, sooth,” (said he) “ to you declare.  
I, whose unryper yeares are yet unfit  
For thing of weight or worke of greater care,  
Doe spend my dayes and bend my carelesse wit  
To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit  
In all this forrest and wyld wooddie raine :  
Where, as this day I was enraunging it,  
I chaunst to meeete this knight, who there lyes slaine,  
Together with this Ladie, passing on the plaine.

“ The knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,  
And this his Ladie (that him ill became)  
On her faire feet by his horse side did pas  
Through thicke and thin, unfit for any Dame :  
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,  
When so she lagged, as she needs mote so,  
He with his speare, that was to him great blame,  
Would thumpe her forward and inforce to goe,  
Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous woe.

“ Which when I saw, as they me passed by,  
Much was I moved in indignant mind,  
And gan to blame him for such cruelty  
Towards a Ladie, whom with usage kind  
He rather should have taken up behind ;  
Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud disdaine,  
Tooke in foule scorne that I such fault did find,  
And me in lieu thereof revil'd againe,  
Threatning to chastize me, as doth t'a chyld pertaine.

“ Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned  
His scornefull taunts unto his teeth againe,  
That he streightway with haughtie choler burned,  
And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine ;  
Which I, enforst to beare though to my paine,  
Cast to requite ; and with a slender dart,  
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,  
Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,  
That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart.”

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Book VI.  
Canto II.

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speach  
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke  
That through the mayles had made so strong a breach  
Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke  
His wrath on him that first occasion broke ;  
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire  
Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke  
Were soothly so, and that th'unrighteous ire  
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hire ?

Of all which when as she could nought deny,  
But cleard that stripling of th'imputed blame,  
Sayd then Sir Calidore ; “ Neither will I  
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame :  
For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame ;  
And what he did, he did him selfe to save :  
Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse shame ;  
For knights and all men this by nature have,  
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave.

“ But, sith that he is gone irrevocable,  
Please it you, Ladie, to us to aread  
What cause could make him so dishonourable  
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread  
And lackey by him, against all womanhead.”  
“ Certes, Sir knight,” (sayd she) “ full loth I were  
To rayse a lyving blame against the dead ;  
But since it me concernes my selfe to clere,  
I will the truth discover as it chaunst whylere.

“ This day, as he and I together roade  
Upon our way to which we weren bent,  
We chaunst to come foreby a covert glade  
Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent  
Sate with a knight in joyous jolliment  
Of their franke loves, free from all gealous spyes.  
Faire was the Ladie, sure, that mote content  
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,  
And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes.

“ Whom when my knight did see so lovely faire,  
He inly gan her lover to envy,  
And wish that he part of his spoyle might share :  
Whereto when as my presence he did spy  
To be a let, he bad me by and by  
For to alight : but when as I was loth  
My loves owne part to leave so suddenly,  
He with strong hand downe from his steed me throw’th  
And with presumpteous powre against that knight streight go’th.

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“ Unarm’d all was the knight, as then more meete  
For Ladies service, and for loves delight,  
Then fearing any foeman there to meete :  
Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him dight  
Himselfe to yeeld his Love, or else to fight :  
Whereat the other starting up dismayd,  
Yet boldly answer’d, as he rightly might,  
To leave his love he should be ill apayd,  
In which he had good right gaynst all that it gainesayd.

“ Yet since he was not presently in plight  
Her to defend, or his to justifie,  
He him requested, as he was a knight,  
To lend him day his better right to trie,  
Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,  
Might lightly fetch : But he was fierce and whot,  
Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,  
But at him flew, and with his speare him smot ;  
From which to thinke to save himselfe it booted not.

“ Meane while his Ladie, which his outrage saw,  
Whilst they together for the quarrey strove,  
Into the covert did her selfe withdraw,  
And closely hid her selfe within the grove.  
My knight hers soone, as seemes, to daunger drove,  
And left sore wounded : but, when her he mist,  
He woxe halfe mad ; and in that rage gan rove  
And range through all the wood, where so he wist  
She hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

“ But, when as her he by no meanes could find,  
After long search and chauff he turned backe  
Unto the place where me he left behind :  
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke  
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke  
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong :  
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe  
Strove to appease him, and perswaded long ;  
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

“ Then, as it were t’avenge his wrath on mee,  
When forward we should fare he flat refused  
To take me up (as this young man did see)  
Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,  
But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,  
Pounching me with the butt end of his speare,  
In vaine complayning to be so abused ;  
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,  
But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

“ So passed we till this young man us met ;  
And being moov’d with pittie of my plight  
Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret :  
Wherof befell what now is in your sight.”  
“ Now sure,” (then said Sir Calidore) “ and right,  
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault :  
Who ever thinkes through confidence of might,  
Or through support of count’nance proud and hault,  
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault.”

THE  
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QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto II.

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,  
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit,  
Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,  
And hearing th'answeres of his pregnant wit,  
He praysd it much, and much admyred it ;  
That sure he weend him borne of noble blood,  
With whom those graces did so goodly fit:  
And when he long had him beholding stood,  
He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed good :

“ Faire gentle swayne, and yet as stout as fayre,  
That in these woods amongst the Nymphs dost wonne,  
Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,  
As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne  
After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne ;  
Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,  
As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,  
Or surely borne of some Heroicke sead,  
That in thy face appeares and gratiouse goodlyhead.

“ But, should it not displease thee it to tell,  
(Unlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale  
For love amongst the woodie Gods to dwell)  
I would thy selfe require thee to reveale,  
For deare affection and unfayned zeale  
Which to thy noble personage I bearē,  
And wish thee grow in worship and great weale ;  
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,  
I never saw in any greater hope appeare.”

To whom then thus the noble Youth : " May be,  
Sir knight, that, by discovering my estate,  
Harme may arise unweeting unto me ;  
Nathelesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,  
To you I will not feare it to relate.  
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,  
Sonne of a King, (how ever thorough fate  
Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,  
And lost the crowne which should my head by right adorne,)

" And Tristram is my name, the onely heire  
Of good king Meliogras which did rayne  
In Cornewale, till that he through lives despeire  
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine  
Ripe yeares of reason my right to maintaine :  
After whose death his brother, seeing mee  
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,  
Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,  
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

" The widow Queene my mother, which then hight  
Faire Emilie, conceiving then great feare  
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might  
Of him that did the kingly Scepter beare,  
Whose gealous dread induring not a peare  
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,  
Thought best away me to remove somewhere  
Into some forrein land, where as no need  
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

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FAERIE  
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Book VI.  
Canto II.

“ So, taking counsell of a wise man red,  
She was by him adviz’d to send me quight  
Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,  
The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,  
Into the land of Faerie, where no wight  
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong :  
To whose wise read she hearkning sent me streight  
Into this land, where I have wond thus long  
Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to stature strong.

“ All which my daies I have not lewdly spent,  
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares  
In ydlesse ; but, as was convenient,  
Have trayned bene with many noble feres  
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres :  
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been  
To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,  
Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,  
Of which none is to me unknowne that ev’r was seene.

“ Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on pearch,  
Whether high towring or accoasting low,  
But I the measure of her flight doe search,  
And all her pray and all her diet know.  
Such be our joyes which in these forrests grow :  
Onely the use of armes, which most I joy,  
And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,  
I have not tasted yet ; yet past a boy,  
And being now high time these strong joyns to employ.

“ Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit  
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,  
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,  
That ye will make me Squire without delay,  
That from henceforth in batteilous array  
I may beare armes, and learne to use them right ;  
The rather, since that fortune hath this day  
Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,  
These goodly gilden armes which I have won in fight.”

All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,  
Him much more now then earst he gan admire  
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,  
And thus replide : “ Faire chyld, the high desire  
To love of armes, which in you doth aspire,  
I may not, certes, without blame denie,  
But rather wish that some more noble hire  
(Though none more noble then is chevalrie)  
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.”

There him he causd to kneele, and made to sweare  
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,  
And never to be recreant for feare  
Of perill, or of ought that might befall :  
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.  
Full glad and joyous then young Tristram grew ;  
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small  
Long shut up in the bud from heavens vew,  
At length breakes forth, and brode displayes his smyling hew.

THE  
FAERIE  
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Book VI.  
Canto II.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,  
And Calidore betooke him to depart,  
Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might goe  
On his adventure, vowing not to start,  
But wayt on him in every place and part :  
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,  
And greatly joy'd at his so noble hart,  
In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight :  
Yet for the time this answere he to him behight.

“ Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,  
To have thy presence in my present quest,  
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,  
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest ;  
But I am bound by vow, which I profest  
To my dread Soveraine, when I it assayd,  
That in atchievement of her high behest  
I should no creature joyne unto mine ayde :  
For-thy I may not graunt that ye so greatly prayde.

“ But since this Ladie is all desolate,  
And needeth safegard now upon her way,  
Ye may doe well, in this her needfull state,  
To succour her from daunger of dismay,  
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.”  
The noble ympe, of such new service fayne,  
It gladly did accept, as he did say :  
So taking courteous leave they parted twayne,  
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

But Tristram, then despoyling that dead knight  
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,  
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight  
Of the bright mettall shyning like Sunne rayes,  
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes:  
And, after having them upon him dight,  
He tooke that Ladie, and her up did rayse  
Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight;  
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,  
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore;  
Who, ere he thence had traveild many a mile,  
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore  
This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded sore  
Another knight in his despiteous prude:  
There he that knight found lying on the flore  
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,  
That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill dyde.

And there beside him sate upon the ground  
His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning  
With loud lamentes that most unluckie stound,  
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrainyng,  
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning.  
Which sorie sight when Calidore did vew  
With heavie eyne, from teares uneath refrayning,  
His mightie hart their mournefull case can rew,  
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

Then speaking to the Ladie thus he said :  
“ Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieve empeach  
To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd  
This knight unarm’d with so unknightly breach  
Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,  
I may avenge him of so foule despight.”  
The Ladie, hearing his so courteous speach,  
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,  
And from her sory hart few heavie words forth sight :

THE  
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In which she shew’d, how that discourteous knight,  
(Whom Tristram slew) them in that shadow found  
Joying together in unblam’d delight ;  
And him unarm’d, as now he lay on ground,  
Charg’d with his speare, and mortally did wound,  
Withouten cause, but onely her to reave  
From him to whom she was for ever bound :  
Yet when she fled into that covert greave,  
He, her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave.

When Calidore this ruefull storie had  
Well understood, he gan of her demand,  
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,  
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.  
She then, like as she best could understand,  
Him thus describ’d ; to be of stature large,  
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band  
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe  
A Ladie on rough waves row’d in a sommer barge.

Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse streightway,  
By many signes which she described had,  
That this was he whom Tristram earst did slay,  
And to her said : “ Dame, be no longer sad ;  
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,  
Is now him selfe in much more wretched plight :  
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,  
The meede of his desert for that despight,  
Which to your selfe he wrought and to your loved knight.

“ Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this griefe,  
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart  
For that displeasure, and thinke what reliefe  
Were best devise for this your lovers smart ;  
And how ye may him hence, and to what part,  
Convay to be recur’d.” She thankt him deare  
Both for that newes he did to her impart,  
And for the courteous care which he did beare  
Both to her love and to her selfe in that sad dreare.

Yet could she not devise by any wit,  
How thence she might convay him to some place ;  
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,  
That was a straunger to her wretched case ;  
And him to beare she thought it thing too base.  
Which when as he perceiv’d he thus bespake :  
“ Faire Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace  
To beare this burden on your dainty backe ;  
My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.”

So off he did his shield, and downward layd  
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare ;  
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,  
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,  
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,  
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.  
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,  
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne :  
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be begonne.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto II.



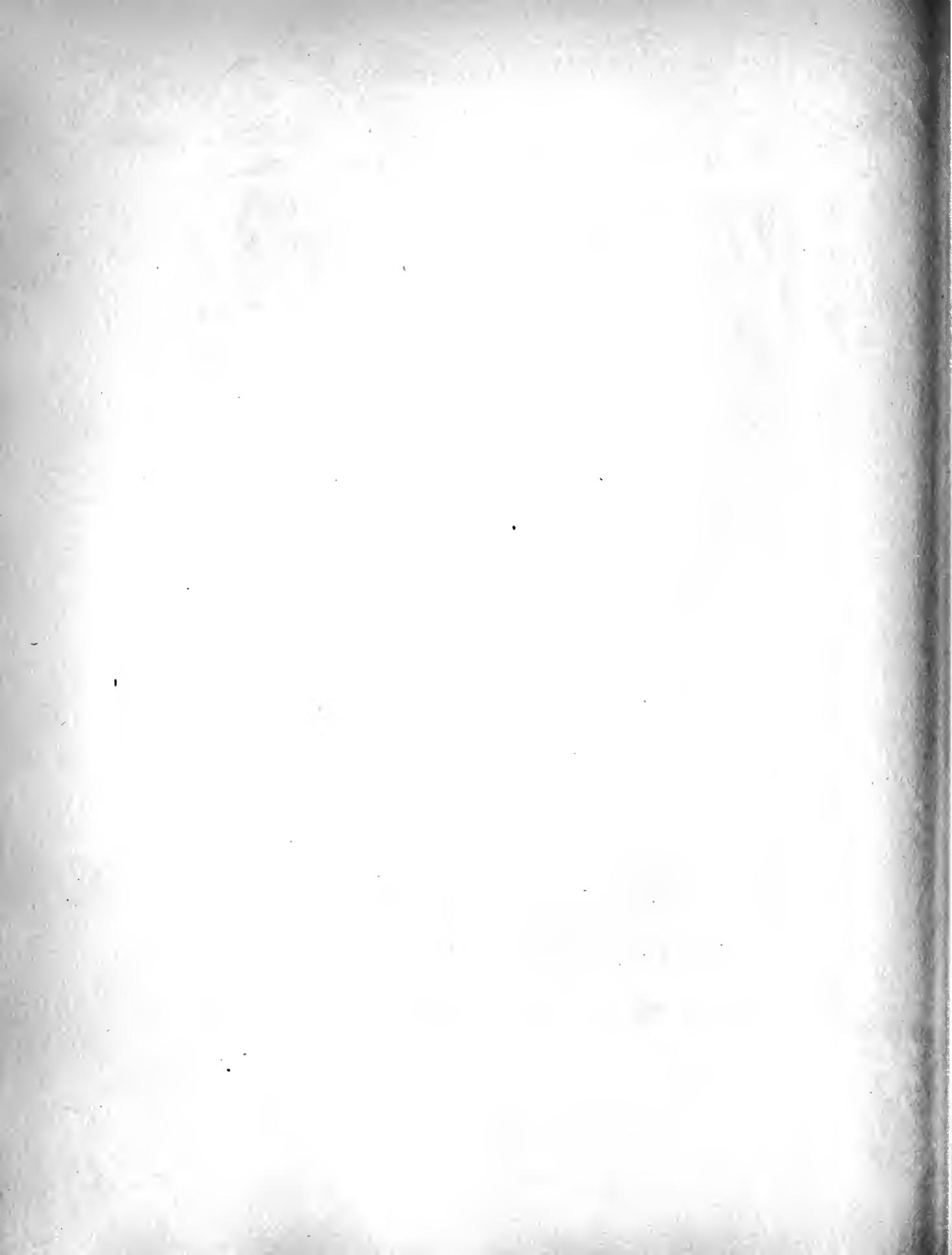


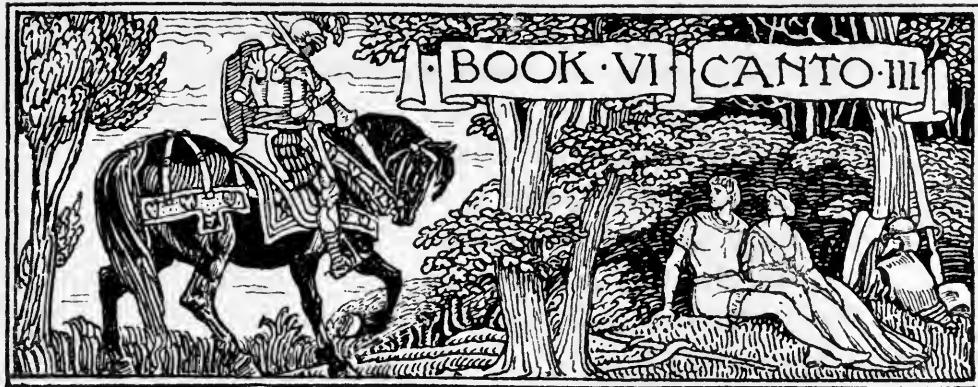






Galidore brings Priscilla home ;  
Pursues the Blatant Beast :  
Saves Sérena, whilst Calepine  
By Turpine is opprest.





T RUE is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,  
 The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne :  
 For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd  
 As by his manners ; in which plaine is shoun  
 Of what degree and what race he is growne :  
 For seldome seene a trotting Stalion get  
 An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne :  
 So seldome seene that one in basenesse set  
 Doth noble courage shew with curteous manners met.

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,  
 That gentle blood will gentle manners breed ;  
 As well may be in Calidore descryde,  
 By late ensample of that courteous deed  
 Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,  
 Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought  
 Unto the Castle where they had decreed :  
 There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,  
 To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,  
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,  
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares ;  
But now weake age had dimd his candle-light :  
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,  
And loved all that did to armes incline ;  
And was the Father of that wounded Knight,  
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine ;  
And Aldus was his name ; and his sonnes, Aladine.

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight  
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beare  
By a faire Lady and a straunger Knight,  
Was inly touched with compassion deare,  
And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,  
That he these words burst forth : “ Ah, sory boy !  
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare  
Thou brings ? aie me ! is this the timely joy,  
Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy ?

“ Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope,  
So tickle is the state of earthly things,  
That, ere they come unto their aymed scope,  
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,  
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,  
Instead of comfort which we should embrace :  
This is the state of Keasars and of Kings !  
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,  
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.”

So well and wisely did that good old Knight  
Temper his grieve, and turned it to cheare,  
To cheare his guests whom he had stayd that night,  
And make their welcome to them well appeare.  
That to Sir Calidore was easie geare ;  
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,  
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,  
And inly did afflict her pensive thought  
With thinking to what case her name should now be brought :

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto III.

For she was daughter to a noble Lord  
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy  
To a great pere ; but she did disaccord,  
Ne could her liking to his love apply,  
But lov'd this fresh young Knight who dwelt her ny,  
The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne  
And of lesse livelood and hability,  
Yet full of valour the which did adorne  
His meanesse much, and make her th'others riches scorne.

So, having both found fit occasion,  
They met together in that lucklesse glade ;  
Where that proud Knight in his presumption  
The gentle Aladine did earst invade,  
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade.  
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t'advize  
How great a hazard she at earst had made  
Of her good fame ; and further gan devize  
How she the blame might salve with coloured disguize.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto III.

But Calidore with all good courtesie  
Fain'd her to frolick, and to put away  
The pensive fit of her melancholie ;  
And that old Knight by all meanes did assay  
To make them both as merry as he may.  
So they the evening past till time of rest ;  
When Calidore in seemly good array  
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest  
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his quest.

But faire Priscilla (so that Lady hight)  
Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,  
But by her wounded love did watch all night,  
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,  
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe :  
So well she washt them, and so well she wacht him,  
That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe  
He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,  
And drove away the stound which mortally attacht him.

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,  
He also gan uplooke with drery eye,  
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke :  
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,  
He deepeley sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,  
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood ;  
To which she for his sake had weetingly  
Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble blood :  
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

Which she perceiving did with plenteous teares  
His care more then her owne compassionate,  
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares :  
So both conspiring gan to intimate  
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,  
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast  
How to save hole her hazarded estate ;  
For which the onely helpe now left them last  
Seem'd to be Calidore : all other helpes were past.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto III.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed,  
A courteous Knight and full of faithfull trust ;  
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed  
Whole to commit, and to his dealing just.  
Earely, so soone as Titans beames forth brust  
Through the thicke clouds in which they steeped lay  
All night in darkenesse, duld with yron rust,  
Calidore rising up as fresh as day  
Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way.

But first him seemed fit that wounded Knight  
To visite, after this nights perillous passe,  
And to salute him, if he were in plight,  
And eke that Lady, his faire lovely lasse.  
There he him found much better then he was ;  
And moved speach to him of things of course,  
The anguish of his paine to overpassee :  
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse  
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked sourse.

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold  
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,  
And all his disadventures to unfold,  
That Calidore it dearly deepe did move :  
In th'end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,  
He him by all the bands of love besought,  
And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,  
To safe-conduct his love, and not for ought  
To leave, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight  
It to performe : so after little stay,  
That she her selfe had to the journey dight,  
He passed forth with her in faire array,  
Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did say,  
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite :  
So, as they past together on their way,  
He can devize this counter-cast of slight,  
To give faire colour to that Ladies cause in sight.

Streight to the carkasse of that Knight he went,  
The cause of all this evill, who was slaine  
The day before by just avengement  
Of noble Tristram, where it did remaine :  
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,  
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame.  
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,  
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came ;  
Most pensive man, through feare what of his childe became.

There he arriving boldly did present  
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,  
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent  
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,  
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare  
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had reft  
And by outragious force away did beare:  
Witnessse thereof he shew'd his head there left,  
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto III.

Most joyfull man her sire was her to see,  
And heare th'adventure of her late mischaunce ;  
And thousand thankes to Calidore for fee  
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce  
Did yeeld: Ne lesse the Lady did advaunce.  
Thus having her restored trustily,  
As he had vow'd, some small continuance  
He there did make, and then most carefully  
Unto his first exploite he did him selfe apply.

So, as he was pursuing of his quest,  
He chaunst to come whereas a jolly Knight  
In covert shade him selfe did safely rest,  
To solace with his Lady in delight:  
His warlike armes he had from him undight,  
For that him selfe he thought from daunger free,  
And far from envious eyes that mote him spight;  
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,  
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto III.

To whom Sir Calidore approaching nyne,  
Ere they were well aware of living wight,  
Them much abasht, but more him selfe thereby,  
That he so rudely did upon them light,  
And troubled had their quiet loves delight :  
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,  
Him selfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,  
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,  
That he aginst courtesie so fowly did default.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit  
He soone allayd that Knights conceiv'd displeasure,  
That he besought him downe by him to sit,  
That they mote treat of things abrode at leisure,  
And of adventures, which had in his measure  
Of so long waies to him befallen late.  
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure  
His long adventures gan to him relate,  
Which he endured had through daungerous debate :

Of which whilst they discoursed both together,  
The faire Serena (so his Lady hight)  
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether  
And pleasaunce of the place, the which was dight  
With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,  
Wandred about the fields, as liking led  
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,  
To make a garland to adorne her hed,  
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

All sodainely out of the forrest nere  
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware  
Caught her, thus loosely wandring here and there,  
And in his wide great mouth away her bare  
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfare  
Unto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde ;  
Who with the horrour of her haplesse care  
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,  
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto III.

The Beast, with their pursuit incited more,  
Into the wood was bearing her apace  
For to have spoyled her, when Calidore,  
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,  
Him overtooke in middest of his race ;  
And, fiercely charging him with all his might,  
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,  
And to betake him selfe to fearefull flight ;  
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

Who nathelesse, when he the Lady saw  
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,  
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did draw,  
Staide not to succour her in that affright,  
But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight :  
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,  
That he nould let him breath, nor gather spright,  
But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,  
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

And now by this Sir Calepine (so hight)  
Came to the place where he his Lady found  
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,  
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,  
Having both sides through grypt with griesly wound.  
His weapons soone from him he threw away,  
And stouping downe to her in drery swound  
Upear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,  
And in his tender armes her forced up to stay.

So well he did his busie paines apply,  
That the faint sprite he did revoke againe  
To her fraile mansion of mortality :  
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,  
And setting on his stede her did sustaine  
With carefull hands, soft footing her beside ;  
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,  
Where she in safe assuraunce mote abide,  
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

Now when as Phœbus with his fiery waine  
Unto his Inne began to draw apace ;  
Tho wexing weary of that toylesome paine,  
In travelling on foote so long a space,  
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,  
Downe in a dale forby a rivers syde  
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,  
To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,  
In hope there for his love some succour to provyde.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto III.

But, comming to the rivers side, he found  
That hardly passable on foote it was ;  
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,  
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas :  
Thus whilst he was in this distressed case,  
Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde  
An armed Knight approaching to the place  
With a faire Lady lincked by his syde,  
The which themselves prepard thorough the foord to ride.

Whom Calepine saluting (as became)  
Besought of courtesie, in that his neede,  
For safe conducting of his sickely Dame  
Through that same perillous foord with better heede,  
To take him up behinde upon his steed ;  
To whom that other did this taunt returne :  
“ Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst rightly reed  
Me then to be full base and evill borne,  
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

“ But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,  
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,  
And let thy Lady likewise doe the same,  
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,  
And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne.”  
With which rude speach his Lady much displeased  
Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,  
And would on her owne Palfrey him have eased,  
For pitty of his Dame whom she saw so diseased.

Sir Calepine her thanckt ; yet, inly wroth  
Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,  
And carelesly into the river goth,  
As in despight to be so fowle abused  
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused  
Of fowle discourtiesie, unfit for Knight,  
And, strongly wading through the waves unused,  
With speare in th'one hand stayd him selfe upright,  
With th'other staide his Lady up with steddy might.

And all the while that same discourteous Knight  
Stood on the further bancke beholding him ;  
At whose calamity, for more despight,  
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim :  
But when as Calepine came to the brim,  
And saw his carriage past that perill well,  
Looking at that same Carle with count'rance grim,  
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,  
And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpe and fell :

“ Unknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,  
And blot of all that armes uppon them take,  
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,  
Loe ! I defie thee ; and here challenge make,  
That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,  
And be for ever held a recreant Knight,  
Unlesse thou dare, for thy deare Ladies sake  
And for thine owne defence, on foote alight  
To justifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight.”

The dastard, that did heare him selfe defyde,  
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,  
But laught them out, as if his greater pryd  
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall ;  
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.  
So much the more was Calepine offended,  
That him to no revenge he forth could call,  
But both his challenge and him selfe contemned,  
No cared as a coward so to be condemned.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto III.

But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,  
Turned his steede about another way,  
And with his Lady to the Castle rid,  
Where was his won : ne did the other stay,  
But after went dire&ctly as he may,  
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke ;  
Where he arriving with the fall of day  
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke  
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke.

But the rude Porter that no manners had  
Did shut the gate against him in his face,  
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad :  
Nathelesse the Knight, now in so needy case,  
Gan him entreat even with submission base,  
And humbly praid to let them in that night ;  
Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place  
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,  
Unlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto III.

“ Full loth am I,” (quoth he) “ as now at earst  
When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,  
And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst  
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost ;  
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,  
That should to me such curtesie afford,  
Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst :  
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,  
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the Ford ? ”

“ His name,” (quoth he) “ if that thou list to learne,  
Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might  
And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne  
In all assaies to every errant Knight,  
Because of one that wrought him fowle despight.”  
“ Ill seemes,” (sayd he) “ if he so valiaunt be,  
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight ;  
For seldome yet did living creature see  
That curtesie and manhood ever disagree.

“ But go thy waies to him, and fro me say,  
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,  
That house-rome craves ; yet would be loth t'assay  
The prooфе of battell now in doubtfull night,  
Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite :  
Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,  
And tell with all the lamentable plight  
In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,  
That pitty craves, as he of woman was yborne.”

The groome went streight way in, and to his Lord  
Declar'd the message which that Knight did move:  
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,  
Not onely did not his demaund approve,  
But both himselfe revil'd and eke his love;  
Albe his Lady, that Blandina hight,  
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,  
And earnestly entreated, that they might  
Finde favour to be lodged there for that same night.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto III.

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,  
Ne from his currish will a whit reclame.  
Which answer when the groome returning brought  
To Calepine, his heart did inly flame  
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,  
That he could not thereof avenged bee;  
But most for pitty of his dearest Dame,  
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see,  
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

But all in vaine; for-why no remedy  
He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,  
But th'utmost end perforce for to aby,  
Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.  
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,  
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,  
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse;  
Whiles he him selfe all night did nought but weepe,  
And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.

The morrow next, so soone as joyous day  
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,  
Serena full of dolorous dismay,  
Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living light,  
Upear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.  
Then Calepine, however inly wroth,  
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,  
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth  
To make there lenger stay, forth on his journey goth.

He goth on foote all armed by her side,  
Upstaying still her selfe upon her steede,  
Being unnable else alone to ride,  
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede ;  
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,  
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy  
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede ;  
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,  
That meant to make advantage of his misery.

Wherfore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,  
To weet what issue would thereof betyde :  
Tho, whenas he approched nigh in vew,  
By certaine signes he plainly him descriyde  
To be the man that with such scornefull pryde  
Had him abusde and shamed yesterday ;  
Therefore, misdoubting least he should misguyde  
His former malice to some new assay,  
He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto III.

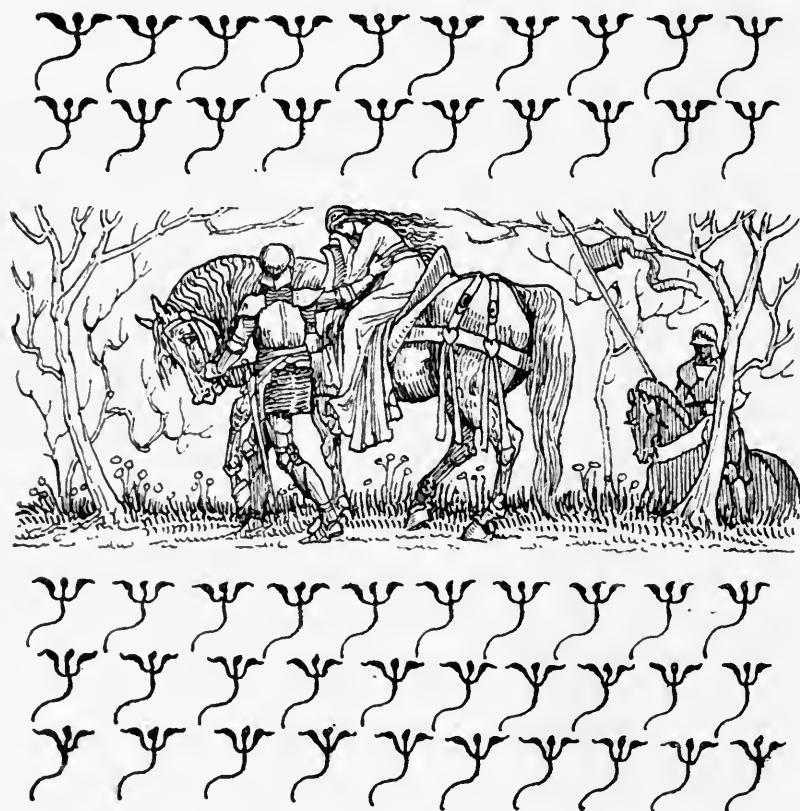
By this the other came in place likewise,  
And couching close his speare and all his powre,  
As bent to some malicious enterprise,  
He bad him stand t'abide the bitter stoure  
Of his sore vengeaunce, or to make avoure  
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had done :  
With that ran at him, as he would devoure  
His life attonce ; who nought could do but shun  
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

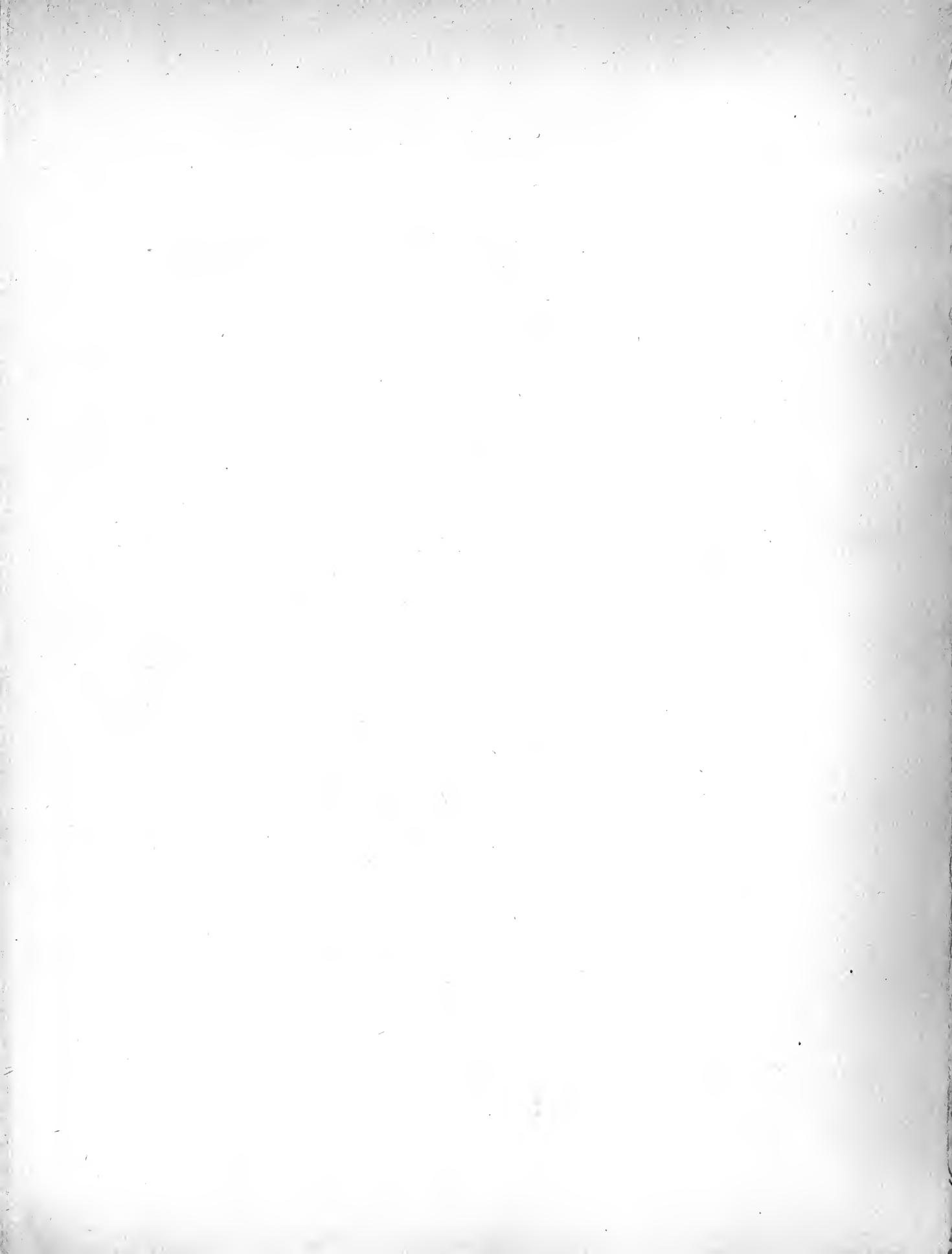
Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,  
With full intent him cruelly to kill,  
And like a wilde goate round about did chace  
Flying the fury of his bloody will :  
But his best succour and refuge was still  
Behind his Ladies back ; who to him cryde,  
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,  
As ever he to Lady was affyde,  
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifyde :

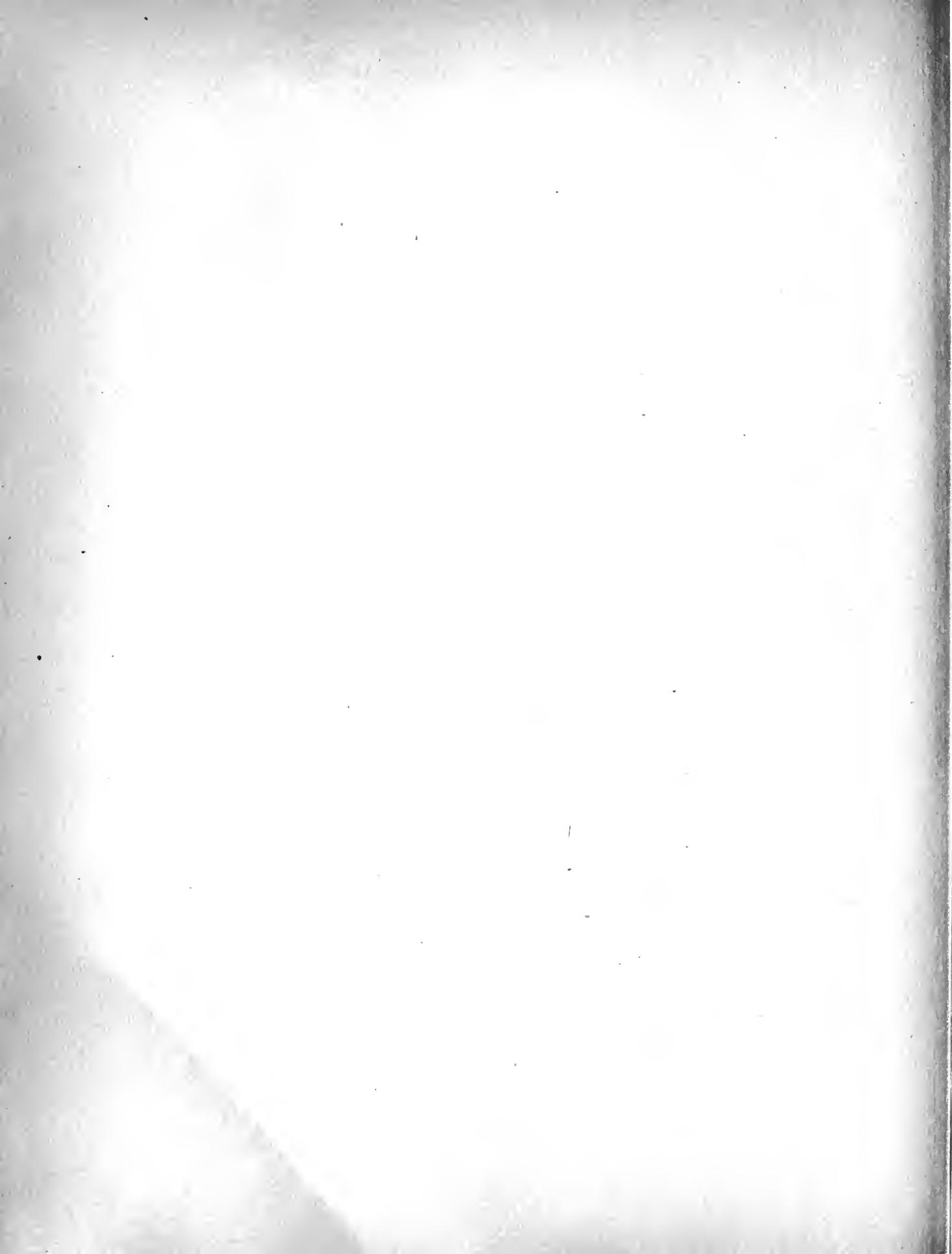
But he the more thereby enraged was,  
And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd ;  
So that at length, after long weary chace,  
Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,  
He over raught him, having long eschew'd  
His violence in vaine ; and with his spere  
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensew'd  
In great abundance, as a well it were  
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto III.

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,  
But chaste him still for all his Ladies cry ;  
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground  
He saw his life powrd forth despiteously ;  
The which was certes in great jeopardy,  
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,  
And saved from his cruell villany.  
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought !  
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

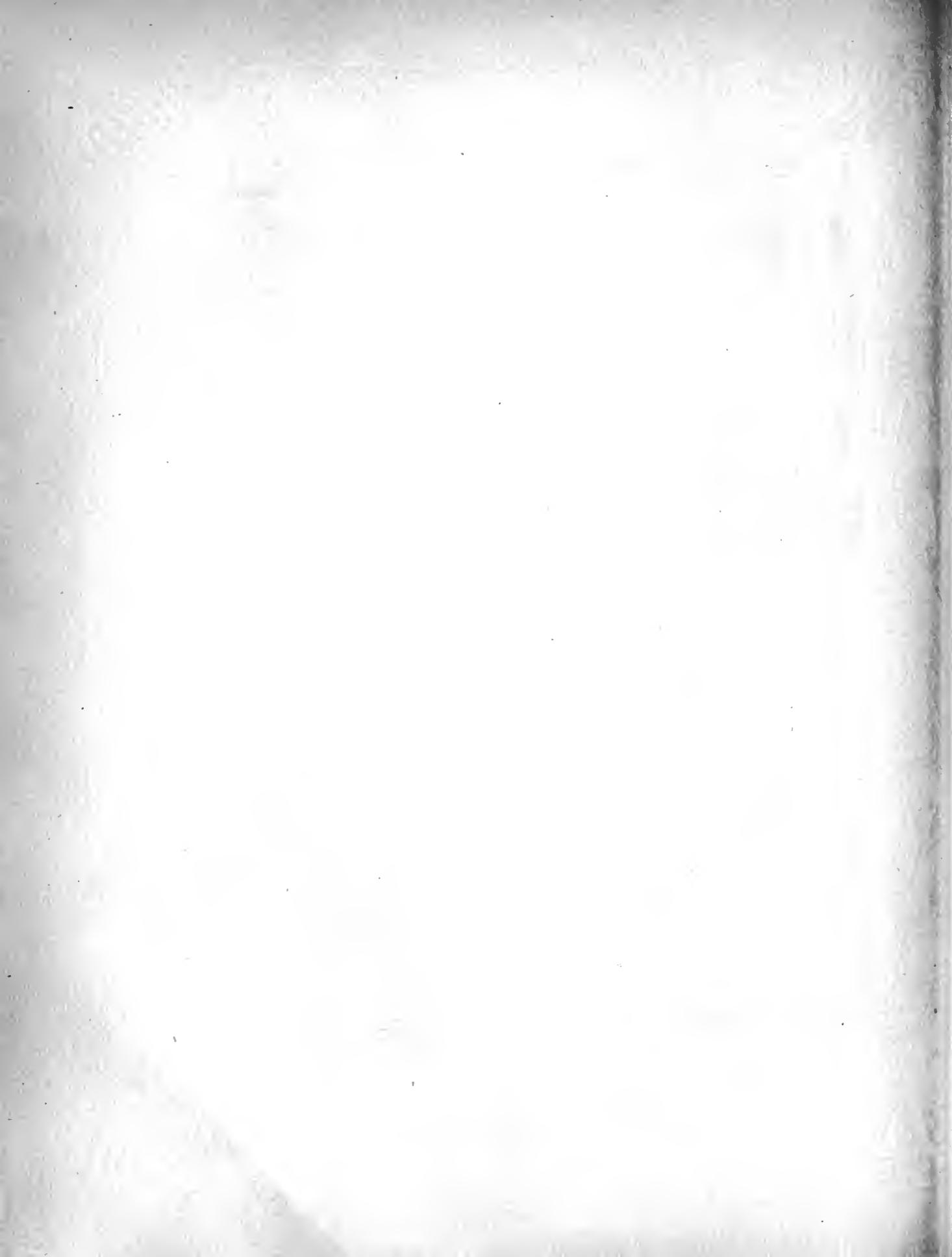


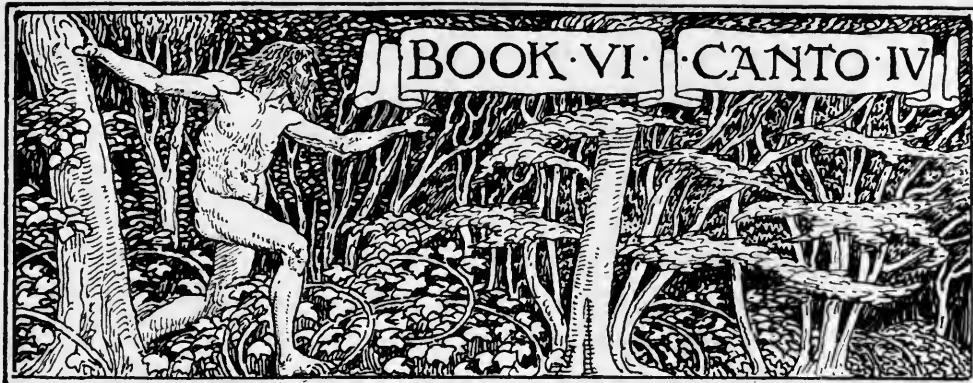






**C**alepine by a Salvage Man  
From Turpne reskewed is  
And whylest an Infant from a beare  
He savez his Lave doth misse.





**K**IKE as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,  
Having spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,  
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,  
At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,  
That giveth comfort to her courage cold :  
Such was the state of this most courteous knight  
Being oppressed by that faytour bold,  
That he remayned in most perilous plight,  
And his sad Ladie left in pitifull affright :

Till that, by fortune passing all foresight,  
A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,  
Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous shright,  
Toward the same incessantly did ronne  
To understand what there was to be donne :  
There he this most discourteous craven found,  
As fiercely yet as when he first begonne,  
Chasing the gentle Calepine around,  
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IV.

The salvage man, that never till this houre  
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,  
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure,  
Was much emmoved at his perils vew,  
That even his ruder hart began to rew,  
And feele compassion of his evill plight,  
Against his foe that did him so purseg;  
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,  
And him avenge of that so villenous despight.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,  
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,  
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite;  
But naked, without needfull vestiments  
To clad his corpse with meete habiliments,  
He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,  
No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents:  
For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,  
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

He stayed not t'advize which way were best  
His foe t'assayle, or how himselfe to gard,  
But with fierce fury and with force infest  
Upon him ran; who being well prepard  
His first assault full warily did ward,  
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare  
Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard  
That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare,  
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,  
Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,  
And with mad moode againe upon him flew,  
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,  
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay.  
The salvage nation doth all dread despize :  
Tho on his shield he gripple hold did lay,  
And held the same so hard, that by no wize  
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IV.

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,  
And every way did try, but all in vaine ;  
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,  
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,  
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe :  
Who having now no use of his long speare  
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,  
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,  
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

But after him the wyld man ran apace,  
And him pursewed with importune speed,  
(For he was swift as any Bucke in chace)  
And, had he not in his extreamest need  
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,  
He had him overtaken in his flight.  
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,  
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,  
And shrieked out, a thing uncomely for a knight.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IV.

But, when the Salvage saw his labour vaine  
In following of him that fled so fast,  
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe  
With speede unto the place, whereas he last  
Had left that couple nere their utmost cast :  
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,  
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,  
Both for the peril of the present stound,  
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound :

For though she were right glad so rid to bee  
From that vile lozell which her late offended ;  
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,  
And perill, by this salvage man pretended,  
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended,  
By reason that her knight was wounded sore :  
Therefore her selfe she wholy recommended  
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore  
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,  
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,  
And by rude tokens made to her appeare  
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,  
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground ;  
For other language had he none, nor speach,  
But a soft murmur and confused sound  
Of senselesse words, which nature did him teach  
T'expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

And, comming likewise to the wounded knight,  
When he beheld the streames of purple blood  
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,  
He made great mone after his salvage mood ;  
And, running streight into the thickest wood,  
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,  
Whose vertue he by use well understood ;  
The juyce whereof into his wound he wrought,  
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched thought.

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Then taking up that Recreants shield and speare,  
Which earst he left, he signes unto them made  
With him to wend unto his wonning neare ;  
To which he easily did them perswade.  
Farre in the forrest, by a hollow glade  
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spredding brode  
Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,  
Where foot of living creature never trode,  
Ne scarse wyld beasts durst come, there was this wights abode.

Thether he brought these unacquainted guests,  
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed  
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests ;  
But the bare ground with hoarie mosse bestrowed  
Must be their bed ; their pillow was unsowed :  
And the frutes of the forrest was their feast ;  
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,  
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast  
Did taste the bloud, obeying natures first beheast.

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Yet, howsoever base and meane it were,  
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,  
Which had them freëd from that deadly feare,  
And sav'd from being to that caytive thrall.  
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)  
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,  
Glad of that easement, though it were but small ;  
That having there their wounds awhile redrest,  
They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.

During which time that wyld man did apply  
His best endevour and his daily paine  
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye  
For herbes to dresse their wounds ; still seeming faine  
When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.  
So as ere long he had that knightes wound  
Recured well, and made him whole againe ;  
But that same Ladies hurt no herbe he found  
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly unsound.

Now when as Calepine was woxen strong,  
Upon a day he cast abrode to wend,  
To take the ayre and heare the thrushes song,  
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,  
And without sword his person to defend :  
There him befell, unlooked for before,  
An hard adventure with unhappie end,  
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore  
Betwixt his bloodie jawes, besprinckled all with gore.

The little babe did loudly scrike and squall,  
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,  
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call  
To Calepine, whose eares those shrieches shrill,  
Percing his hart, with pities point did thrill ;  
That after him he ran with zealous haste  
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill :  
Whom though he saw now somewhat overpast,  
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursegued fast.

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Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to want,  
Whose burden mote impeach his needfull speed,  
And hinder him from libertie to pant ;  
For having long time, as his daily weed,  
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,  
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,  
That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed  
From bels and jesses which did let her flight,  
Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed delight.

So well he sped him, that the wearie Beare  
Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay ;  
And without weapon him assayling neare,  
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.  
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray  
Upon him turned, and, with greedie force  
And furie to be crossed in his way,  
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse  
To be aveng'd on him and to devoure his corse.

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But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,  
But catching up in hand a ragged stone  
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)  
Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone  
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone  
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,  
Being unable to digest that bone ;  
Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,  
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

Whom when as he thus combred did behold,  
Stryving in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,  
He with him closd, and, laying mightie hold  
Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,  
That wanting breath him downe to ground he cast ;  
And, then oppressing him with urgent paine,  
Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,  
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,  
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to traine.

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine  
The litle babe, sweet relikes of his pray ;  
Whom pityng to heare so sore complaine,  
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,  
And from his face the filth that did it ray ;  
And every little limbe he searcht around,  
And every part that under sweath-bands lay,  
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound  
Made in his tender flesh ; but whole them all he found.

So, having all his bands againe uptyde,  
He with him thought backe to returne againe ;  
But when he lookt about on every syde,  
To weet which way were best to entertaine  
To bring him to the place where he would faine,  
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,  
Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme ;  
For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,  
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

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Much was he then encombred, ne could tell  
Which way to take : now West he went awhile,  
Then North, then neither, but as fortune fell :  
So up and downe he wandred many a mile  
With weary travell and uncertaine toile,  
Yet nought the nearer to his journeys end ;  
And evermore his lovely litle spoile  
Crying for food did greatly him offend :  
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

At last, about the setting of the Sunne,  
Him selfe out of the forest he did wynd,  
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne :  
Where, looking all about where he mote fynd  
Some place of succour to content his mynd,  
At length he heard under the forrests syde  
A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,  
Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cryde,  
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

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To whom approaching, when as she perceived  
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,  
As if she doubted to have bene deceived,  
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd:  
Whom when as Calepine saw so dismayd,  
He to her drew, and with faire blandishment  
Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd:  
“What be you, wofull Dame, which thus lament,  
And for what cause, declare; so mote ye not repent.”

To whom she thus: “What need me, Sir, to tell  
That which your selfe have earst ared so right?  
A wofull dame ye have me termed well;  
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight  
Cannot redressed be by living wight!”  
“Nathlesse,” (quoth he) “if need doe not you bynd,  
Doe it disclose to ease your grieved spright:  
Oftimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd  
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot fynd.”

Then thus began the lamentable Dame:  
“Sith then ye needs will know the grieve I hoord,  
I am th'unfortunate Matilde by name,  
The wife of bold Sir Bruin, who is Lord  
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword  
From a great Gyant, called Cormoraunt,  
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord;  
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,  
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

“ So is my Lord now seiz’d of all the land,  
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,  
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,  
Ne any dares with him for it debate:  
And to these happie fortunes cruell fate  
Hath joyn’d one evill, which doth overthrow  
All these our joyes, and all our blisse abate ;  
And like in time to further ill to grow,  
And all this land with endlesse losse to overflow.

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“ For th’ heavens, envying our prosperitie,  
Have not vouchsaft to graunt unto us twaine  
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,  
Which we might see after our selves remaine  
In th’ heritage of our unhappy paine :  
So that for want of heires it to defend,  
All is in time like to returne againe  
To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend  
To leape into the same after our lives end.

“ But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,  
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke  
That all this land unto his foe shall fall,  
For which he long in vaine did sweate and swinke,  
That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.  
Yet was it sayd, there should to him a sonne  
*Be gotten, not begotten* ; which should drinke  
And dry up all the water which doth ronne  
In the next brooke, by whom that feend shold be fordonne.

“ Well hop’t he then, when this was propheside,  
That from his sides some noble chyld should rize,  
The which through fame should farre be magnifide,  
And this proud gyant should with brave emprise  
Quite overthrow ; who now ginnes to despize  
The good Sir Bruin growing farre in yeares,  
Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.  
Lo ! this my cause of griefe to you appeares ;  
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth ceaselesse teares.”

Which when he heard, he inly touched was  
With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe ;  
And, when he had devized of her case,  
He gan in mind conceive a fit relieve  
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe ;  
And, having cheared her, thus said : “ Faire Dame,  
In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe ;  
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,  
Yet, as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

“ If that the cause of this your languishment  
Be lacke of children to supply your place,  
Lo ! how good fortune doth to you present  
This litle babe, of sweete and lovely face,  
And spotlesse spirit in which ye may enhace  
Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,  
Being now soft and fit them to embrace ;  
Whether ye list him traine in chevalry,  
Or nourse up in lore of learn’d Philosophy.

“ And, certes, it hath oftentimes bene seene,  
That of the like, whose linage was unknowne,  
More brave and noble knights have raysed beene  
(As their victorious deedes have often showen,  
Being with fame through many Nations blowen,)  
Then those which have bene dandled in the lap :  
Therefore some thought that those brave imps were sowne  
Here by the Gods, and fed with heavenly sap,  
That made them grow so high t’ all honorable hap.”

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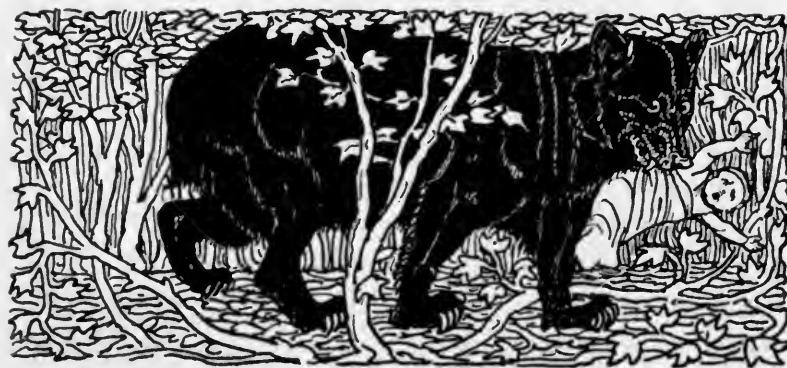
The Ladie, hearkning to his sensefull speach,  
Found nothing that he said unmeet nor geason,  
Having oft seene it tryde as he did teach :  
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,  
Agreeing well both with the place and season,  
She gladly did of that same babe accept,  
As of her owne by liverey and seisin ;  
And, having over it a litle wept,  
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

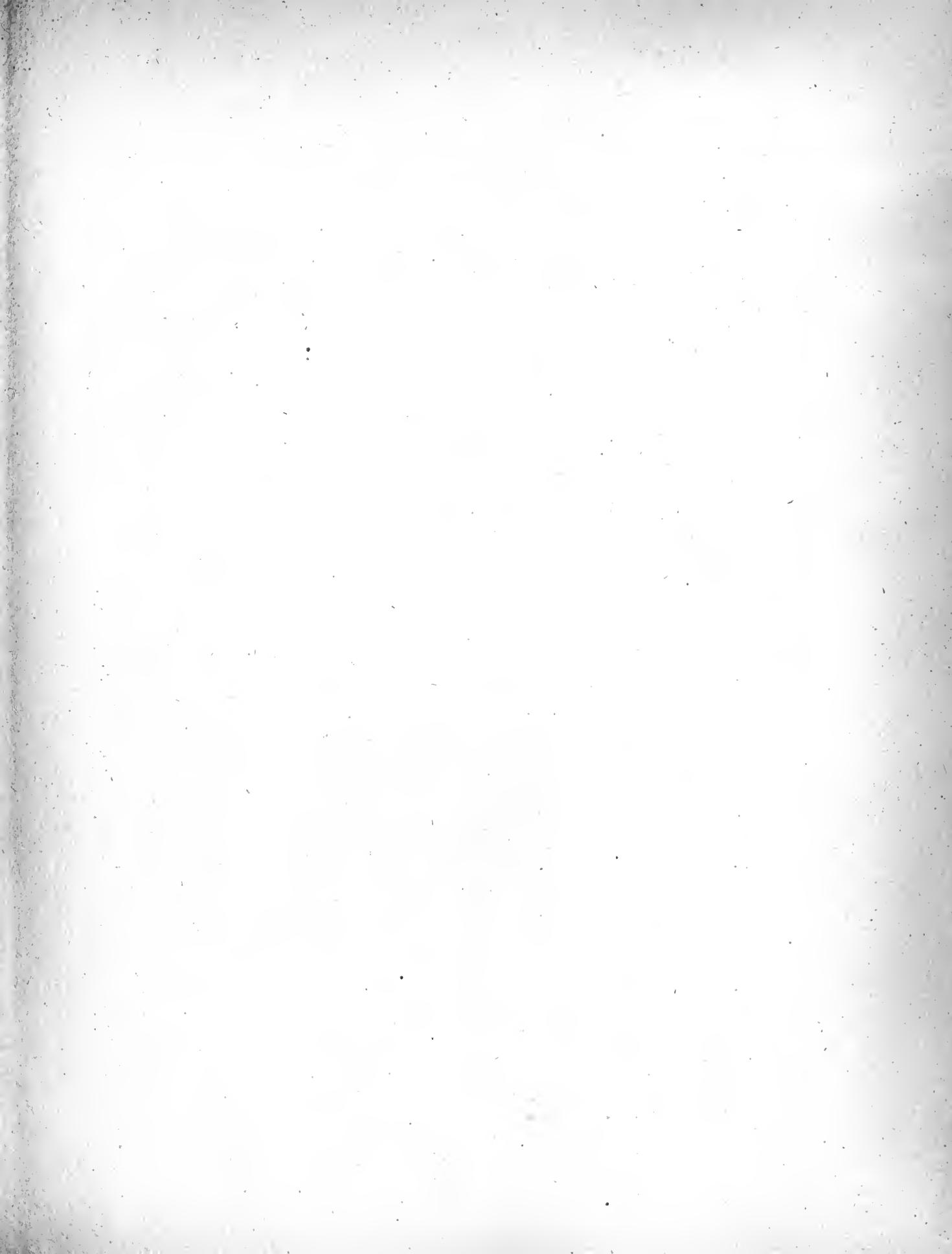
Right glad was Calepine to be so rid  
Of his young charge whereof he skilled nought,  
Ne she lesse glad ; for she so wisely did,  
And with her husband under hand so wrought,  
That, when that infant unto him she brought,  
She made him think it surely was his owne ;  
And it in goodly thewes so well upbrought,  
That it became a famous knight well knowne,  
And did right noble deedes ; the which elswhere are showne.

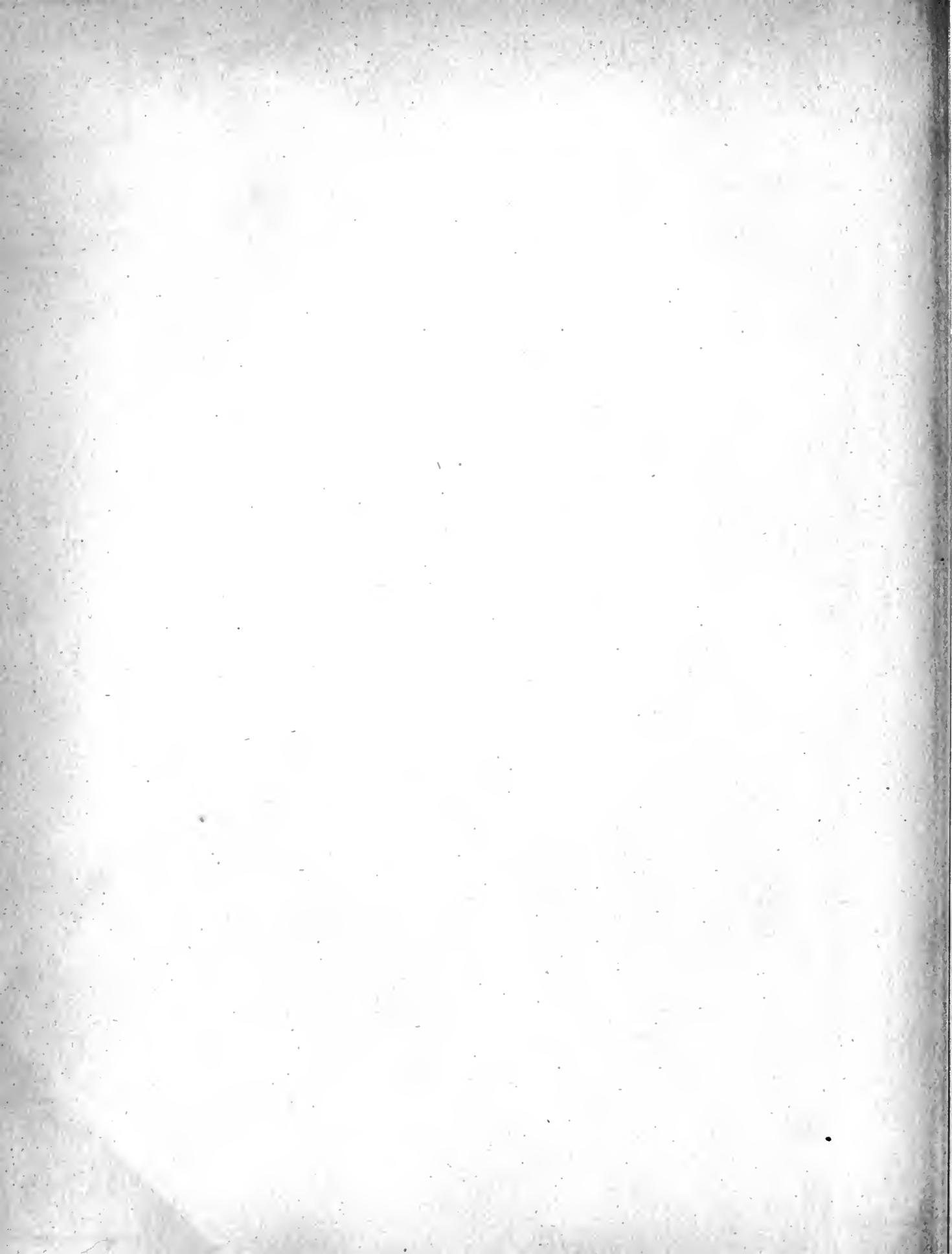
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But Calepine, now being left alone  
Under the greenwoods side in sorie plight,  
Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,  
Or house to hide his head from heavens spight,  
Albe that Dame, by all the meanes she might,  
Him oft desired home with her to wend,  
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,  
Both horse and armes and what so else to lend,  
Yet he them all refusd, though thankt her as a frend ;

And, for exceeding griefe which inly grew  
That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,  
On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw  
For fell despight to be so sorely crost ;  
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,  
Vowing that never he in bed againe  
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,  
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,  
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine.

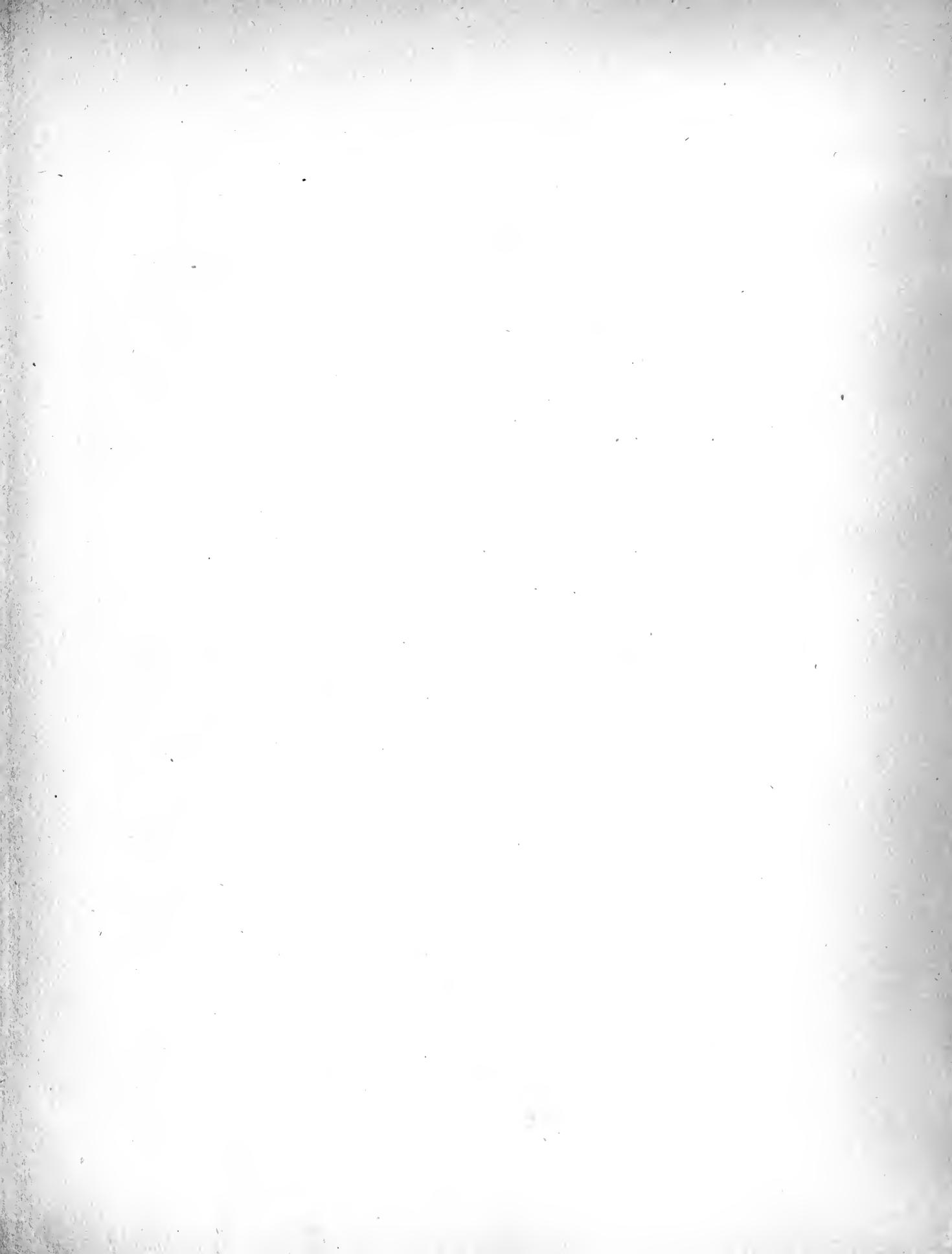


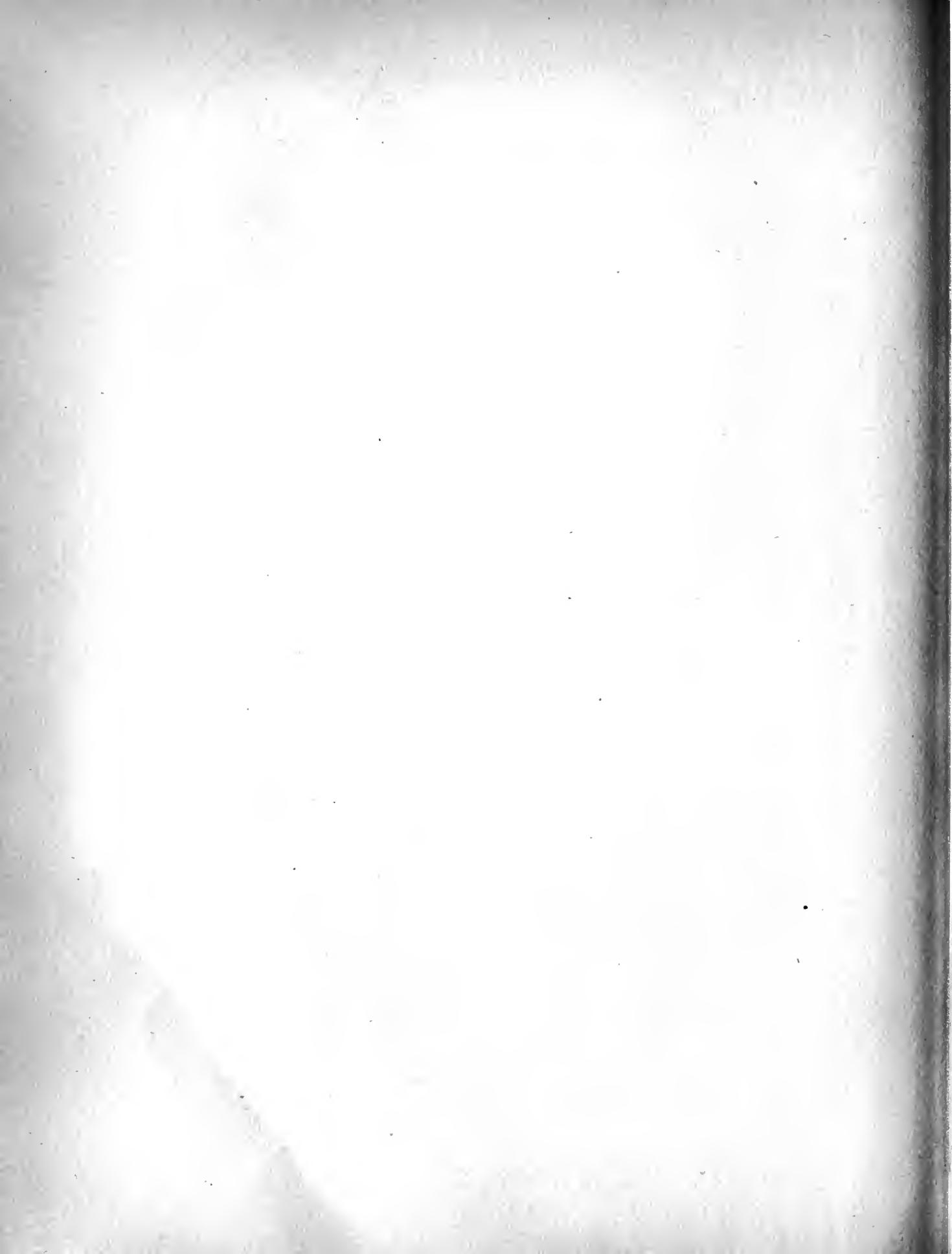


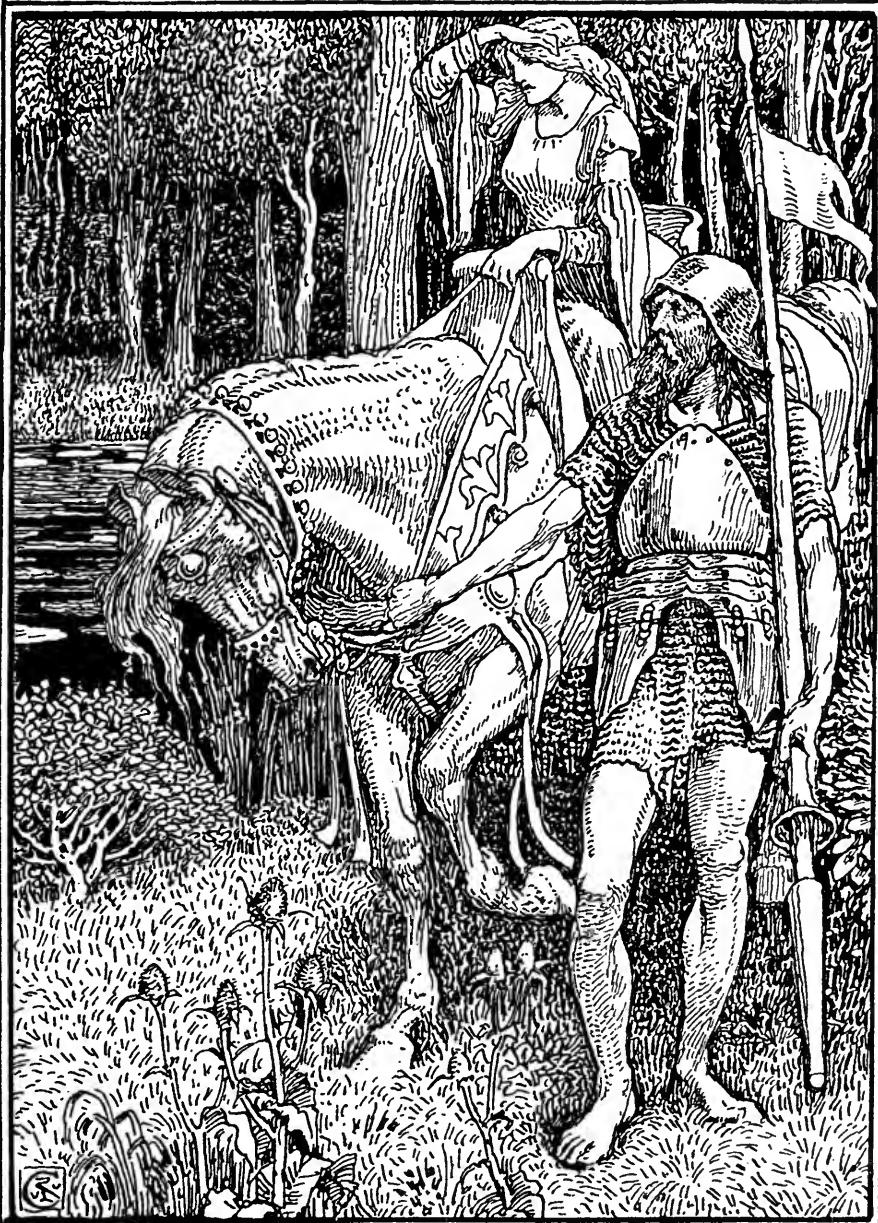




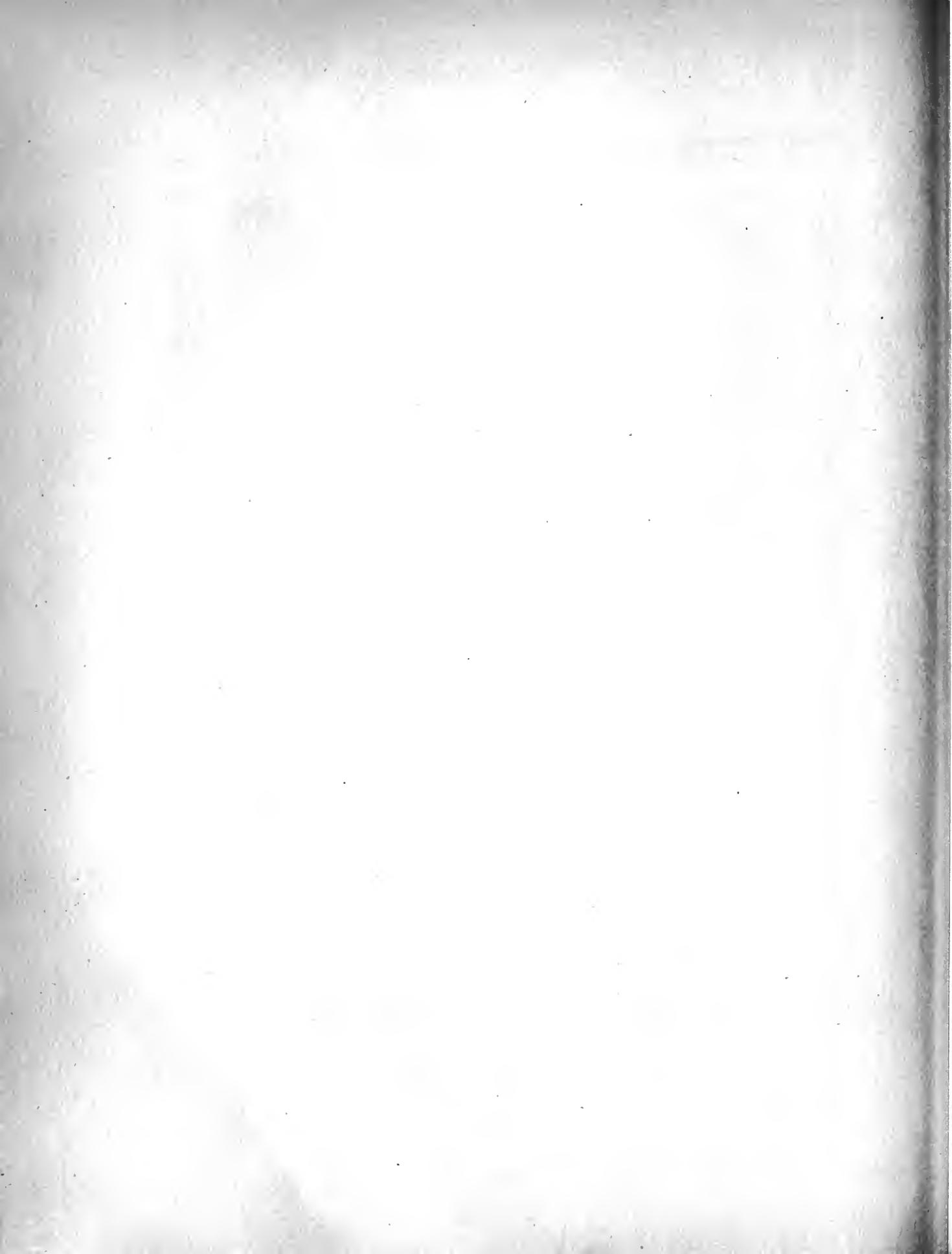


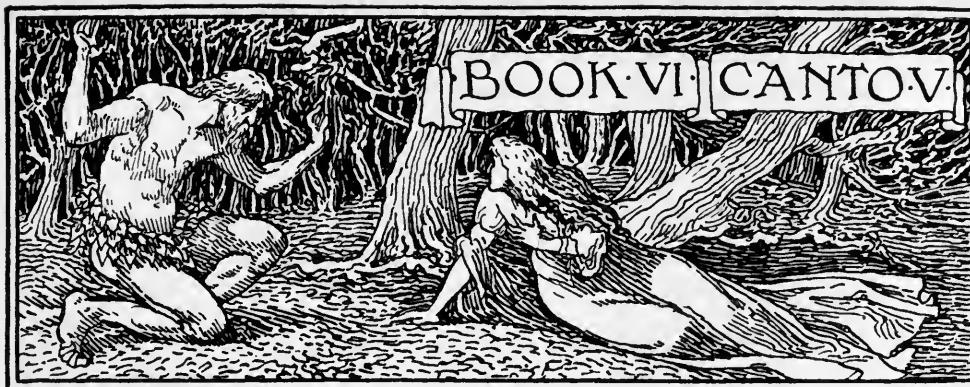






The Salvage serues Serena well,  
Till she Prince Arthur fynd;  
Who her togher with his Squire,  
With th' Hermit leavens behynd.





WHAT an easie thing is to descry  
The gentle bloud, how ever it be wrapt  
In sad misfortunes foule deformity  
And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt!  
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,  
Like this wyld man being undisciplyned,

That to all vertue it may seeme unapt,  
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,  
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

That plainly may in this wyld man be red,  
Who, though he were still in this desert wood,  
Mongst salvage beasts both rudely borne and bred,  
Ne ever saw faire guize, ne learned good,  
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood  
By gentle usage of that wretched Dame:  
For certes he was borne of noble blood,  
How ever by hard hap he hether came,  
As ye may know when time shall be to tell the same.

Who, when as now long time he lacked had  
The good Sir Calepine, that farre was strayd,  
Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,  
As he of some misfortune were afryd ;  
And, leaving there this Ladie all dismayd,  
Went forth streightway into the forrest wyde  
To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,  
Or what so else were unto him betyde :  
He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where he spyde.

Tho, backe returning to that sorie Dame,  
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone  
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame,  
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,  
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,  
That ruth it was to see him so lament :  
By which she well perceiving what was done,  
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,  
And beat her breast, and piteously her selfe torment.

Upon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,  
Regardlesse of her wounds yet bleeding rife,  
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,  
As if her breast, new laucht with murdrous knife,  
Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life.  
There she long groveling and deepe groning lay,  
As if her vitall powers were at strife  
With stronger death, and feared their decay :  
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

Whom when the Salvage saw so sore distrest,  
He reared her up from the bloudie ground,  
And sought by all the meanes that he could best  
Her to recure out of that stony swound,  
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound :  
Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,  
Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stound,  
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,  
And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought.

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At length, when as no hope of his retourne  
She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,  
And wend abrode, though feeble and forlorne,  
To seeke some comfort in that sorie case.  
His steede, now strong through rest so long a space,  
Well as she could she got, and did bedight ;  
And being thereon mounted forth did pace  
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,  
Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

Whom when her Host saw readie to depart,  
He would not suffer her alone to fare,  
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.  
Those warlike armes which Calepine whyleare  
Had left behind he gan eftsoones prepare,  
And put them all about himselfe unfit,  
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare ;  
But without sword upon his thigh to sit :  
Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it.

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So forth they traveld, an uneven payre  
That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight ;  
A salvage man matcht with a Ladie fayre,  
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,  
Gotten by spoyle then purchaced aright :  
But he did her attend most carefully,  
And faithfully did serve both day and night  
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,  
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

Upon a day, as on their way they went,  
It chaunst some furniture about her steed  
To be disordred by some accident,  
Which to redresse she did th'assistance need  
Of this her groome ; which he by signes did reede,  
And streight his combrouss armes aside did lay  
Upon the ground withouten doubt or dreed ;  
And in his homely wize began to assay  
T'amend what was amisse, and put in right aray.

Bout which whilst he was busied thus hard,  
Lo ! where a knight, together with his squire,  
All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward ;  
Which seemed, by their portance and attire,  
To be two errant knights, that did inquire  
After adventures, where they mote them get.  
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)  
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met  
By straunge occasion that here needs forth be set.

After that Timias had againe recured  
The favour of Belphebe (as ye heard)  
And of her grace did stand againe assured,  
To happie blisse he was full high uprear'd,  
Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard :  
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,  
And with unjust detraction him did beard,  
Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,  
That in her soveraine lyking he dwelt evermore.

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But of them all which did his ruine seeke,  
Three mightie enemies did him most despight,  
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,  
That him not onely sought by open might  
To overthrow, but to supplant by slight :  
The first of them by name was cald Despetto,  
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight ;  
The second, not so strong but wise, Decetto ;  
The third, nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest, Defetto.

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,  
And several deceipts, but all in vaine ;  
For neither they by force could him destroy,  
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtil traine.  
Therefore, conspiring all together plaine,  
They did their counsels now in one compound :  
Where singled forces faile, conjoyned may gaine.  
The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found  
To worke his utter shame, and throughly him confound.

Upon a day, as they the time did waite,  
When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,  
They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite  
To draw him from his deare beloved dame  
Unwares into the daunger of defame ;  
For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,  
That no one beast in forrest, wylde or tame,  
Met him in chase but he it challenge woulde,  
And plucke the pray oftentimes out of their greedy hould.

The hardy boy, as they devised had,  
Seeing the ugly Monster passing by,  
Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,  
Ne skilfull of the uncouth jeopardy ;  
And charged him so fierce and furiously,  
That his great force unable to endure,  
He forced was to turne from him and fly :  
Yet ere he fled he with his tooth impure  
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

Securely he did after him pursew,  
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight ;  
Who through thicke woods and brakes and briers him drew,  
To weary him the more and waste his spight,  
So that he now has almost spent his spright,  
Till that at length unto a woody glade  
He came, whose covert stopt his further sight :  
There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade  
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

Sharply they all attonce did him assaile,  
Burning with inward rancour and despight,  
And heaped strokes did round about him haile  
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might  
Beare off their blowes from percing thorough quite :  
Yet he them all so warily did ward,  
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite ;  
And all the while his backe for best safegard  
He lent against a tree, that backward onset bard.

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Like a wylde Bull, that, being at a bay,  
Is bayted of a mastiffe and a hound  
And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay  
On every side, and beat about him round ;  
But most that curre, barking with bitter sownd,  
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,  
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,  
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder :  
So did that Squire his foes disperse and drive asonder.

Him well behoved so ; for his three foes  
Sought to encompasse him on every side,  
And dangerously did round about enclose :  
But most of all Defetto him annoyde,  
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde ;  
So did Decetto eke him circumvent ;  
But stout Despetto in his greater pryde  
Did front him, face to face against him bent :  
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

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Till that at length, nigh tyrd with former chace,  
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,  
He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,  
Full like ere long to have escaped hard ;  
When as unwares he in the forrest heard  
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast  
Did warne his rider be upon his gard ;  
With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,  
Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

Eftsoones he spide a Knight approaching nye ;  
Who, seeing one in so great daunger set  
Mongst many foes, him selfe did faster hye  
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,  
For pitty so to see him overset :  
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,  
They fled, and fast into the wood did get.  
Him booted not to thinke them to pursew,  
The covert was so thicke that did no passage shew.

Then turning to that swaine him well he knew  
To be his Timias, his owne true Squire ;  
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,  
And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,  
Him thus bespake : " My liefe, my lifes desire,  
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft ?  
Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens yre,  
Hath you thus long away from me bereft ?  
Where have ye all this while bin wandring, where bene weft ? "

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne :  
To whom the Squire nought aunswered againe,  
But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,  
His dear affect with silence did restraine,  
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.  
There they awhile some gracious speaches spent,  
As to them seemed fit time to entertaine ;  
After all which up to their steedes they went,  
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

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So now they be arrived both in sight  
Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found  
About the sad Serena things to dight,  
With those brave armours lying on the ground,  
That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd :  
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept  
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound ;  
But he it seeing lightly to him lept,  
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept.

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke,  
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,  
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he strooke,  
That made him downe unto the earth encline ;  
Whence soone upstarting much he gan repine,  
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade  
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have slaine ;  
Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,  
And greedily him griping his avengement stayd.

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With that aloude the faire Serena cryde  
Unto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine ;  
Who to them stepping did them soone divide,  
And did from further violence restraine,  
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.  
Then gan the Prince of her for to demand  
What and from whence she was, and by what traine  
She fell into that salvage villaines hand ?  
And whether free with him she now were, or in band ?

To whom she thus : “ I am, as now ye see,  
The wretchedst Dame that lives this day on ground ;  
Who both in minde, the which most grieveth me,  
And body have receiv’d a mortall wound,  
That hath me driven to this drery stound.  
I was erewhile the love of Calepine ;  
Who whether he alive be to be found,  
Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine  
Since I him lately lost, uneath is to define.

“ In salvage forrest I him lost of late,  
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,  
Or else remained in most wretched state,  
Had not this wylde man in that wofull stead  
Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.  
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,  
Amongst wilde beastes in desert forrests bred,  
It is most straunge and wonderfull to fynd  
So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

“ Let me therefore this favour for him finde,  
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,  
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,  
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake:  
Small praise to prove your powre on wight so weake.”  
With such faire words she did their heat asswage,  
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,  
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,  
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

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So having all things well about her dight,  
She on her way cast forward to proceede,  
And they her forth conducted, where they might  
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede;  
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed:  
And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was  
Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed  
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas  
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed has.

So forth they rode together all in troupe  
To seeke some place the which mote yeeld some ease  
To these sicke twaine, that now began to droupe:  
And all the way the Prince sought to appease  
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease  
By all the courteous meanes he could invent;  
Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,  
And otherwhile with good encouragement  
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

Mongst which Serena did to him relate  
The foule discount'sies and unknightly parts,  
Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,  
Without compassion of her cruell smarts:  
Although Blandina did with all her arts  
Him otherwise perswade all that she might,  
Yet he of malice, without her desarts,  
Not onely her excluded late at night,  
But also trayterously did wound her weary Knight.

Wherewith the Prince sore moved there avoud  
That soone as he returned backe againe,  
He would avenge th'abuses of that proud  
And shamefull Knight of whom she did complaine.  
This wize did they each other entertaine  
To passe the tedious travell of the way,  
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,  
By which a little Hermitage there lay,  
Far from all neighbourhood the which annoy it may.

And nigh thereto a little Chappell stoode,  
Which being all with Yvy overspred  
Deckt all the roofe, and, shadowing the roode,  
Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over-hed:  
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led  
In streight observaunce of religious vow,  
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;  
And therein he likewise was praying now,  
Whenas these Knights arriv'd, they wist not where nor how.

They stayd not there, but streightway in did pas :  
Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,  
From his devotion streight he troubled was ;  
Which breaking off he toward them did pace  
With stayed steps and grave beseeming grace :  
For well it seem'd that whilome he had beene  
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,  
That could his good to all ; and well did weene  
How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene.

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And soothly it was sayd by common fame,  
So long as age enabled him thereto,  
That he had bene a man of mickle name,  
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe ;  
But being aged now, and weary to  
Of warres delight and worlds contentious toyle,  
The name of knighthood he did disavow ;  
And, hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,  
From all this worlds incombraunce did himselfe assoyle.

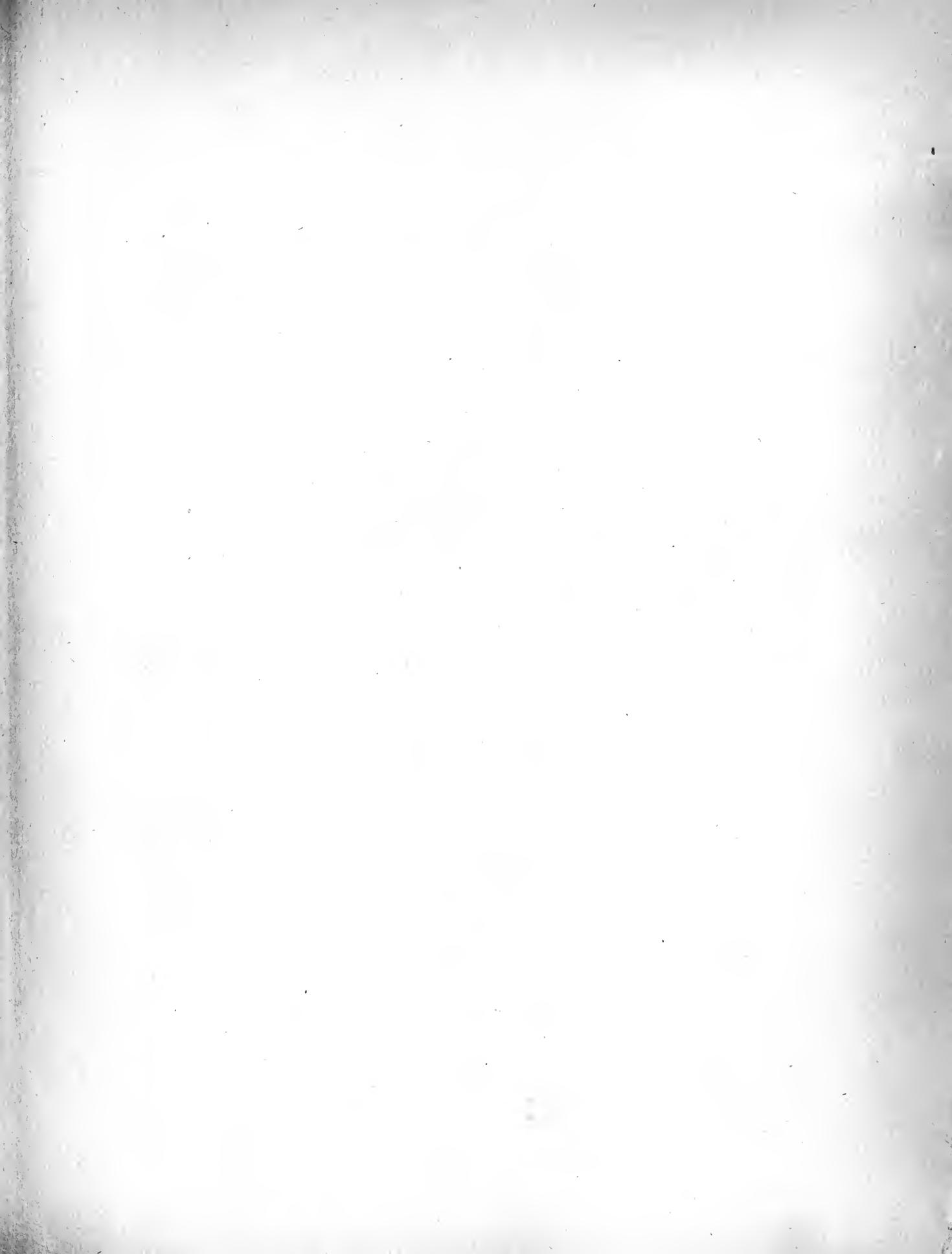
He thence them led into his Hermitage,  
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene.  
Small was his house, and like a little cage,  
For his owne turne, yet inly neate and clene,  
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay beseene :  
Therein he them full faire did entertaine  
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene  
For courting fooles that curtesies would faine,  
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

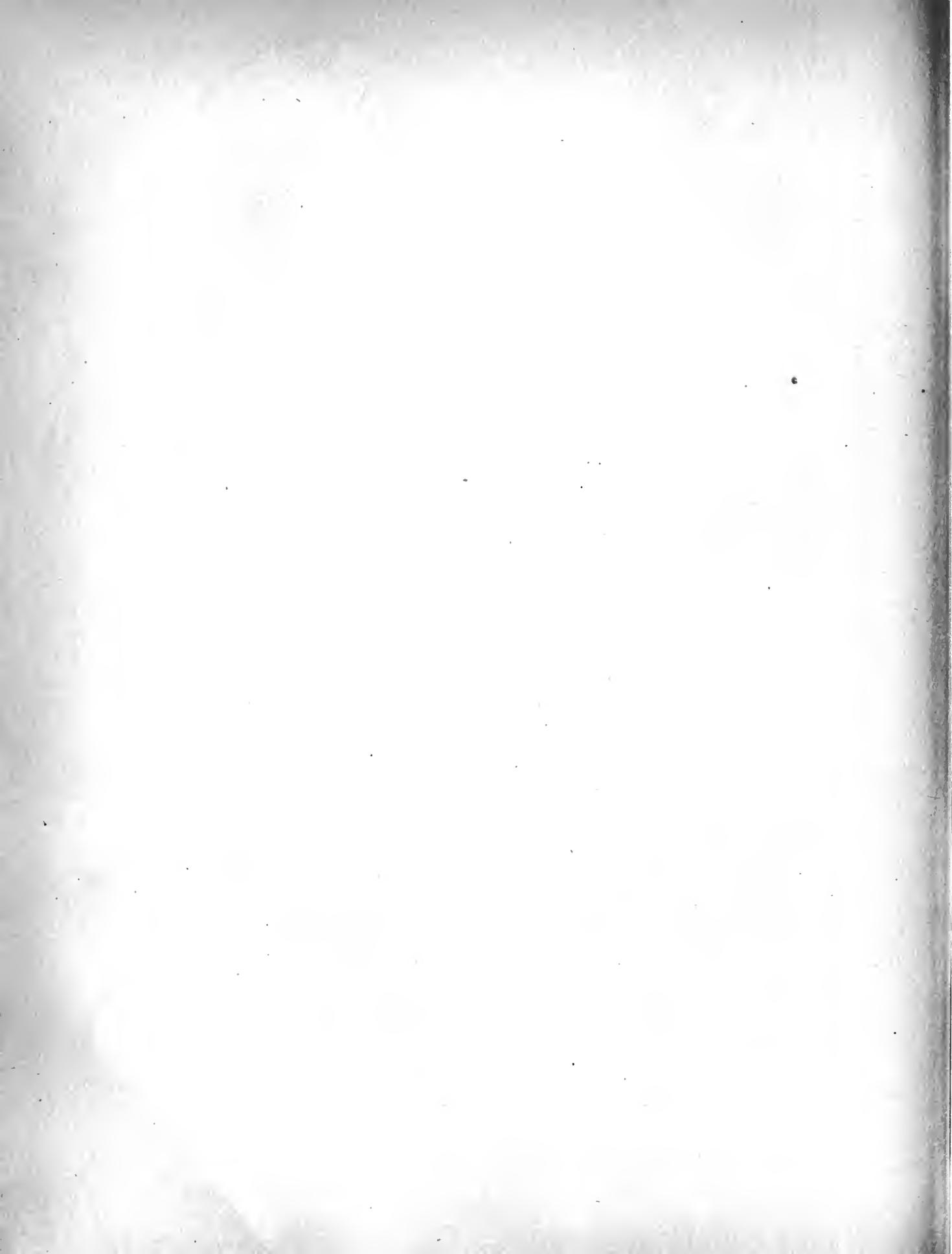
THE  
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Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee  
Did use his feeble body to sustaine,  
The which full gladly they did take in gree,  
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,  
But being well suffiz'd them rested faine.  
But fair Serene all night could take no rest,  
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine  
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beast  
Had given them, whose griefe through suffraunce sore increast.

So all that night they past in great disease,  
Till that the morning, bringing earely light  
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,  
And some asswagement of their painefull plight.  
Then up they rose, and gan them selves to dight  
Unto their journey ; but that Squire and Dame  
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might  
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame :  
Their hearts were sick ; their sides were sore ; their feete were lame.

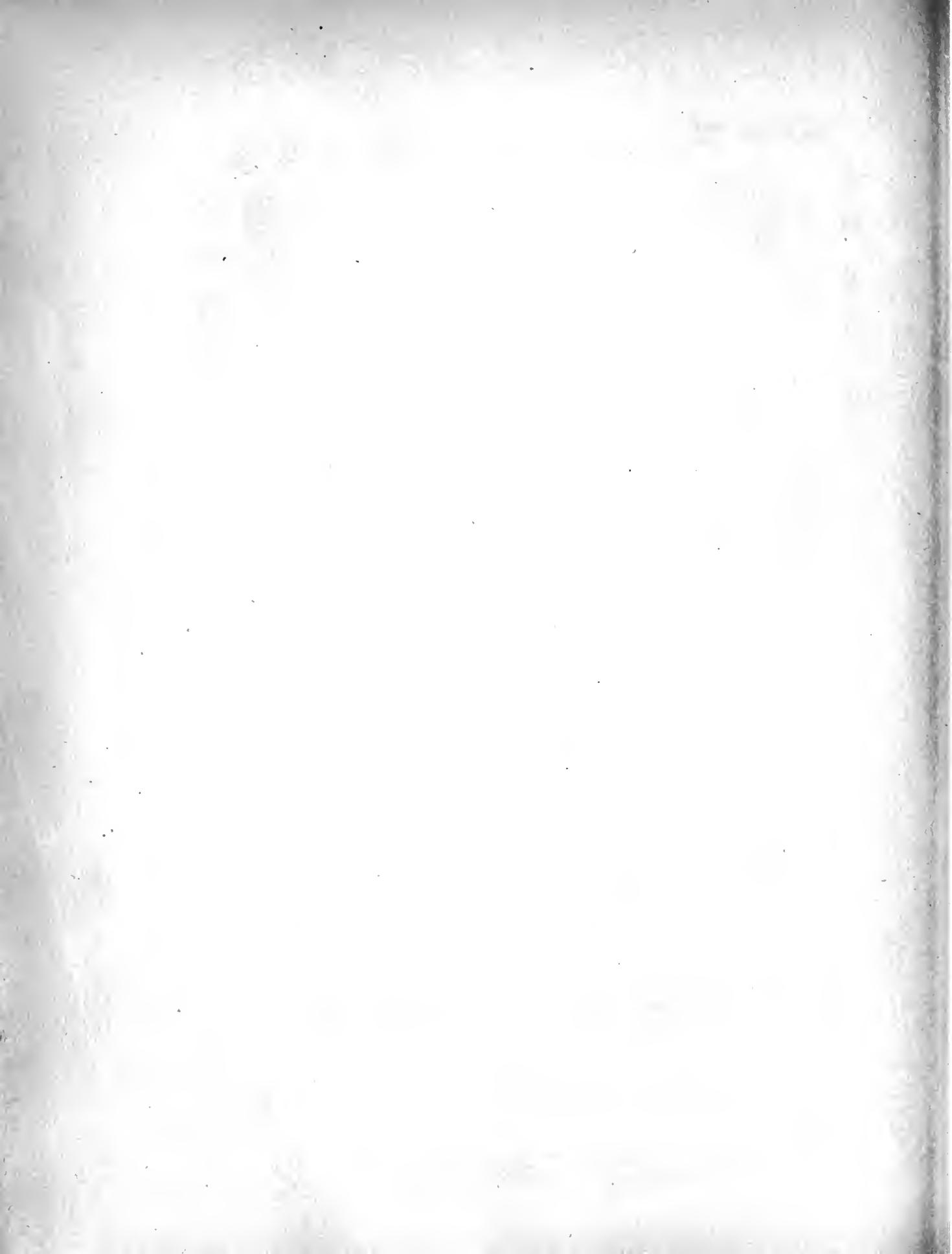
Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd  
Would not permit to make there lenger stay,  
Was forced there to leave them both behynd  
In that good Hermits charge ; whom he did pray  
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,  
And with him eke the salvage, (that whyleare  
Seeing his royll usage and array  
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere,)  
Would needes depart ; as shall declared be elsewhere.

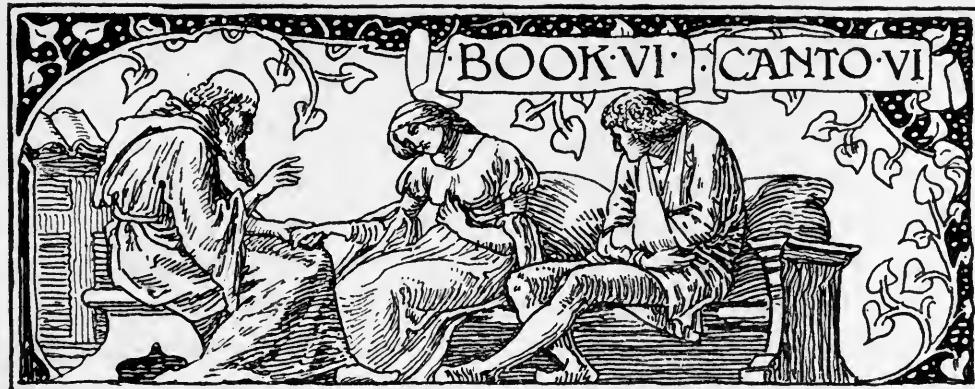






**T**he Hermit heales both Squire & Dame  
Of their sore maladies :  
The Turpne doth despeare and shame  
For his late villanies.





O WOUND, which warlike hand of enemy  
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light  
As doth the poysnous sting, which infamy  
Infixeth in the name of noble wight :  
For by no art, nor any leaches might,  
It ever can recured be againe ;  
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spright  
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,  
Can remedy such hurts : such hurts are hellish paine.

Such were the wounds the which that Blatant Beast  
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame ;  
And, being such, were now much more increast  
For want of taking heede unto the same,  
That now corrupt and curelesse they became :  
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,  
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame  
The poysnous humour which did most infest  
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them duely drest.

For he right well in Leaches craft was seene ;  
And through the long experience of his dayes,  
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene  
And past through many perillous assayes,  
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,  
And in the mindes of men had great insight ;  
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,  
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,  
And all the passions heale which wound the weaker spright.

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,  
As any one that lived in his daies,  
And proved oft in many perillous fight,  
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,  
And in all battels bore away the baies :  
But being now attacht with timely age,  
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,  
He tooke him selfe unto this Hermitage,  
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,  
He found that they had festred privily ;  
And ranckling inward with unruly stounds,  
The inner parts now gan to putrify,  
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery ;  
And rather needed to be disciplinde  
With holesome reede of sad sobriety,  
To rule the stubborn rage of passion blinde :  
Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the minde.

So, taking them apart into his cell,  
He to that point fit speaches gan to frame,  
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,  
And eke could doe as well as say the same ;  
And thus he to them sayd : " Faire daughter Dame,  
And you, faire Sonne, which here thus long now lie  
In piteous languor since ye hither came,  
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,  
And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you applie :

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" For in your selfe your onely helpe doth lie  
To heale your selves, and must proceed alone  
From your owne will to cure your maladie.  
Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none ?  
If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one :  
First learne your outward senses to refraine  
From things that stirre up fraile affection ;  
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk restraine  
From that they most affect, and in due termes containe.

" For from those outward sences, ill affected,  
The seede of all this evill first doth spring,  
Which at the first, before it had infected,  
Mote easie be supprest with little thing ;  
But being growen strong it forth doth bring  
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,  
In th'inner parts ; and lastly, scattering  
Contagious poyson close through every vaine,  
It never rests till it have wrought his finall bane.

“ For that beastes teeth, which wounded you tofore,  
Are so exceeding venomous and keene,  
Made all of rusty yron ranckling sore,  
That where they bite it booteth not to weene  
With salve, or antidote, or other mene,  
It ever to amend : ne marvaile ought,  
For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,  
And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,  
Begot of foule Echidna, as in booke is taught.

“ Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,  
Whom Gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to see ;  
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,  
That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee  
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee :  
Yet did her face and former parts professe  
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee ;  
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse  
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull uglinesse.

“ To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face,  
In fearefull darkenesse, furthest from the skie  
And from the earth, appointed have her place  
Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrold doth lie  
In hideous horrour and obscurity,  
Wasting the strength of her immortall age :  
There did Typhaon with her company ;  
Cruell Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage  
Makes th’ heavens tremble oft, and him with vowes asswage.

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“ Of that commixtion they did then beget  
This hellish Dog, that hight the Blatant Beast ;  
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet  
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,  
And pours his poysnous gall forth to infest  
The noblest wights with notable defame :  
Ne ever Knight that bore so lofty creast,  
Ne ever Lady of so honest name,  
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame.

“ In vaine therefore it were with medicine  
To goe about to salve such kynd of sore,  
That rather needes wise read and discipline,  
Then outward salves that may augment it more.”  
“ Aye me ! ” (sayd then Serena, sighing sore)  
“ What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,  
If that no salves may us to health restore ? ”  
“ But sith we need good counsell,” (sayd the swaine)  
“ Aread, good Sire, some counsell that may us sustaine.”

“ The best ” (sayd he) “ that I can you advize,  
Is to avoide the occasion of the ill :  
For when the cause, whence evill doth arize,  
Removed is, th’effect surceaseth still.  
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will ;  
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight ;  
Use scanted diet, and forbeare your fill ;  
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight :  
So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight.”

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Thus having sayd, his sickely patients  
Did gladly hearken to his grave behest,  
And kept so well his wise commaundements,  
That in short space their malady was ceast,  
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast  
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceave  
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,  
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leave,  
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leave:

But each the other vow'd t'accompany :  
The Lady, for that she was much in dred,  
Now left alone in great extremity ;  
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,  
Would not her leave alone in her great need.  
So both together traveld, till they met  
With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,  
Upon a mangy jade unmeetely set,  
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,  
And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,  
I must awhile forbeare to you to tell ;  
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite  
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,  
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whileare  
Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despight ;  
And eke his Lady, though she sickely were,  
So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare.

The Prince, according to the former token  
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,  
Pursu'd him streight; in mynd to bene ywroken  
Of all the vile demeane and usage bad,  
With which he had those two so ill bestad :  
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,  
But that wylde man ; whom though he oft forbad,  
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,  
Would he restrayned be from his attendement.

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Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,  
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,  
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall ;  
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,  
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,  
As he unable were for very neede  
To move one foote, but there must make abode :  
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,  
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,  
That in rude wise him asked, what he was  
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,  
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe ?  
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embase,  
Mylde answer made, he was an errant Knight,  
The which was fall'n into this feeble case  
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight  
Received had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,  
Sternely did bid him quickely thence avaunt,  
Or deare aby ; for-why his Lord of old  
Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,  
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt ;  
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,  
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt,  
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,  
To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assay.

Which when the Salvage, comming now in place,  
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,  
And, running streight upon that villaine base,  
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,  
And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,  
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore ;  
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,  
That with the noise, whilst he did loudly rore,  
The people of the house rose forth in great uprore.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,  
And that same Knight and Salvage standing by,  
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,  
And on them layd so huge and horribly,  
As if they would have slaine them presently :  
But the bold Prince defended him so well,  
And their assault withstood so mightily,  
That, maugre all their might, he did repell  
And beat them back, whilst many underneath him fell.

Yet he them still so sharply did pursew,  
That few of them he left alive, which fled  
Those evill tidings to their Lord to shew :  
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,  
Came forth in hast ; where, when as with the dead  
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight  
And salvage with their blood fresh steeming red,  
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,  
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on hight.

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“ Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile  
Hast slaine my men in this unmanly maner,  
And now triumphest in the piteous spoile  
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dishonor  
And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner ?  
The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,  
And wretched end which still attendeth on her.”  
With that him selfe to battell he did frame ;  
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,  
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,  
That on his shield did rattle like to haile  
In a great tempest ; that in such distresse  
He wist not to which side him to addresse :  
And evermore that craven cowherd Knight  
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,  
Wayting if he unwares him murther might ;  
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

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Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,  
He to him turnd with furious intent,  
And him against his powre gan to prepare ;  
Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent  
To fight with many foes about him ment,  
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,  
Turnes him about with fell avengement :  
So likewise turnde the Prince upon the Knight,  
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,  
Durst not the furie of his force abyde,  
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted  
Through the thick prease, there thinking him to hyde :  
But, when the Prince had once him plainly eyde,  
He foot by foot him followed alway,  
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde,  
But joyning close huge lode at him did lay ;  
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

But, when his foe he still so eager saw,  
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,  
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw :  
Ne would the Prince him ever foot forsake  
Where so he went, but after him did make.  
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,  
Whylest every joyns for dread of death did quake,  
Still looking after him that did him chace,  
That made him evermore increase his speedie pace.

At last he up into the chamber came  
Whereas his love was sitting all alone,  
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.  
There did the Prince him overtake anone,  
Crying in vaine to her him to bemone ;  
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,  
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone :  
Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,  
The tempred steele did not into his braynepan byte.

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Which when the Ladie saw, with great affright  
She starting up began to shrieke aloud ;  
And with her garment covering him from sight,  
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud ;  
And falling lowly at his feet her bowd  
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,  
And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd,  
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,  
He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand abase.

Her weed she then withdrawing did him discover ;  
Who now come to himselfe yet would not rize,  
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,  
That even the Prince his basenesse did despize ;  
And eke his Dame, him seeing in such guize,  
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare :  
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,  
Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appeare,  
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

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Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,  
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,  
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd :  
“ Vile cowheard dogge ! now doe I much repent,  
That ever I this life unto thee lent,  
Whereof thou, caytive, so unworthie art,  
That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,  
And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,  
And eke all knights hast shamed with this knightlesse part.

“ Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,  
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare :  
For first, it was to thee reprochfull blame  
To erect this wicked custome, which I heare  
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost reare ;  
Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms despoile,  
Or of their upper garment which they weare ;  
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile,  
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to foile.

“ And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,  
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize  
Is greatest shame ; for oft it falles, that strong  
And valiant Knights doe rashly enterprize  
Either for fame, or else for exercize,  
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight ;  
Yet have through prowesse and their brave emprise  
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight :  
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then right.

“ Yet, since thy life unto this Ladie fayre  
I given have, live in reproch and scorne,  
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood dare  
Hence to professe ; for shame is to adorne  
With so brave badges one so basely borne :  
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive.”  
So having from his craven bodie torne  
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,  
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live.

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There whilst he thus was setling things above,  
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,  
To whom his life he graunted for her love,  
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight  
He had behynd him left that salvage wight  
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought  
By this quite slaine in so unequall fight :  
Therefore descending backe in haste he sought  
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

There he him found environed about  
With slaughtred bodies which his hand had slaine,  
And laying yet afresh, with courage stout,  
Upon the rest that did alive remaine ;  
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,  
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,  
After he gotten had with busie paine  
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,  
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto VI.

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,  
Approching to him neare, his hand he stayd,  
And sought by making signes him to asswage ;  
Who them perceiving streight to him obayd,  
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,  
As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned.  
Thence he him brought away, and up convayd  
Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned  
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entartayned.

Whom when the Salvage saw from daunger free,  
Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease,  
He well remembred that the same was hee,  
Which lately sought his Lord for to displease :  
Tho all in rage he on him streight did seaze,  
As if he would in peeces him have rent :  
And, were not that the Prince did him appeaze,  
He had not left one limbe of him unrent :  
But streight he held his hand at his commaundement.

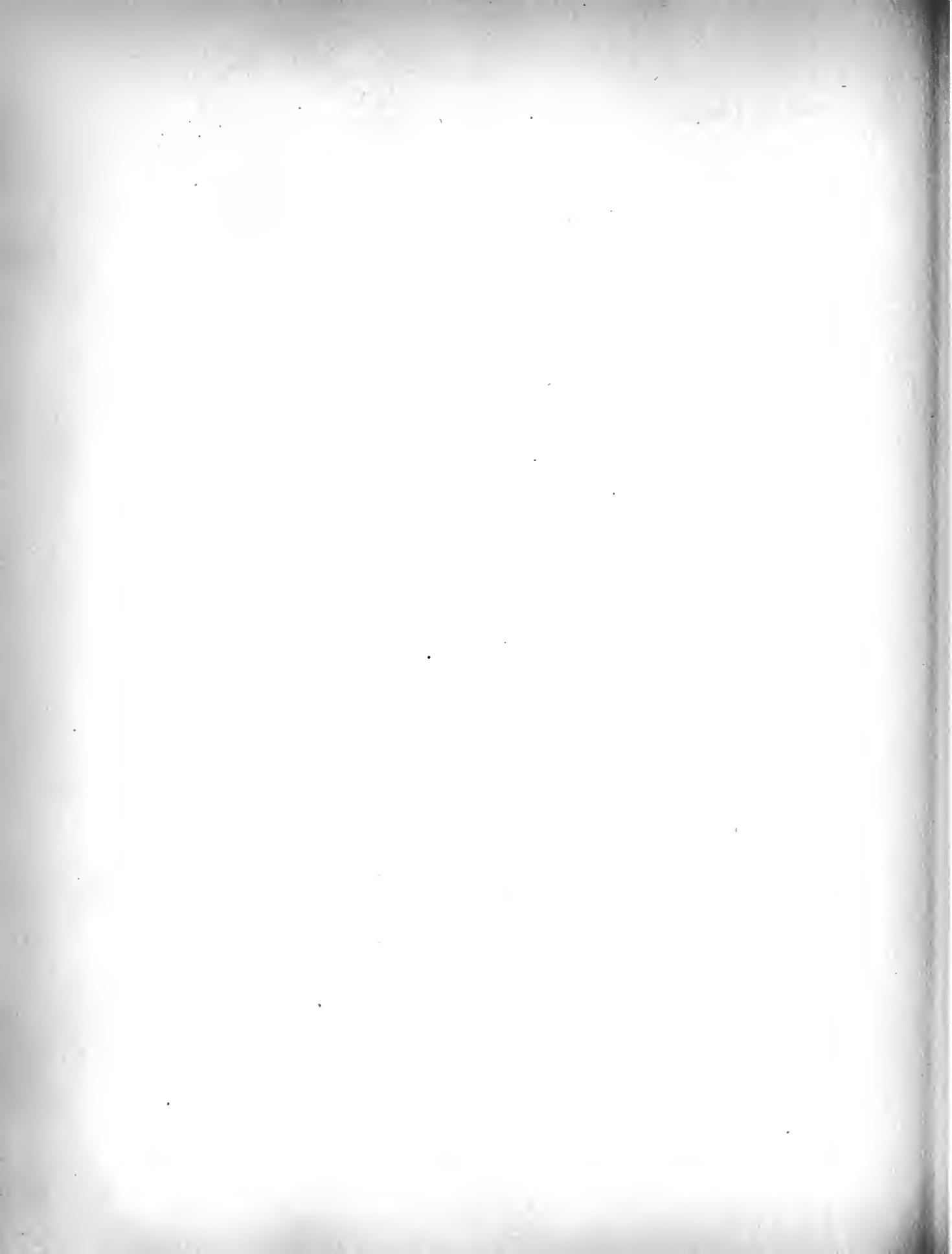
Thus having all things well in peace ordayneid,  
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest ;  
Where him Blandina fayrely entartayned  
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast  
The which for him she could imagine best :  
For well she knew the wayes to win good will  
Of every wight, that were not too infest ;  
And how to please the minds of good and ill,  
Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous skill.

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Book VI.  
Canto VI.

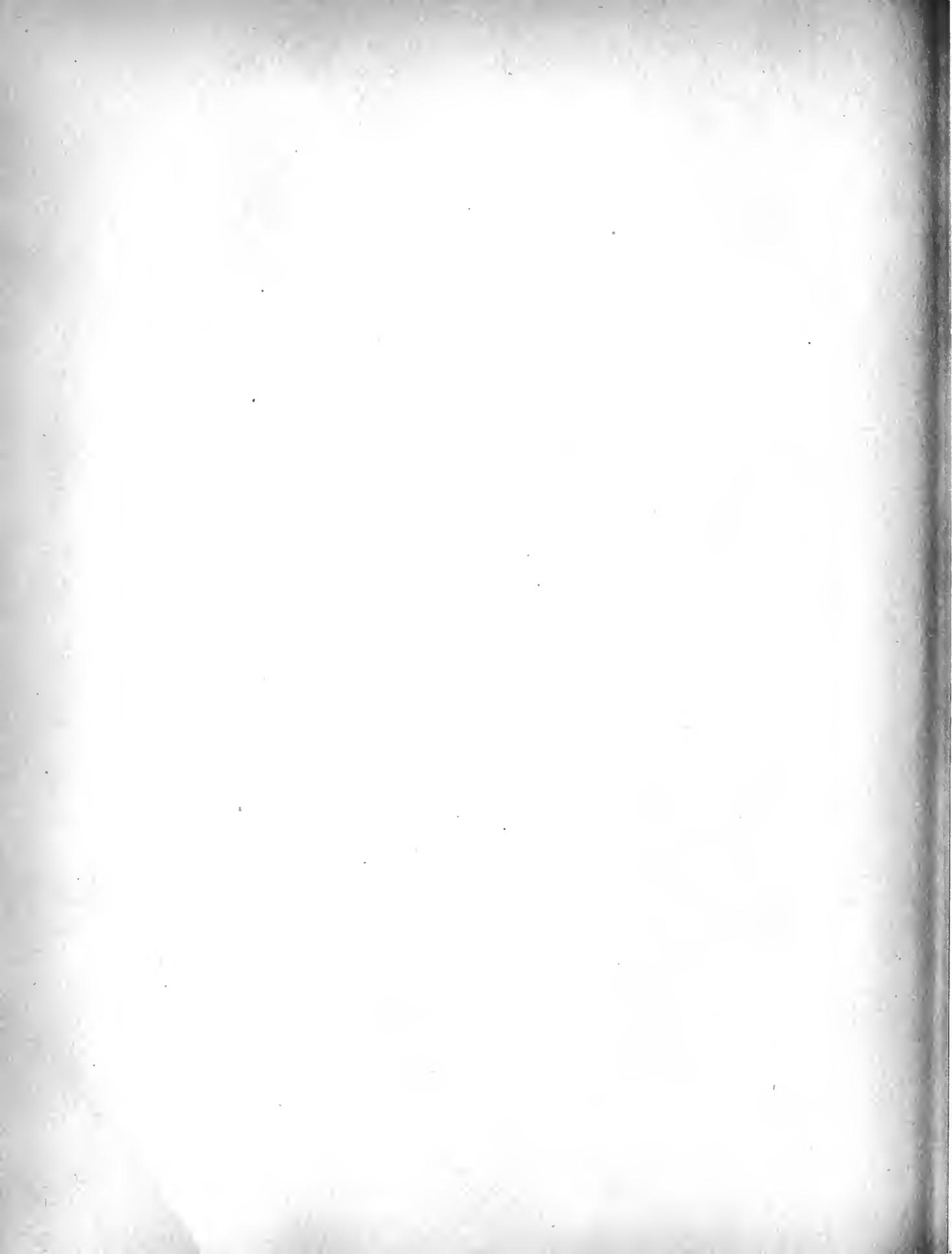
Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned,  
To some hid end to make more easie way,  
Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayned  
Into her trap unto their owne decay :  
Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and pray,  
And when her listed she could fawne and flatter ;  
Now smyling smoothly, like to sommers day,  
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter ;  
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares but water.

Whether such grace were given her by kynd,  
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde,  
Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not fynd :  
This well I wote, that she so well applyde  
Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde  
The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her husbands peace :  
Who nathelesse, not therewith satisfyde,  
His rancorous despight did not releasse,  
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surceasse :

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did rest  
In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,  
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,  
Willing to worke his villenous intent  
On him that had so shamefully him shent :  
Yet durst he not for very cowardize  
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.  
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,  
And passed forth to follow his first enterprize.

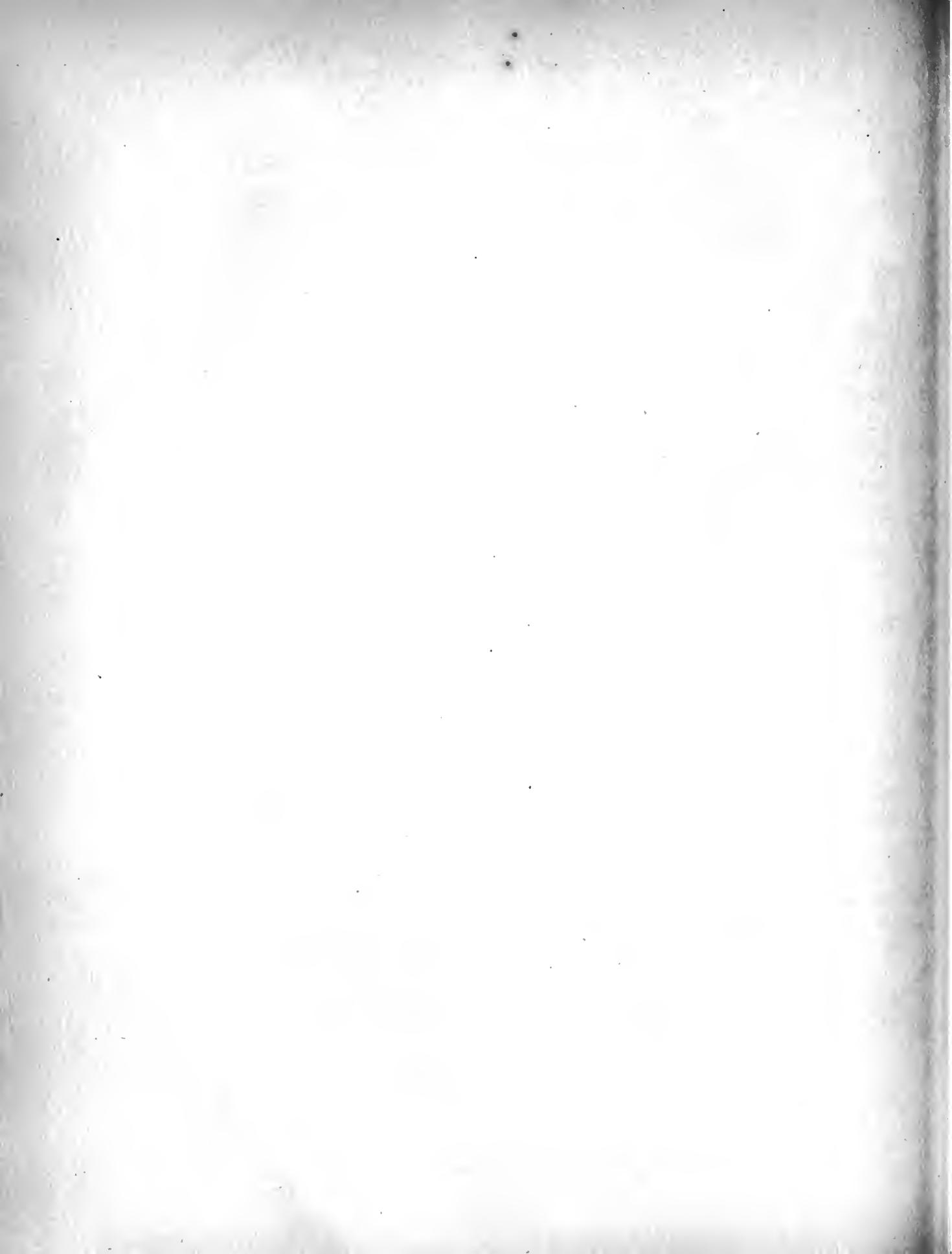








**G**urpin is basfuld: his two Knights  
Doe gain their treasons meed,  
Payre Mirabellae's punishment  
For Loves disdaine decreed.





IKE as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes  
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,  
Even so the baser mind it selfe displayes  
In cancred malice and revengefull spight :  
For to maligne, t'envie, t'use shifting slight,  
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,  
Which, what it dare not doe by open might,  
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,  
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.

That well appears in this discourteous knight,  
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat ;  
Who notwithstanding that in former fight  
He of the Prince his life received late,  
Yet in his mind, malitious and ingrate,  
He gan devize to be aveng'd anew  
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate :  
Therefore, so soone as he was out of vew,  
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

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FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto VII.

Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde,  
Yet would not neare approch in daungers eye,  
But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,  
Untill fit time and place he mote espy,  
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.  
At last he met two knights to him unknowne,  
The which were armed both agreeably,  
And both combynd, whatever chaunce were blowne  
Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his owne.

To whom false Turpine comming courteously,  
To cloke the mischiefe which he inly ment,  
Gan to complaine of great discourtisie,  
Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him went,  
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent :  
Which if they would afford him ayde at need  
For to avenge in time convenient,  
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,  
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

The knights beleev'd that all he sayd was trew ;  
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,  
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,  
In which they mote make triall of their might  
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,  
And eke desirous of the offred meed :  
Said then the one of them ; " Where is that wight  
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,  
That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed ? "

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Book VI.  
Canto VII.

“ He rides ” (said Turpine) “ there not farre afore,  
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde ;  
That, if ye list to haste a little more,  
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde.”  
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryme,  
And, ere that little while they ridden had,  
The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,  
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,  
Devizing of his love more then of daunger drad.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,  
Bidding him turne againe, false traytour knight,  
Foule woman-wronger, for he him defyde.  
With that they both at once with equall spight  
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might  
Against him ran ; but th’one did misse his marke,  
And being carried with his force forthright  
Glaunst swiftly by ; like to that heavenly sparke,  
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heavens darke.

But th’other, ayming better, did him smite  
Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,  
That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,  
And scattered all about fell on the flowre :  
But the stout Prince, with much more steddy stowre,  
Full on his bever did him strike so sore,  
That the cold steele, through piercing, did devowre  
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,  
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight  
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,  
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,  
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring ;  
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,  
Her selfe quite through the bodie doth engore,  
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing ;  
But th'other, not so swift as she before,  
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

By this the other, which was passed by,  
Himselfe recovering was return'd to fight,  
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,  
He much was daunted with so dismal sight ;  
Yet, nought abating of his former spight,  
Let drive at him with so malitious mynd,  
As if he would have passed through him quight ;  
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,  
But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he desynd.

Not so the Prince ; for his well-learned speare  
Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe  
Above a launces length him forth did beare,  
And against the cold hard earth so sore him strake,  
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.  
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,  
And to him leaping vengeance thought to take  
Of him for all his former follies meed,  
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

The fearfull swayne beholding death so nie,  
Cryde out aloud for mercie, him to save ;  
In lieu whereof he would to him descrie  
Great treason to him meant, his life to reave.  
The Prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave.  
Then thus said he : “ There is a straunger knight,  
The which, for promise of great meed, us drave  
To this attempt to wreake his hid despight,  
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might.”

THE  
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QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto VII.

The Prince much mused at such villenie,  
And sayd : “ Now sure ye well have earn'd your meed ;  
For th'one is dead, and th'other soone shall die,  
Unlesse to me thou hether bring with speed  
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed.”  
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake  
The guilt on him which did this mischiefe breed,  
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke  
He would surceasse, but him where so he were would seeke.

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went  
Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore ;  
There he him found in great astonishment,  
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,  
And griesly wounds that him appalled sore ;  
Yet thus at length he said : “ How now, Sir knight,  
What meaneth this which here I see before ?  
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,  
So different from that which earst ye seem'd in sight ? ”

THE  
FAERIE  
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“ Perdie,” (said he) “ in evill houre it fell,  
That ever I for meed did undertake  
So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell ;  
The which I earst adventur’d for your sake :  
Witnesse the wounds, and this wyde bloudie lake,  
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.  
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,  
My due reward, the which right well I deeme  
I yearned have, that life so dearely did redeeme.”

“ But where then is ” (quoth he halfe wrothfully)  
“ Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,  
That cursed caytive, my strong enemy,  
That recreant knight, whose hated life I sought ?  
And where is eke your friend which halfe it ought ? ”  
“ He lyes ” (said he) “ upon the cold bare ground,  
Slayne of that errant knight with whom he fought ;  
Whom afterwards my selfe with many a wound  
Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound.”

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and faine,  
And needs with him streight to the place would ryde,  
Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine ;  
For else his feare could not be satisfye.  
So as they rode he saw the way all dyde  
With stremes of bloud ; which tracting by the traile,  
Ere long they came, whereas in evill tyde  
That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,  
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

Much did the Craven seeme to mone his case,  
That for his sake his deare life had forgone ;  
And, him bewayling with affection base,  
Did counterfeit kind pittie where was none :  
For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor mone.  
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found  
Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,  
Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground,  
Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft in swound.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto VII.

Wearie of travell in his former fight,  
He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,  
Having his armes and warlike things undight,  
Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest ;  
The whyles his salvage page, that wont be prest,  
Was wandred in the wood another way,  
To doe some thing that seemed to him best ;  
The whyles his Lord in silver slomber lay,  
Like to the Evening starre adorn'd with deawy ray.

Whom when as Turpin saw so loosely layd,  
He weened well that he in deed was dead,  
Like as that other knight to him had sayd ;  
But, when he nigh approcht, he mote aread  
Plaine signes in him of life and livelihead :  
Whereat, much griev'd against that straunger knight,  
That him too light of credence did mislead,  
He would have backe retyred from that sight,  
That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.

But that same knight would not once let him start,  
But plainely gan to him declare the case  
Of all his mischiefe and late lucklesse smart ;  
How both he and his fellow there in place  
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace ;  
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,  
Had vow'd unto the victor him to trace  
And follow through the world where so he went,  
Till that he him delivered to his punishment.

He, therewith much abashed and affrayd,  
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine ;  
And, softly whispering him, entyrely prayd  
T'advize him better then by such a traine  
Him to betray unto a straunger swaine :  
Yet rather counseld him contrarywize,  
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,  
To joyne with him and vengeance to devize,  
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

Nathelesse, for all his speach the gentle knight  
Would not be tempted to such villenie,  
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,  
All were it to his mortall enemie,  
Then to entrap him by false treacherie :  
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd !  
Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,  
The Salvage forth out of the wood issew'd  
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he sleeping vew'd.

There when he saw those two so neare him stand,  
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee ;  
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,  
(To weet, great store of forrest frute which hee  
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,)   
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,  
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee  
Rent by the root ; which he so sternely shooke,  
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto VII.

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde  
The traytour Turpin with that other knight,  
He started up ; and snatching neare his syde  
His trustie sword, the servant of his might,  
Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,  
And his left hand upon his collar layd.  
Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,  
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,  
But, holding up his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

But he so full of indignation was,  
That to his prayer nought he would incline,  
But, as he lay upon the humbled gras,  
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe  
Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine :  
Then, letting him arise like abject thrall,  
He gan to him object his haynous crime,  
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,  
And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall.

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Canto VII.

And after all, for greater infamie,  
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,  
And bafful so, that all which passed by  
The picture of his punishment might see,  
And by the like ensample warned bee,  
How ever they through treason doe trespass.  
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,  
Whom late we left ryding upon an Asse,  
Led by a Carle and foole which by her side did passe.

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,  
And lifted up to honorable place,  
Famous through all the land of Faerie :  
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,  
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,  
That all men did her person much admire,  
And praise the feature of her goodly face ;  
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire  
In th' harts of many a knight, and many a gentle squire.

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,  
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,  
But scornd them all that love unto her ment :  
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere :  
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,  
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright ;  
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,  
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,  
And noblest she that served is of noblest knight.

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwize,  
That such proud looks would make her praysed more ;  
And that, the more she did all love despize,  
The more would wretched lovers her adore.  
What cared she who sighed for her sore,  
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night ?  
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore,  
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,  
And so would ever live, and love her owne delight.

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QUEENE.  
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Canto VII.

Through such her stubborne stifnesse and hard hart,  
Many a wretch for want of remedie  
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,  
And at the last through dreary dolour die :  
Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,  
Did boast her beautie had such soveraine might,  
That with the onely twinkle of her eye  
She could or save or spill whom she would hight :  
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright ?

But loe ! the Gods, that mortall follies vew,  
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride ;  
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,  
Did laugh at her that many did deride,  
Whilst she did weepe, of no man mercifide :  
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,  
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,  
Unto the which all lovers doe resort,  
That of their loves successe they there may make report ;

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It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red  
In which the names of all loves folke were fyled,  
That many there were missing ; which were ded,  
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,  
Or by some other violence despoyled :  
Which when as Cupid heard, he wexed wroth ;  
And doubting to be wronged or beguyled,  
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,  
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

Then found he many missing of his crew,  
Which wont doe suit and service to his might,  
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.  
Therefore a Jurie was impaneld streight  
T'enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,  
Or their owne guilt, they were away convayd ?  
To whom foule Infamie and fell Despight  
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd  
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby  
Of all those crymes she there indited was :  
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by  
In great displeasure wild a Capias  
Should issue forth t'attach that scornefull lasse.  
The warrant straight was made, and therewithall  
A Baylieffe-errant forth in post did passe,  
Whom they by name there Portamore did call ;  
He which doth summon lovers to loves judgement hall.

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought  
Unto the barre whereas she was arrayned ;  
But she thereto nould plead, nor answere ought,  
Even for stubborne pride which her restrayned.  
So judgement past, as is by law ordayne  
In cases like ; which when at last she saw,  
Her stubborne hart, which love before disdayned,  
Gan stoupe ; and, falling downe with humble awe,  
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

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Canto VII.

The sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd  
But where he is provokt with peeviousnesse,  
Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,  
And did the rigour of his doome represse ;  
Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse  
He unto her a penance did impose,  
Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes  
She wander should in companie of those,  
Till she had sav'd so many loves as she did lose.

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares  
Throughout the world in this uncomely case,  
Wasting her goodly hew in heavie teares,  
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace :  
Yet had she not in all these two yeares space  
Saved but two ; yet in two yeares before,  
Through her dispiteous pride, whilst love lackt place,  
She had destroyed two and twenty more.  
Aie me ! how could her love make half amends therefore ?

And now she was uppon the weary way,  
When as the gentle Squire, with faire Serene,  
Met her in such misseeming foule array ;  
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane  
With all the evill termes and cruell meane  
That he could make : And eeke that angry foole  
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane  
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole  
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat  
The one or th'other better her to use ;  
For both so wilfull were and obstinate  
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,  
And rather did the more her beate and bruse :  
But most the former villaine, which did lead  
Her tyreling jade, was bent her to abuse ;  
Who, though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,  
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead :

For he was sterne and terrible by nature,  
And eeke of person huge and hideous,  
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,  
And rather like a Gyant monstruous :  
For sooth he was descended of the hous  
Of those old Gyants, which did warres darraine  
Against the heaven in order battailous ;  
And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine  
By Arthure, when as Unas Knight he did maintaine.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,  
Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,  
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies  
He scorned in his overweening pryde ;  
And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stryde  
At every step upon the tiptoes hie :  
And, all the way he went, on every syde  
He gaz'd about and stared horriblie,  
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

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FAERIE  
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Canto VII.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,  
As no whit dreading any living wight ;  
But in a Jacket, quilted richly rare  
Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight ;  
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,  
Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore,  
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,  
Were bound about and voyded from before ;  
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

This was Disdaine, who led that Ladies horse  
Through thick and thin, through mountains and through plains,  
Compelling her, where she would not, by force,  
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines :  
But that same foole, which most increast her paines,  
Was Scorne ; who having in his hand a whip,  
Her therewith yirks ; and still, when she complaines,  
The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,  
To see her sore lament and bite her tender lip.

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Canto VII.

Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,  
And saw those villaines her so vildely use,  
His gentle heart with indignation sweld,  
And could no lenger beare so great abuse  
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse ;  
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,  
That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,  
And maugre all his might backe to relent :  
Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly shent.

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,  
Gathered him selfe together soone againe,  
And with his yron batton which he bore  
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,  
That for his safety he did him constraine  
To give him ground, and shift to every side,  
Rather then once his burden to sustaine :  
For bootelesse thing him seemed to abide  
So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his pride.

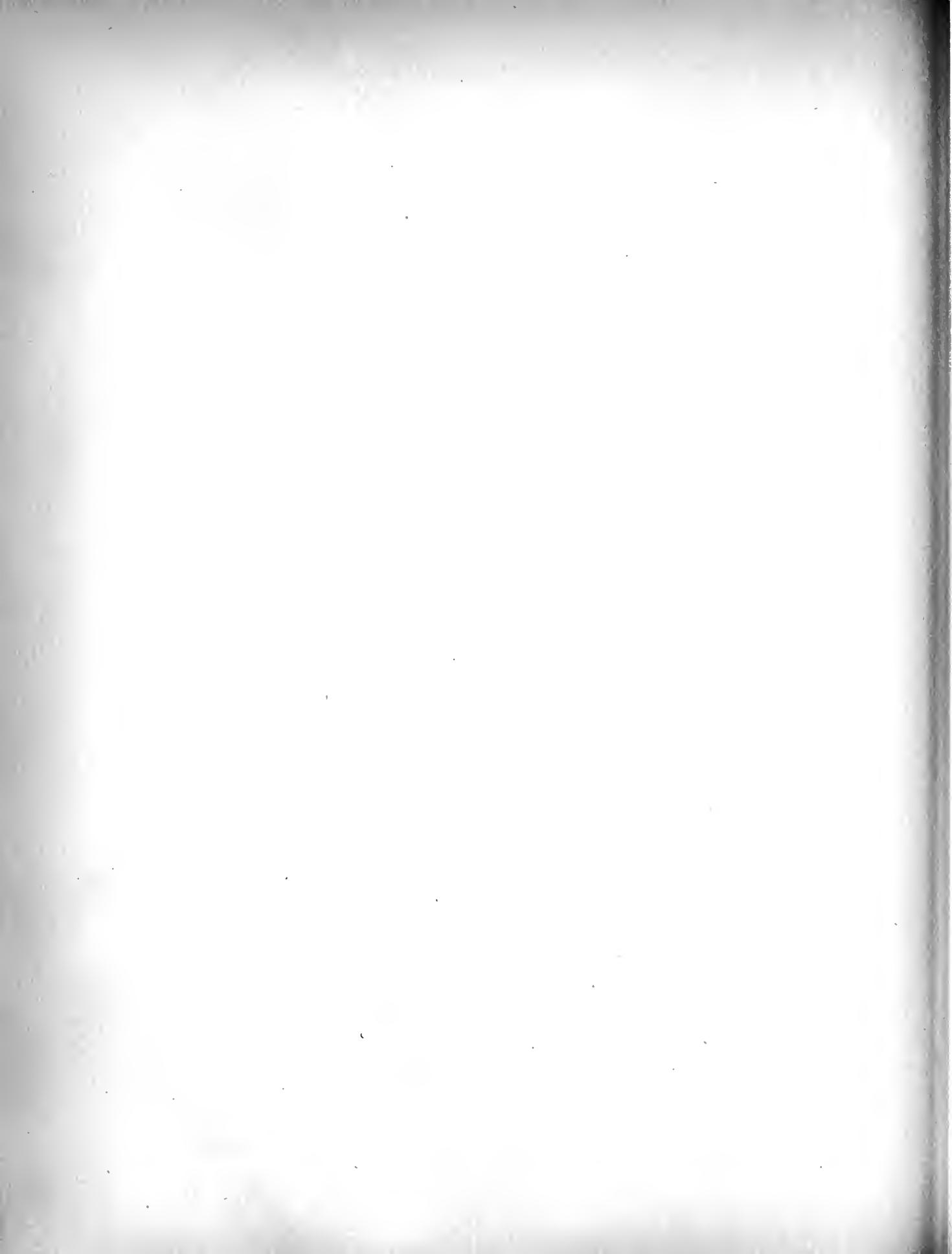
Like as a Mastiffe having at a bay  
A salvage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat  
Desperate daunger, if he them assay,  
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,  
To spy where he may some advauntage get,  
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore ;  
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret  
And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,  
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

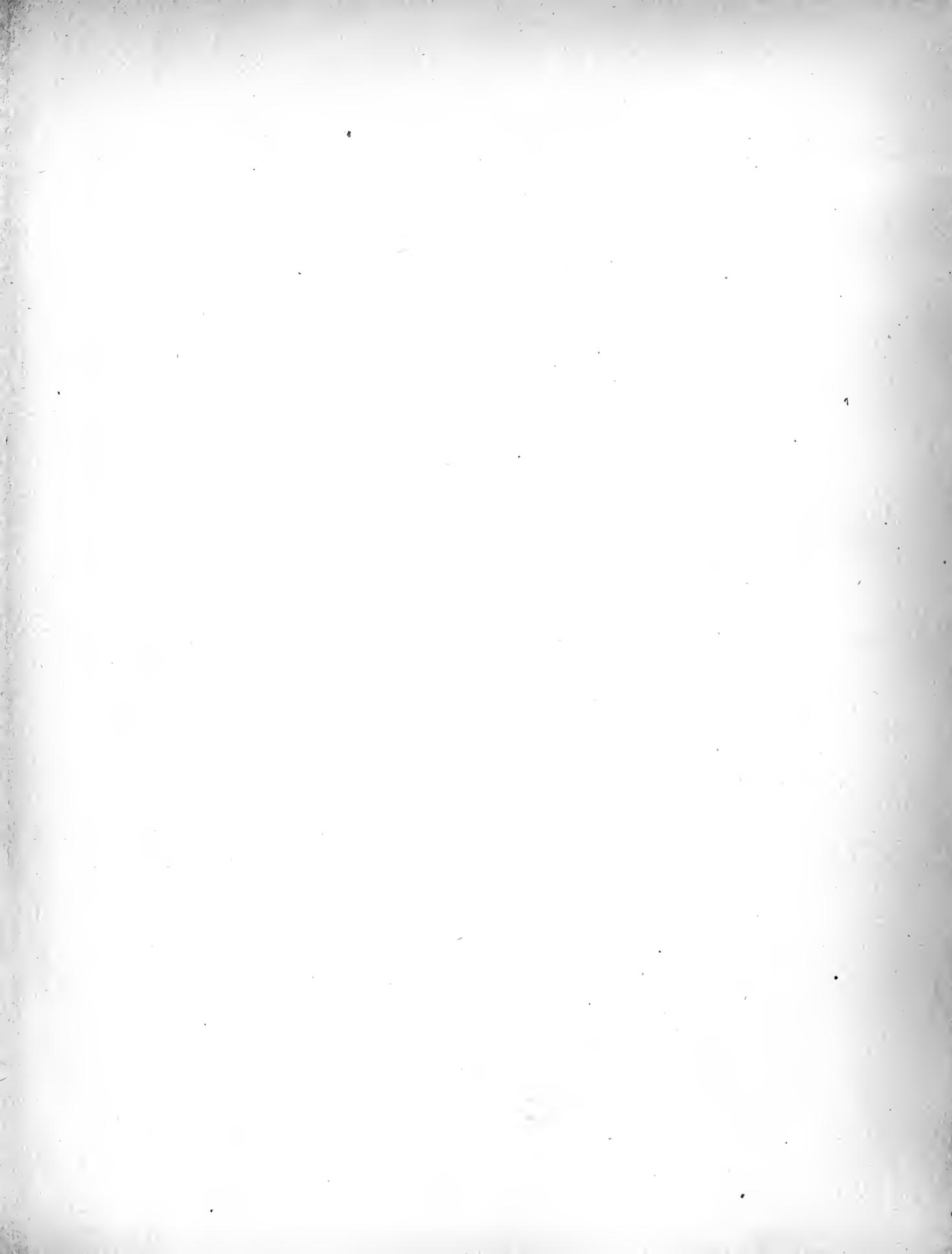
Nathelesse so sharplye still he him pursewd,  
That at advantage him at last he tooke,  
When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely rewde)  
And with his yron club to ground him strooke ;  
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,  
Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,  
And bound him fast : Tho, when he up did looke  
And saw him selfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,  
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

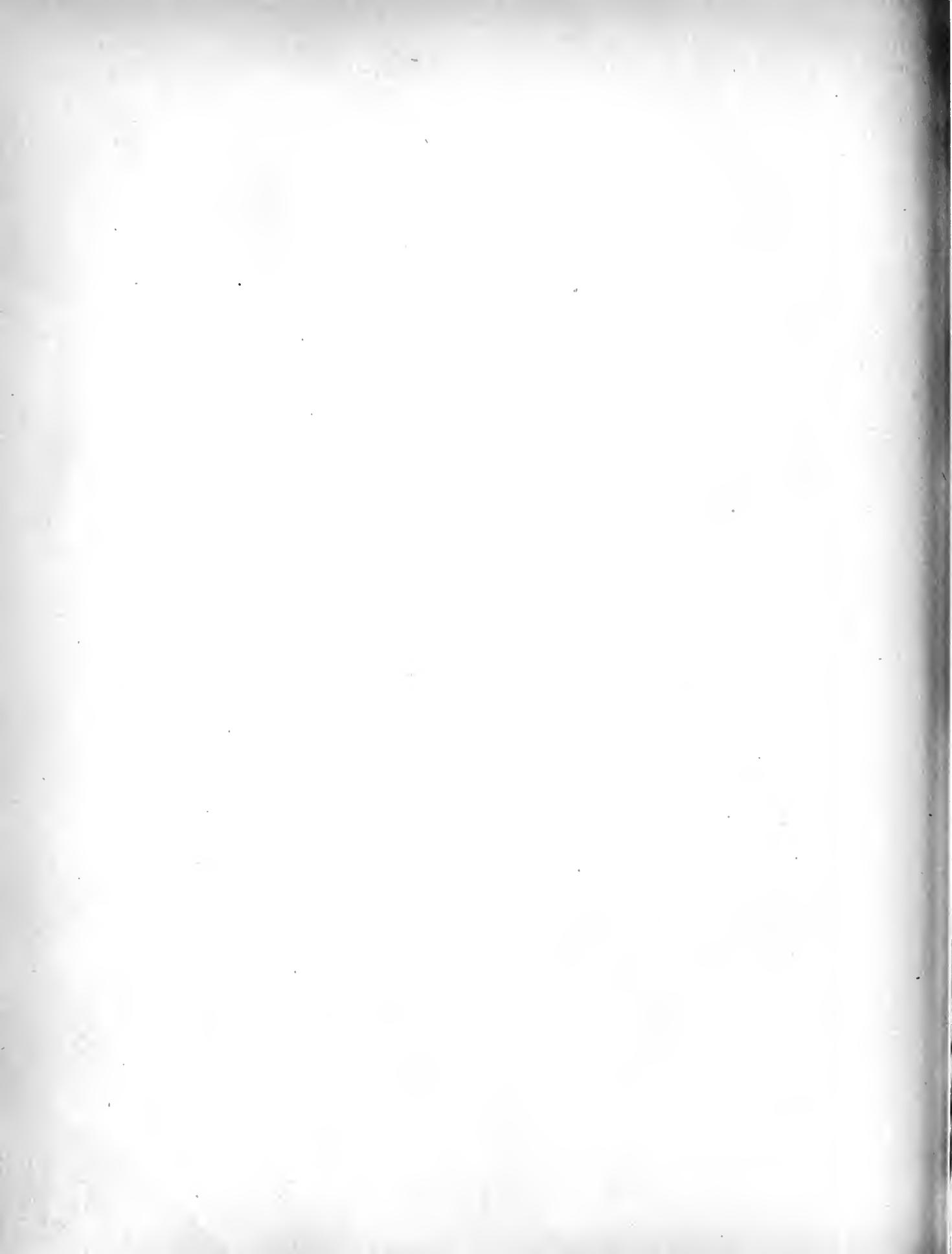
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Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,  
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd ;  
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him spare,  
But with his whip, him following behynd,  
Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd :  
And other-whiles with bitter mockes and mowes  
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd  
Was much more grievous then the others blowes :  
Words sharplye wound, but greatest grieve of scorning growes.

The faire Serena, when she saw him fall  
Under that villaines club, then surely thought  
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,  
And fled away with all the speede she mought,  
To seeke for safety ; which long time she sought,  
And past through many perils by the way,  
Ere she againe to Calepine was brought :  
The which discourse as now I must delay,  
Till Mirabellaes fortunes I doe further say.

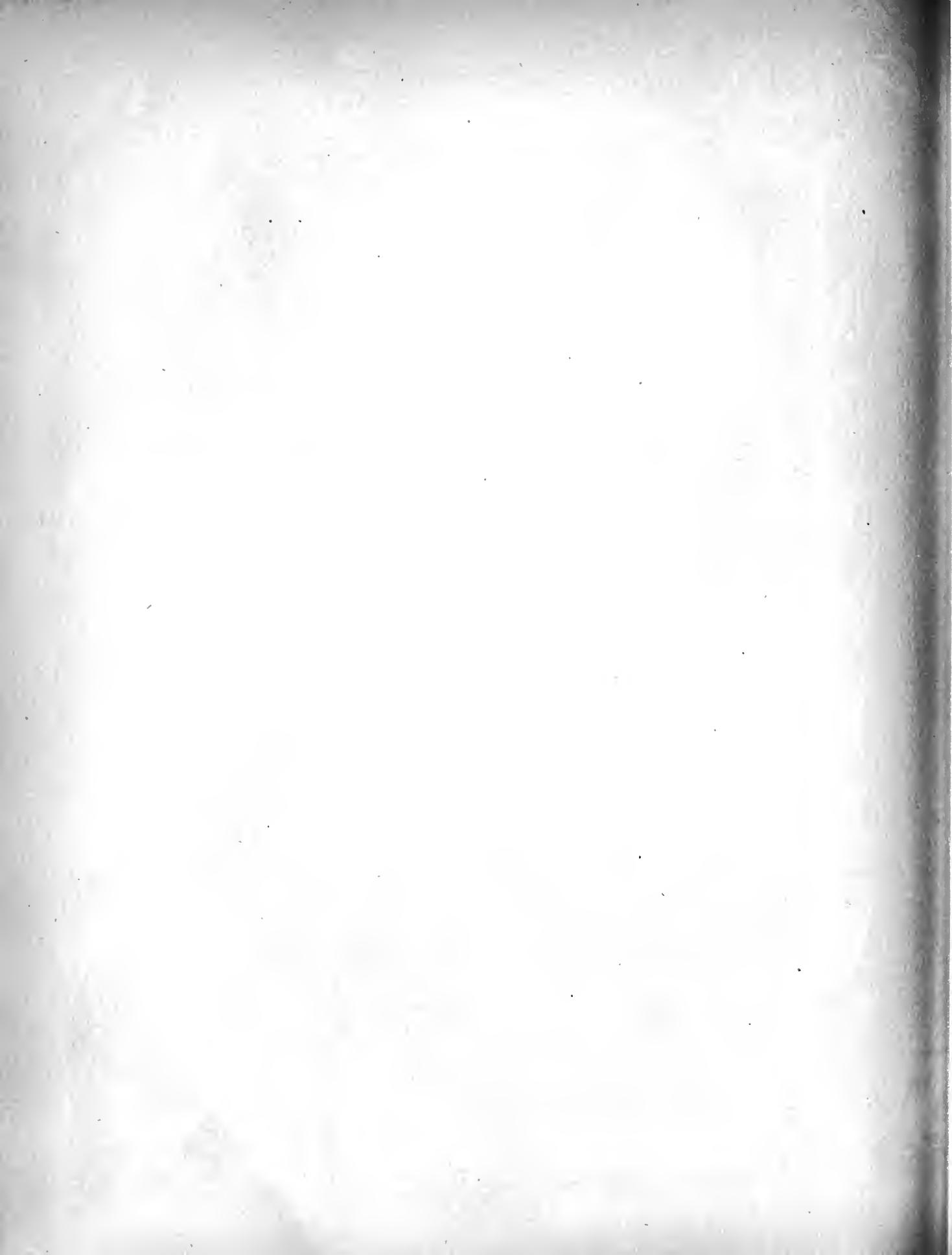








Prince Arthur overcomes Dizdaine;  
Quites Mirabell from dread:  
Serena, found of Salvages,  
By Calepine is freed.





E GENTLE Ladies, in whose soveraine powre  
 Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,  
 And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,  
 In yron chaines of liberty bereft,  
 Delivered hath into your hands by gift,  
 Be well aware how ye the same doe use,  
 That pride doe not to tyranny you lift ;  
 Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,  
 He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse.

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,  
 Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,  
 So be ye soft and tender eke in mynde ;  
 But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,  
 That all your other praises will deface,  
 And from you turne the love of men to hate :  
 Ensample take of Mirabellaes case,  
 Who from the high degree of happy state  
 Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

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Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,  
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,  
Was touched with compassion entire,  
And much lamented his calamity,  
That for her sake fell into misery ;  
Which booted nought for prayers nor for threat  
To hope for to release or mollify,  
For aye the more that she did them entreat,  
The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

So as they forward on their way did pas,  
Him still reviling and afflicting sore,  
They met Prince Arthur with Sir Enias,  
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before  
Having subdew'd yet did to life restore ;)  
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment  
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,  
Scourging and haling him more vehement ;  
As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

The Squire him selfe, when as he saw his Lord  
The witnesse of his wretchednesse in place,  
Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord  
He like a dog was led in captive case,  
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,  
As loth to see or to be seene at all :  
Shame would be hid. But whenas Enias  
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,  
His manly mynde was much emmoved therewithall ;

And to the Prince thus sayd : “ See you, Sir Knight,  
The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,  
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight  
Abusde, against all reason and all law,  
Without regard of pitty or of awe ?  
See, how they doe that Squire beat and revile !  
See, how they doe the Lady hale and draw !  
But, if ye please to lend me leave awhile,  
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile.”

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The Prince assented ; and then he, streightway  
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,  
With which approching thus he gan to say :  
“ Abide, ye caytive treachetours untrew,  
That have with treason thralled unto you  
These two, unworthy of your wretched bands,  
And now your crime with cruelty pursew !  
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands,  
Or else abide the death that hard before you stands.”

The villaine stayd not aunswer to invent,  
But with his yron club preparing way,  
His mindes sad message backe unto him sent ;  
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,  
That seemed nougnt the course thereof could stay,  
No more then lightening from the lofty sky :  
Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,  
Whose doome was death ; but, lightly slipping by,  
Unwares defrauded his intended destiny :

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And, to requite him with the like againe,  
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,  
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine  
Saved him selfe but that he there him slew ;  
Yet sav'd not so, but that the bloud it drew,  
And gave his foe good hope of victory :  
Who therewith flesht upon him set anew,  
And with the second stroke thought certainly  
To have supplyde the first, and paide the usury.

But Fortune aunswerd not unto his call ;  
For, as his hand was heaved up on hight,  
The villaine met him in the middle fall,  
And with his club bet backe his brondyron bright  
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might,  
Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe,  
He driven was to ground in selfe despight ;  
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,  
He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdaine.

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,  
Came running in ; and, whilst on ground he lay,  
Laide heavy hands on him and held so strayte,  
That downe he kept him with his scornefull sway,  
So as he could not weld him any way :  
The whiles that other villaine went about  
Him to have bound and thrald without delay ;  
The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,  
Threatning to yoke them two and tame their corage stout.

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde  
By strength have overthrowne a stubborne steare,  
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,  
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare :  
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.  
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,  
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare ;  
And, buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly  
Upon that Carle to save his friend from jeopardy.

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The villaine, leaving him unto his mate  
To be captiv'd and handled as he list,  
Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,  
And with his club him all about so blist,  
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist :  
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,  
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist ;  
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know  
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

But yet the Prince so well enured was  
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,  
That way to them he gave forth right to pas ;  
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,  
But wayt advantage when they downe did light.  
At last the caytive, after long discourse,  
When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,  
Resolved in one t'assemble all his force,  
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,  
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre  
Thought sure have pownded him to powder soft,  
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre :  
But Fortune did not with his will conspire ;  
For, ere his stroke attayned his intent,  
The noble childe, preventing his desire,  
Under his club with wary boldnesse went,  
And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,  
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,  
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow ;  
But all that leg, which did his body beare,  
It crackt throughout, (yet did no bloud appeare,)  
So as it was unable to support  
So huge a burden on such broken geare,  
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt ;  
Whence he assayd to rise, but could not for his hurt.

Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimblly stept,  
And least he should recover foote againe,  
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept.  
Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine ;  
“ Stay, stay, Sir Knight ! for love of God abstaine  
From that unwares ye weetlesse doe intend ;  
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine,  
For more on him doth then him selfe depend :  
My life will by his death have lamentable end.”

He staide his hand according her desire,  
Yet nathemore him suffred to arize ;  
But, still suppressing, gan of her inquire,  
What meaning mote those uncouth words comprize,  
That in that villaines health her safety lies ;  
That, were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,  
Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,  
Yet heavens them selves, that favour feeble rights,  
Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such despights.

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Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast  
Like many water streames, awhile she stayd ;  
Till the sharpe passion being overpast,  
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd :  
“ Nor heavens, nor men, can me, most wretched mayd,  
Deliver from the doome of my desart,  
The which the God of love hath on me layd,  
And damned to endure this direfull smart,  
For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

“ In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre  
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,  
And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre  
Of all her gifts, that pleasede each living sight,  
I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,  
And sude and sought with all the service dew :  
Full many a one for me deepe groand and sight,  
And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,  
Complayning *out on me* that would not on them rew.

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“ But let them love that list, or live or die,  
Me list not die for any lovers doole ;  
Ne list me leave my loved libertie  
To pitty him that list to play the foole ;  
To love my selfe I learned had in schoole.  
Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,  
And, sitting carelesse on the scorners stoole,  
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine ;  
But all is now repayd with interest againe.

“ For loe ! the winged God that woundeth harts  
Causde me be called to accompt therefore ;  
And for revengement of those wrongfull smarts,  
Which I to others did inflict afore,  
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce sore ;  
That in this wize, and this unmeete array,  
With these two lewd companions, and no more,  
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should stray,  
Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did slay.”

“ Certes,” (sayd then the Prince) “ the God is just,  
That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile ;  
For were no law in love, but all that lust  
Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,  
His kingdome would continue but a while.  
But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare  
This bottle thus before you with such toile,  
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,  
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were ? ”

“ Here in this bottle ” (sayd the sory Mayd)  
“ I put the tears of my contrition,  
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd :  
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,  
I put repentaunce for things past and gon.  
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,  
That all which I put in fals out anon,  
And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,  
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more I mourn.”

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The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale,  
And wondred much at Cupids judg'ment wise,  
That could so meekly make proud hearts avale,  
And wreake him selfe on them that him despise.  
Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,  
Who was not able up him selfe to reare,  
By meanes his leg, through his late luckelesse prise,  
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare  
Was holpen up, who him supported standing neare.

But being up he lookt againe aloft,  
As if he never had received fall ;  
And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,  
As if he would have daunted him withall :  
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,  
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,  
As if such pride the other could apall ;  
Who was so far from being ought amazed,  
That he his looks despised, and his boast dispraised.

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Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,  
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,  
Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,  
He from those bands weend him to have unwound ;  
But when approaching neare he plainly found  
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,  
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,  
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,  
Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

Meane-while the Salvage man, when he beheld  
That huge great foole oppressing th'other Knight,  
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,  
He flew upon him like a greedy kight  
Unto some carrion offered to his sight ;  
And, downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth  
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite ;  
And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith  
So sore him scourgeth that the bloud downe followeth.

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry  
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,  
He would with whipping him have done to dye ;  
But being checkt he did abstaine streightway,  
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say :  
“ Now, Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,  
That if ye list have liberty ye may ;  
Unto your selfe I freely leave to chose,  
Whether I shall you leave, or from these villaines lose.”

“ Ah! nay, Sir Knight,” (said she) “ it may not be,  
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill  
This penaunce, which enjoyned is to me,  
Least unto me betide a greater ill ;  
Yet no lesse thankes to you for your good will.”  
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside ;  
But Arthure with the rest went onward still  
On his first quest, in which did him betide  
A great adventure, which did him from them devide.

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But first it falleth me by course to tell  
Of faire Serena ; who, as earst you heard,  
When first the gentle Squire at variaunce fell  
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard  
Of villany to be to her inferd :  
So fresh the image of her former dread,  
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,  
That every foote did tremble which did tread,  
And every body two, and two she foure did read.

Through hils and dales, through bushes and through breres,  
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought  
Her selfe now past the perill of her feares :  
Then looking round about, and seeing nought  
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,  
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine ;  
And, sitting downe, her selfe awhile bethought  
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine ;  
And often did of love, and oft of lucke complainē.

And evermore she blamed Calepine,  
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true Knight,  
As th'onely author of her wofull tine ;  
For being of his love to her so light,  
As her to leave in such a piteous plight :  
Yet never Turtle truer to his make,  
Then he was tride unto his Lady bright ;  
Who all this while endured for her sake  
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

Tho when as all her plaints she had displayd,  
And well disburdened her engrieved brest,  
Upon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd ;  
Where, being tyrde with travell, and opprest  
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest :  
There whilst in Morpheus bosome safe she lay,  
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,  
False Fortune did her safety betray  
Unto a strange mischaunce that menac'd her decay.

In these wylde deserts where she now abode,  
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live  
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode  
Into their neighbours borders ; ne did give  
Them selves to any trade, (as for to drive  
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,  
Or by adventrous marchandize to thrive,)  
But on the labours of poore men to feed,  
And serve their owne necessities with others need.

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Thereto they usde one most accursed order,  
To eate the flesh of men whom they mote fynde,  
And straungers to devoure, which on their border  
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde ;  
A monstrous cruelty against course of kynde !  
They, towards evening wandering every way  
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde  
Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,  
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

Soone as they spide her, Lord ! what gladfull glee  
They made amongst them selves ; but when her face  
Like the faire yvory shining they did see,  
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace  
For joy of such good hap by heavenly grace.  
Then gan they to devize what course to take ;  
Whether to slay her there upon the place,  
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,  
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to make.

The best advizement was, of bad, to let her  
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment ;  
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill better :  
Then when she wakt they all gave one consent  
That, since by grace of God she there was sent,  
Unto their God they would her sacrificize,  
Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud, they would present ;  
But of her dainty flesh they did devize  
To make a common feast, and feed with gurmandize.

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So round about her they them selves did place  
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose  
As each thought best to spend the lingring space :  
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose ;  
Some praise her paps ; some praise her lips and nose ;  
Some whet their knives, and strip their elboes bare :  
The Priest him selfe a garland doth compose  
Of finest flowers, and with full busie care  
His bloody vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

The Damzell wakes ; then all attonce upstart,  
And round about her flocke, like many flies,  
Whooping and hallowing on every part,  
As if they would have rent the brasen skies.  
Which when she sees with ghastly griefful eies,  
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallied hew  
Benumbes her cheekes : Then out aloud she cries,  
Where none is nigh to heare that will her rew,  
And rends her golden locks, and snowy breasts embrew.

But all bootes not ; they hands upon her lay :  
And first they spoile her of her jewels deare,  
And afterwards of all her rich array ;  
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,  
And of the pray each one a part doth beare.  
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes  
The goodly threasures of nature appeare :  
Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,  
Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest envyes :—

Her yvorie neck ; her alabaster brest ;  
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were  
For love in soft delight thereon to rest ;  
Her tender sides ; her bellie white and clere,  
Which like an Altar did it selfe uprere  
To offer sacrifice divine thereon ;  
Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare  
Like a triumphal Arch, and thereupon  
The spoiles of Princes hang'd which were in battel won.

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Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,  
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,  
Those villeins view'd with loose lascivious sight,  
And closely tempted with their craftie spyes ;  
And some of them gan mongst themselves devize  
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure :  
But them the Priest rebuking did advize  
To dare not to pollute so sacred threasure  
Vow'd to the gods : religion held even theeves in measure.

So, being stayd, they her from thence directed  
Unto a little grove not farre asyde,  
In which an altar shortly they erected  
To slay her on. And now the Eventyde  
His brode black wings had through the heavens wyde  
By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned  
For such a dismalle deed, their guilt to hyde :  
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,  
And deckt it all with flowres which they nigh hand obtayned.

Tho, when as all things readie were aright,  
The Damzell was before the altar set,  
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright :  
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net  
Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,  
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,  
With other divelish ceremonies met :  
Which doen, he gan aloft t'advance his arme,  
Wherat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to shrill  
And shrieke aloud, that, with the peoples voyce  
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,  
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce :  
The whyles she wayld, the more they did rejoice.  
Now mote ye understand that to this grove  
Sir Calepine, by chaunce more then by choyce,  
The selfe same evening fortune hether drove,  
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did rove.

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle  
Had traveld still on foot in heavie armes,  
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,  
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes :  
And now, all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,  
In which his love was lost, he slept full fast ;  
Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,  
He lightly started up like one aghast,  
And, catching up his arms, streight to the noise forth past.

There by th'uncertaine glims of starry night,  
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,  
He mote perceive a litle dawning sight  
Of all which there was doing in that quire :  
Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attire  
He spyde lamenting her unluckie strife,  
And groning sore from grieved hart entire :  
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife  
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved life.

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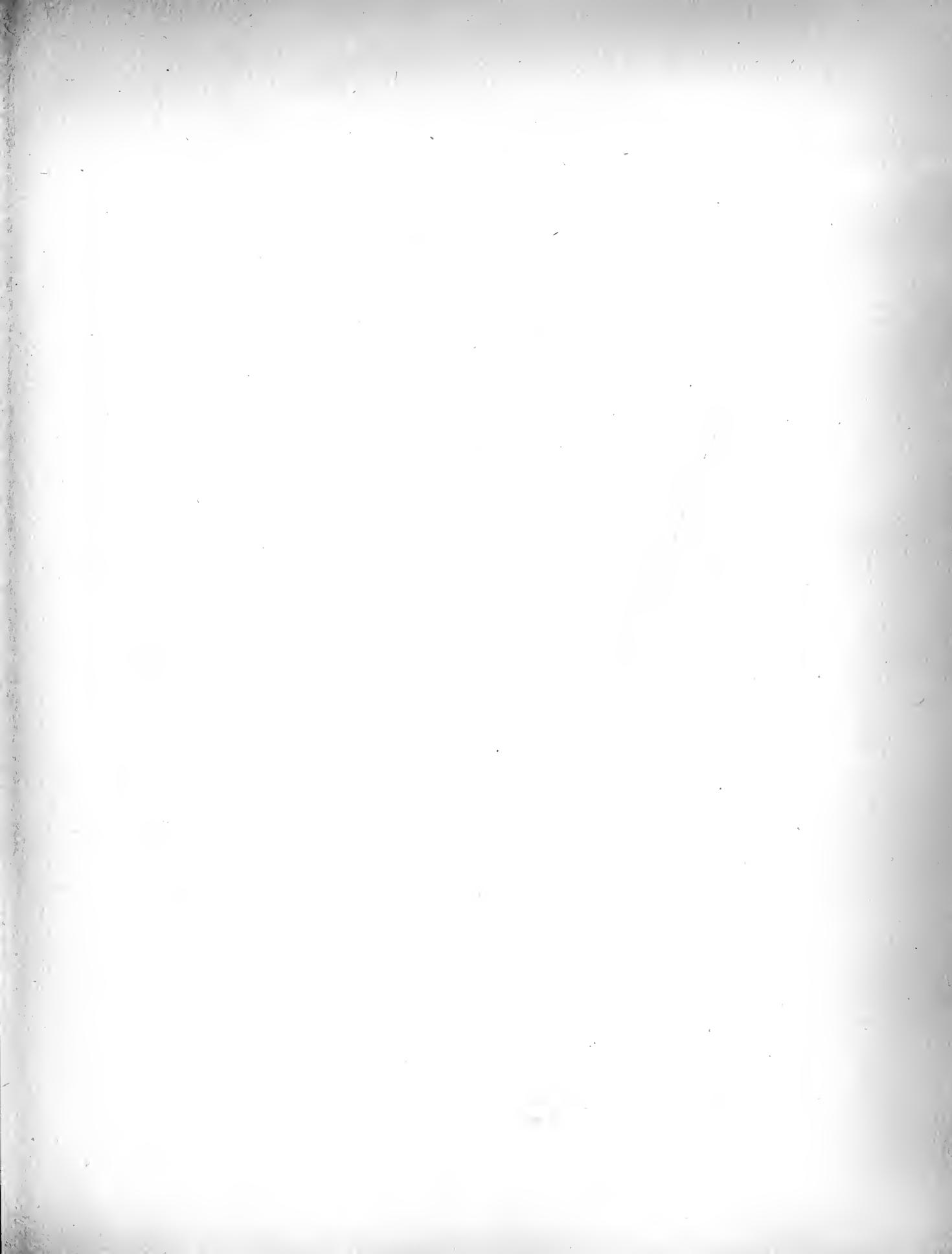
With that he thrusts into the thickest throng  
And, even as his right hand adowne descends,  
He him preventing layes on earth along,  
And sacrificeth to th'inferrall feends :  
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends ;  
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,  
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends :  
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,  
Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faulcons vew.

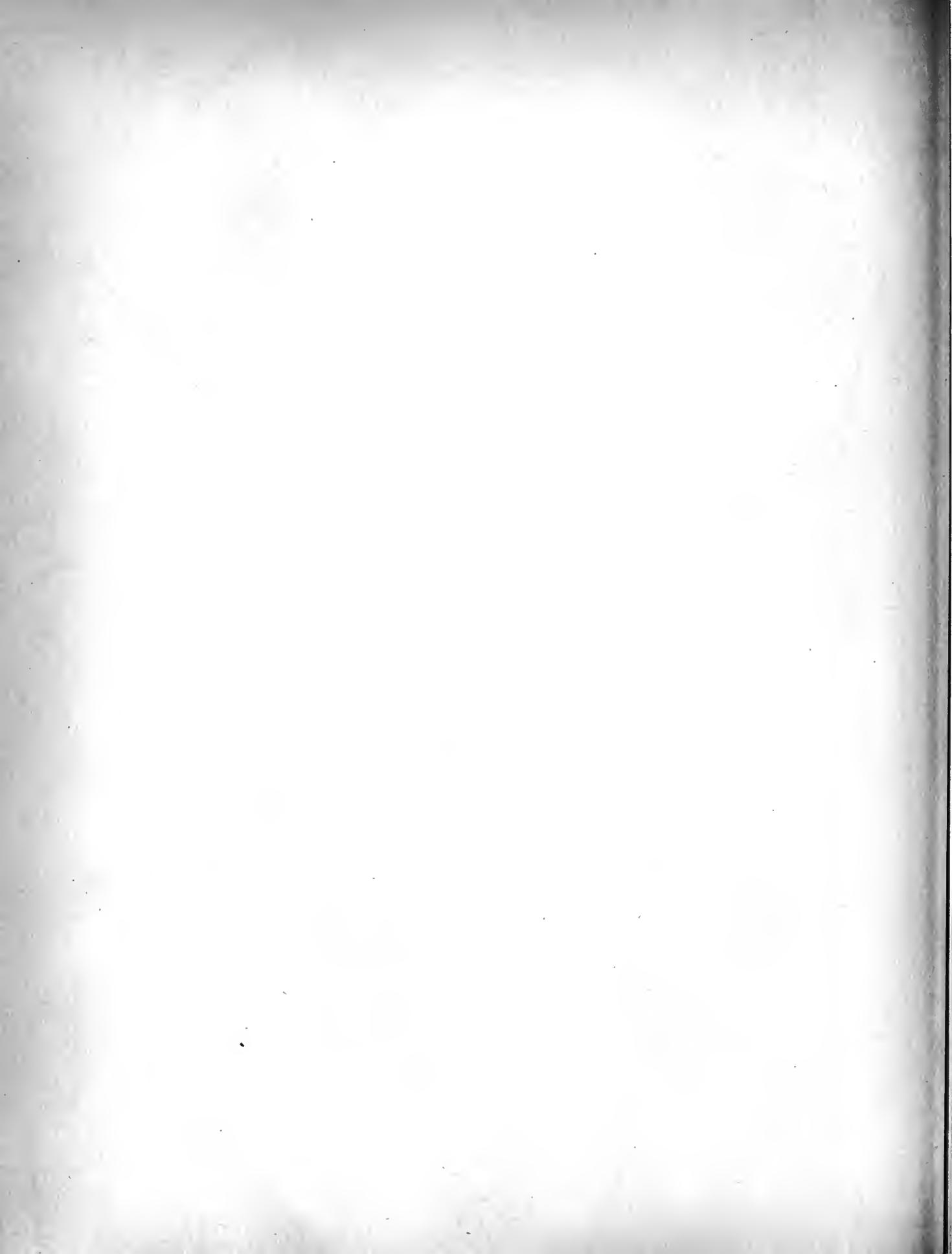
From them returning to that Ladie backe,  
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find  
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke  
Of clothes to cover what they ought by kind,  
He first her hands beginneth to unbind,  
And then to question of her present woe,  
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind ;  
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,  
One word durst speake, or answeare him awhit thereto.

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So inward shame of her uncomely case  
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,  
That though the night did cover her disgrace,  
Yet she in so unwomanly a mood  
Would not bewray the state in which she stood.  
So all that night to him unknownen she past ;  
But day, that doth discover bad and good,  
Ensewing, made her knownen to him at last :  
The end whereof Ile keepe untill another cast.



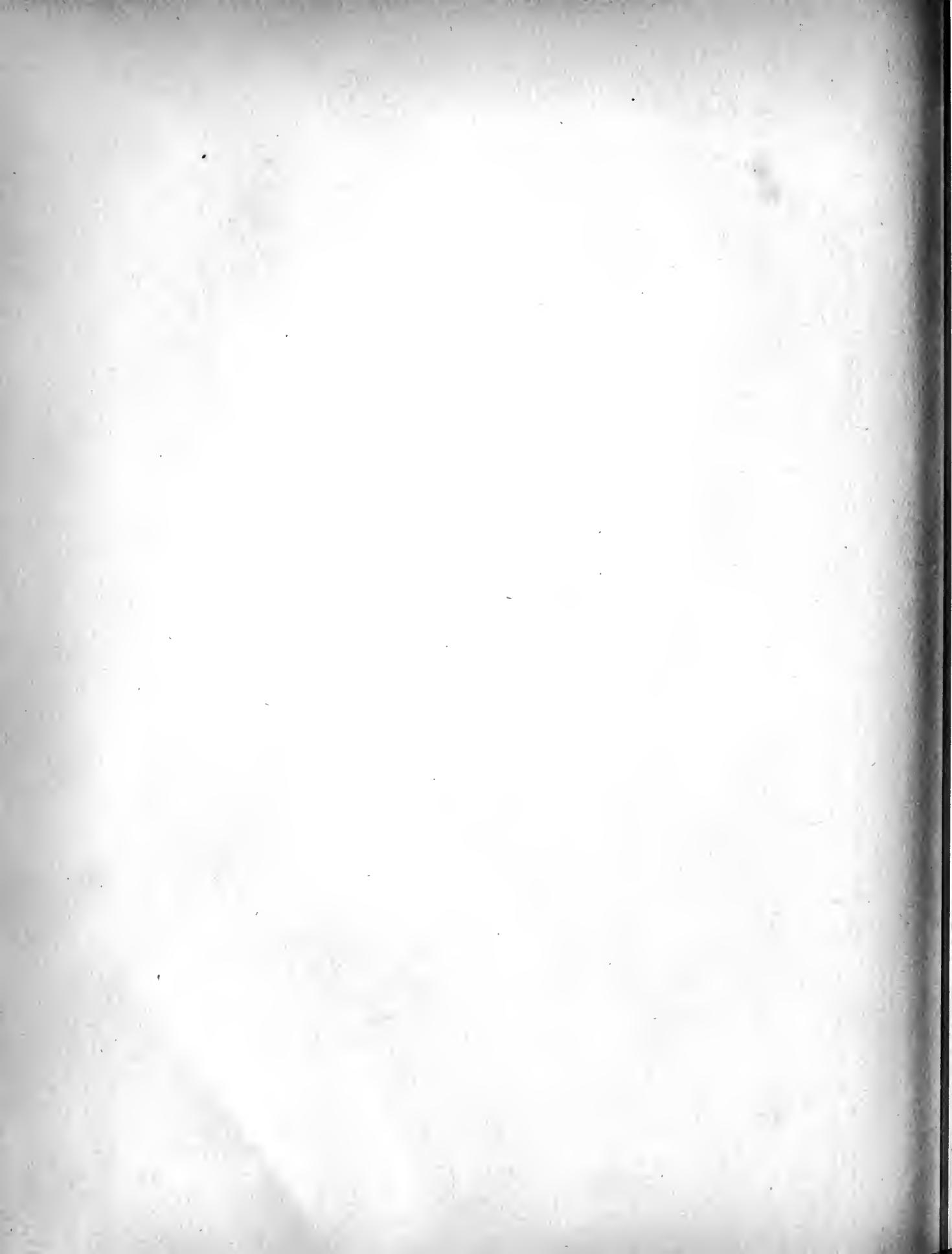






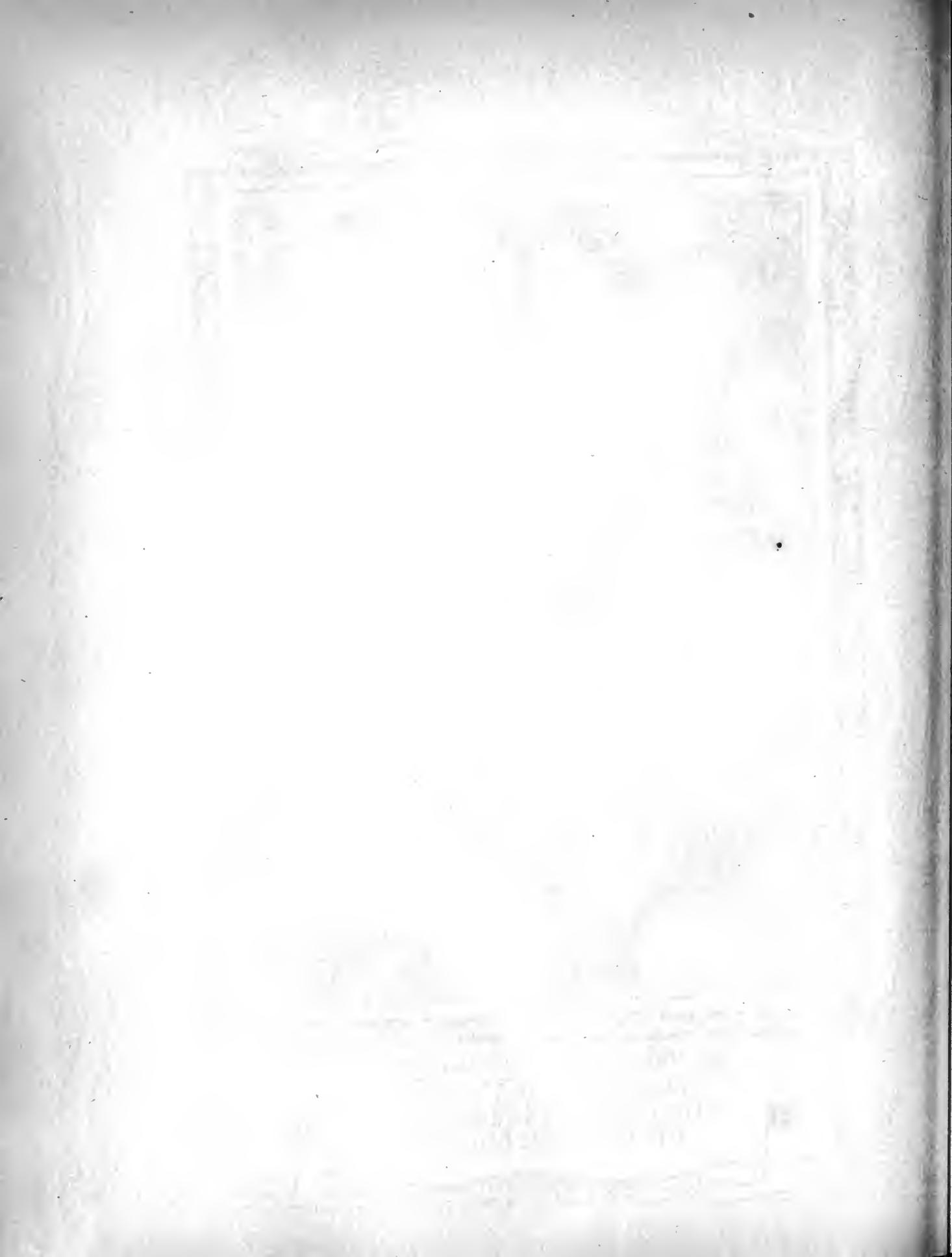


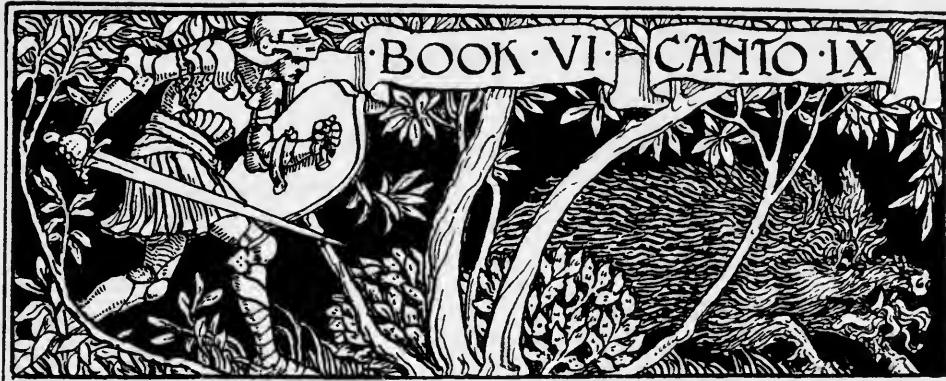






Galidore hostes with Melibee,  
And loves fayre Pastorell :  
Coridon envies him, yet he,  
For ill, rewards him well.





**N**OW turne againe my teme, thou jolly swayne,  
Backe to the furrow which I lately left.  
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne,  
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft ;  
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,  
As I it past : that were too great a shame,  
That so rich frute should be from us bereft ;  
Besides the great dishonour and defame,  
Which should befall to Calidores immortall name.

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore  
And toyle endured, sith I left him last  
Sewing the Blatant Beast ; which I forebore  
To finish then, for other present hast.  
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,  
Through hils, through dales, through forests, and through plaines,  
In that same quest which fortune on him cast,  
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,  
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IX.

So sharply he the Monster did pursew,  
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,  
Ne rested he himselfe, but natures dew,  
For dread of daunger not to be redrest,  
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.  
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,  
And from the citties to the townes him prest,  
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,  
And from the country back to private farmes he scorsed.

From thence into the open fields he fled,  
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,  
And shepherds singing to their flockes (that fed)  
Layes of sweete love and youthes delightfull heat :  
Him thether eke, for all his fearefull threat,  
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,  
That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe seat,  
And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie  
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

There on a day, as he pursew'd the chace,  
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard gromes,  
Playing on pipes and caroling apace,  
The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes  
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes ;  
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.  
To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating comes,  
And them to tell him courteously besought,  
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

They answer'd him that no such beast they saw,  
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend  
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw ;  
But if that such there were (as none they kend)  
They prayd high God them farre from them to send.  
Then one of them, him seeing so to sweat,  
After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,  
Offred him drinke to quench his thirstie heat,  
And, if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IX.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,  
And tooke their gentle offer : so adowne  
They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed  
Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,  
That doth despise the dainties of the towne.  
Tho, having fed his fill, he there besyde  
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne  
Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands tyde,  
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had dyde.

Upon a litle hillocke she was placed  
Higher then all the rest, and round about  
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,  
Of lovely lasses ; and them all without  
The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,  
The which did pype and sing her prayses dew,  
And oft rejoice, and oft for wonder shout,  
As if some miracle of heavenly hew  
Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IX.

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,  
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,  
Which she did more augment with modest grace  
And comely carriage of her count'nce trim,  
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim :  
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,  
Did for their soveraine goddesse her esteeme,  
And, caroling her name both day and night,  
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheards swayne,  
But her did honour ; and eke many a one  
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne  
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone :  
But most of all the shepheard Coridon  
For her did languish, and his deare life spend ;  
Yet neither she for him nor other none  
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend :  
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,  
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed  
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,  
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed  
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,  
He was unwares surprisid in subtile bands  
Of the blynd boy ; ne thence could be redeemed  
By any skill out of his cruell hands ;  
Caught like the bird which gazing still on others stands.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,  
Ne any will had thence to move away,  
Although his quest were farre afore him gon :  
But after he had fed, yet did he stay  
And sate there still, untill the flying day  
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly  
Of sundry things as fell, to worke delay ;  
And evermore his speach he did apply  
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels fantazy.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IX.

By this the moystie night approaching fast  
Her deawy humour gan on th'earth to shed,  
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast  
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,  
For feare of wetting them before their bed.  
Then came to them a good old aged syre,  
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,  
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,  
That wild the damzell rise ; the day did now expyre.

He was, to weet, by common voice esteemed  
The father of the fayrest Pastorell,  
And of her selfe in very deede so deemed ;  
Yet was not so ; but, as old stories tell,  
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,  
In th'open fields an Infant left alone ;  
And, taking up, brought home and noured well  
As his owne chyld ; for other he had none ;  
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IX.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,  
And streight unto her litle flocke did fare :  
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,  
And each his sundrie sheepē with severall care  
Gathered together, and them homeward bare :  
Whylest everie one with helping hands did strive,  
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,  
To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive  
Her fleecie flocke ; but Coridon most helpe did give.

But Melibœe (so hight that good old man)  
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,  
And night arrived hard at hand, began  
Him to invite unto his simple home ;  
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,  
And all things therein meane, yet better so  
To lodge then in the salvage fields to rome.  
The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,  
(Being his harts owne wish,) and home with him did go.

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre  
And of his aged Beldame homely well ;  
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,  
And rest himselfe till supper time befell ;  
By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,  
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde :  
And supper readie dight they to it fell  
With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,  
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,  
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,  
The gentle knight, as he that did excell  
In courtesie and well could doe and say,  
For so great kindnesse as he found that day  
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife ;  
And drawing thence his speach another way,  
Gan highly to commend the happie life  
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IX.

“ How much ” (sayd he) “ more happie is the state  
In which ye, father, here doe dwell at ease,  
Leading a life so free and fortunate  
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,  
Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease ;  
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie  
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease ;  
That certes I your happinesse envie,  
And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie.”

“ Surely, my sonne,” (then answer'd he againe)  
“ If happie, then it is in this intent,  
That having small yet doe I not complaine  
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,  
But doe my selfe with that I have content ;  
So taught of nature, which doth little need  
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment :  
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed ;  
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IX.

“Therefore I doe not any one envy,  
Nor am envyde of any one therefore :  
They, that have much, feare much to loose thereby,  
And store of cares doth follow riches store.  
The litle that I have growes dayly more  
Without my care, but onely to attend it ;  
My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,  
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.  
What have I, but to praise th'Almighty that doth send it !

“To them that list the worlds gay showes I leave,  
And to great ones such follies doe forgive ;  
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,  
And through ambition downe themselves doe drive  
To sad decay, that might contented live.  
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,  
Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve ;  
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,  
And all the day to what I list I doe attend.

“Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe  
Unto my Lambes, and him dislodge away ;  
Sometime the fawne I practise from the Doe,  
Or from the Goat her kidde, how to convay :  
Another while I baytes and nets display  
The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle ;  
And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay  
My limbes in every shade to rest from toyle,  
And drinke of every brooke when thirst my throte doth boyle.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IX.

“ The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,  
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,  
That I disdain’d amongst mine equall peares  
To follow sheepe and shepheards base attire :  
For further fortune then I would inquire ;  
And, leaving home, to roiall court I sought,  
Where I did sell my selfe for yearely hire,  
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought :  
There I beheld such vainenesse as I never thought,

“ With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded  
With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,  
After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded  
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,  
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,  
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare :  
Tho, backe returning to my sheepe againe,  
I from thenceforth have learn’d to love more deare  
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here.”

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare  
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent ;  
Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare,  
That he was rapt with double ravishment,  
Both of his speach, that wrought him great content,  
And also of the object of his vew,  
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent ;  
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,  
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entraunced grew.

Yet to occasion meanes to worke his mind,  
And to insinuate his harts desire,  
He thus replyde: "Now surely, syre, I find,  
That all this worlds gay showes, which we admire,  
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre  
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,  
Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre  
Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread  
The mightie ones, affrayd of every chaunges dread.

"That even I, which daily doe behold  
The glorie of the great mongst whom I won,  
And now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold  
In this small plot of your dominion,  
Now loath great Lordship and ambition;  
And wish th' heavens so much had graced mee,  
As graunt me live in like condition;  
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee  
From pitch of higher place unto this low degree."

"In vaine" (said then old Melibœ) "doe men  
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse,  
Sith they know best what is the best for them;  
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,  
As they doe know each can most aptly use:  
For not that which men covet most is best,  
Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse;  
But fittest is, that all contented rest.  
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IX.

“ It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,  
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore ;  
For some, that hath abundance at his will,  
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store,  
And other, that hath litle, askes no more,  
But in that litle is both rich and wise ;  
For wisedome is most riches : fooles therefore  
They are which fortunes doe by vowes devize,  
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize.”

“ Since then in each mans self” (said Calidore)  
“ It is to fashion his owne lyfes estate,  
Give leave awhyle, good father, in this shore  
To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late  
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate  
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine ;  
That, whether quite from them for to retrace  
I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,  
I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

“ Not that the burden of so bold a guest  
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all ;  
For your meane food shall be my daily feast,  
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall :  
Besides, for recompence hereof I shall  
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,  
That may perhaps you better much withall,  
And in this quiet make you safer live.”  
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IX.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer  
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,  
And thus bespake : " Sir knight, your bounteous proffer  
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display  
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,  
That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread ;  
But, if ye algates covet to assay  
This simple sort of life that shepheards lead,  
Be it your owne : our rudenesse to your selfe aread."

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,  
And long while after, whilst him list remaine,  
Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,  
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane :  
During which time he did her entertaine  
With all kind courtesies he could invent ;  
And every day, her companie to gaine,  
When to the field she went he with her went :  
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

But she that never had acquainted beene  
With such queint usage, fit for Queenes and Kings,  
Ne ever had such knightly service seene,  
But, being bred under base shepheards wings,  
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,  
Did little whit regard his courteous guize,  
But cared more for Colins carolings  
Then all that he could doe, or ever devize :  
His layes, his loves, his looks, she did them all despize.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IX.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best  
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke ;  
And doffing his bright armes himselfe addrest  
In shepheards weed ; and in his hand he tooke,  
Instead of steele-head speare, a shepheards hooke ;  
That who had seene him then, would have bethought  
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,  
When he the love of fayre Oenone sought,  
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

So being clad unto the fields he went  
With the faire Pastorella every day,  
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,  
Watching to drive the ravenous Wolfe away,  
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play ;  
And every evening helping them to fold :  
And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay  
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,  
And out of them to presse the milke : love so much could.

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise  
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,  
He much was troubled at that straungers guize,  
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,  
That this of all his labour and long paine  
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were :  
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine  
Of Pastorell to all the shepheards there,  
That she did love a stranger swayne then him more dere.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IX.

And ever, when he came in companie  
Where Calidore was present, he would loure  
And byte his lip, and even for gealousie  
Was readie oft his owne heart to devoure,  
Impatient of any paramoure :  
Who, on the other side, did seeme so farre  
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,  
That all he could he graced him with her,  
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of jarre.

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought  
Or little sparrows stolen from their nest,  
Or wanton squirrels in the woods farre sought,  
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,  
He would commend his guift, and make the best ;  
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,  
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest :  
This new-come shepheard had his market mard.  
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

One day, when as the shepheard swaynes together  
Were met to make their sports and merrie glee,  
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,  
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee,  
They fell to daunce : then did they all agree  
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit ;  
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee  
That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit :  
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,  
Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,  
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion ;  
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace :  
And when as Pastorella, him to grace,  
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,  
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,  
And did it put on Coridons instead :  
Then Coridon woxe frolicke, that earst seemed dead.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IX.

Another time, when as they did dispose  
To practise games and maisteries to try,  
They for their Judge did Pastorella chose ;  
A garland was the meed of victory :  
There Coridon forth stepping openly  
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game ;  
For he, through long and perfect industry,  
Therein well practisid was, and in the same  
Thought sure t'avenge his grudge, and worke his foe great shame.

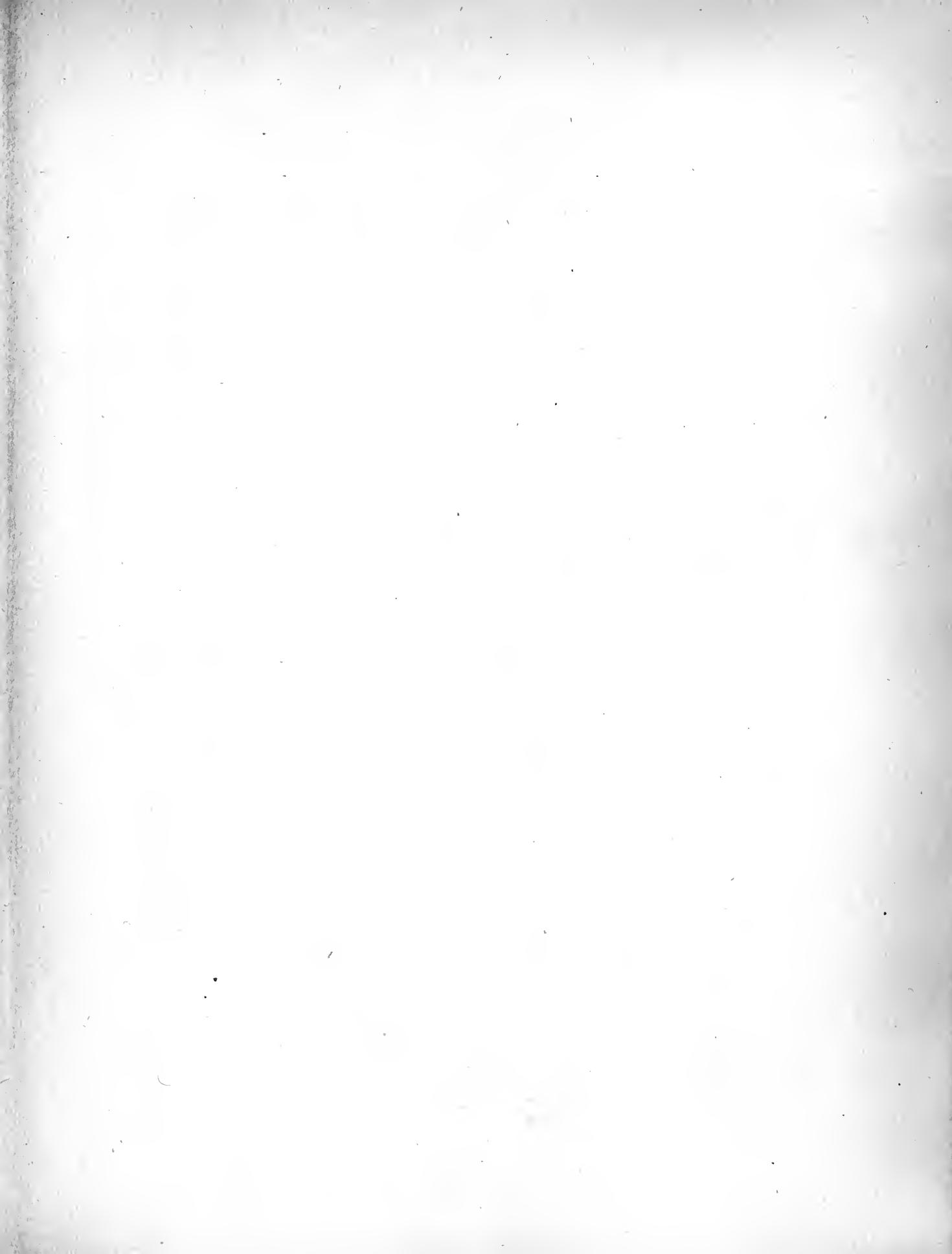
But Cálidore he greatly did mistake,  
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,  
That with one fall his necke he almost brake ;  
And had he not upon him fallen light,  
His dearest joynt he sure had broken quight.  
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell  
Given to Calidore as his due right ;  
But he, that did in courtesie excell,  
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

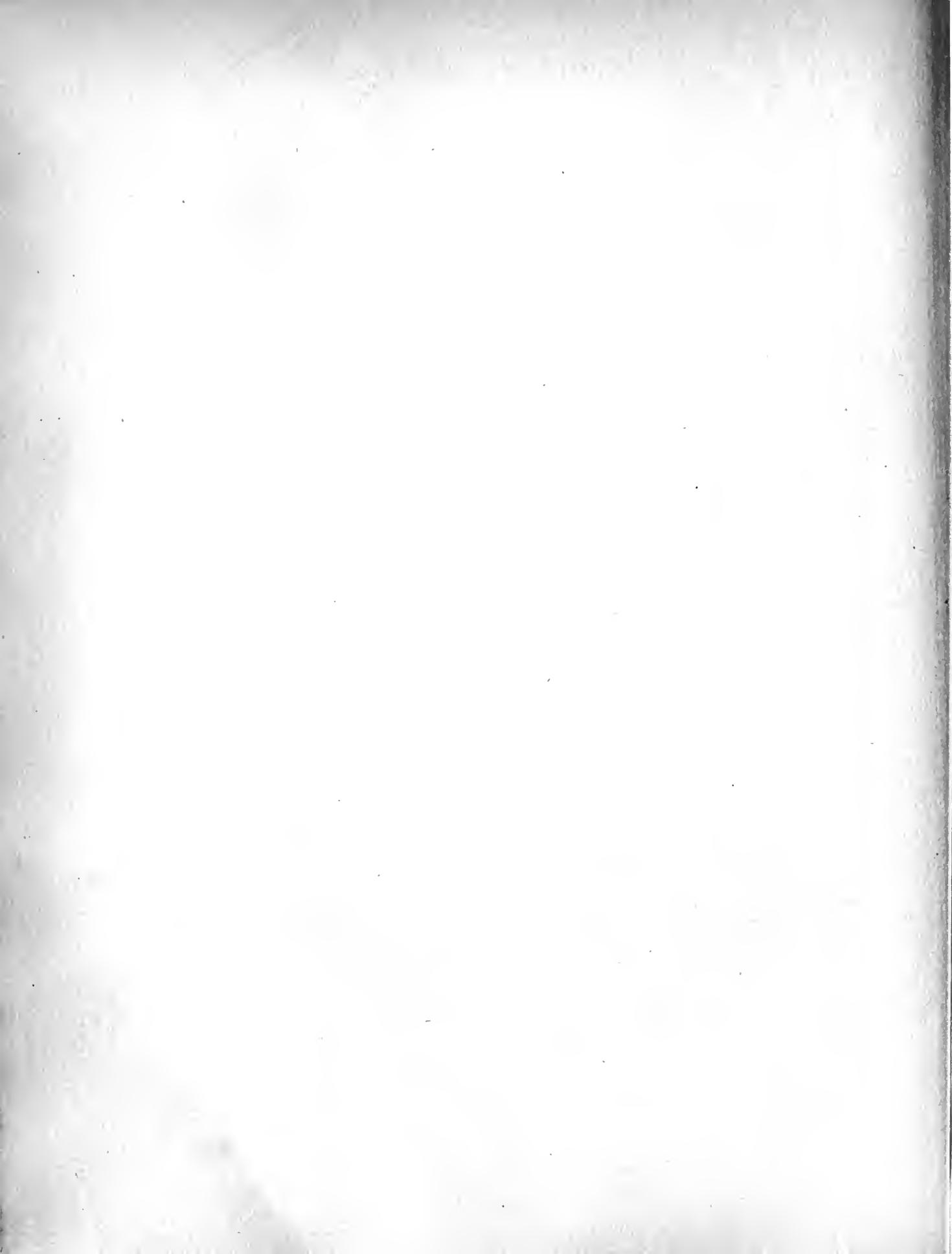
THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto IX.

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare  
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,  
That even they, the which his rivals were,  
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs ;  
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds  
Good will and favour. So it surely wrought  
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the seeds  
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought  
The fruite of joy and blisse, though long time dearely bought.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time  
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell,  
Which having got, he used without crime  
Or blamefull blot ; but menaged so well,  
That he, of all the rest which there did dwell,  
Was favoured and to her grace commended.  
But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,  
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,  
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

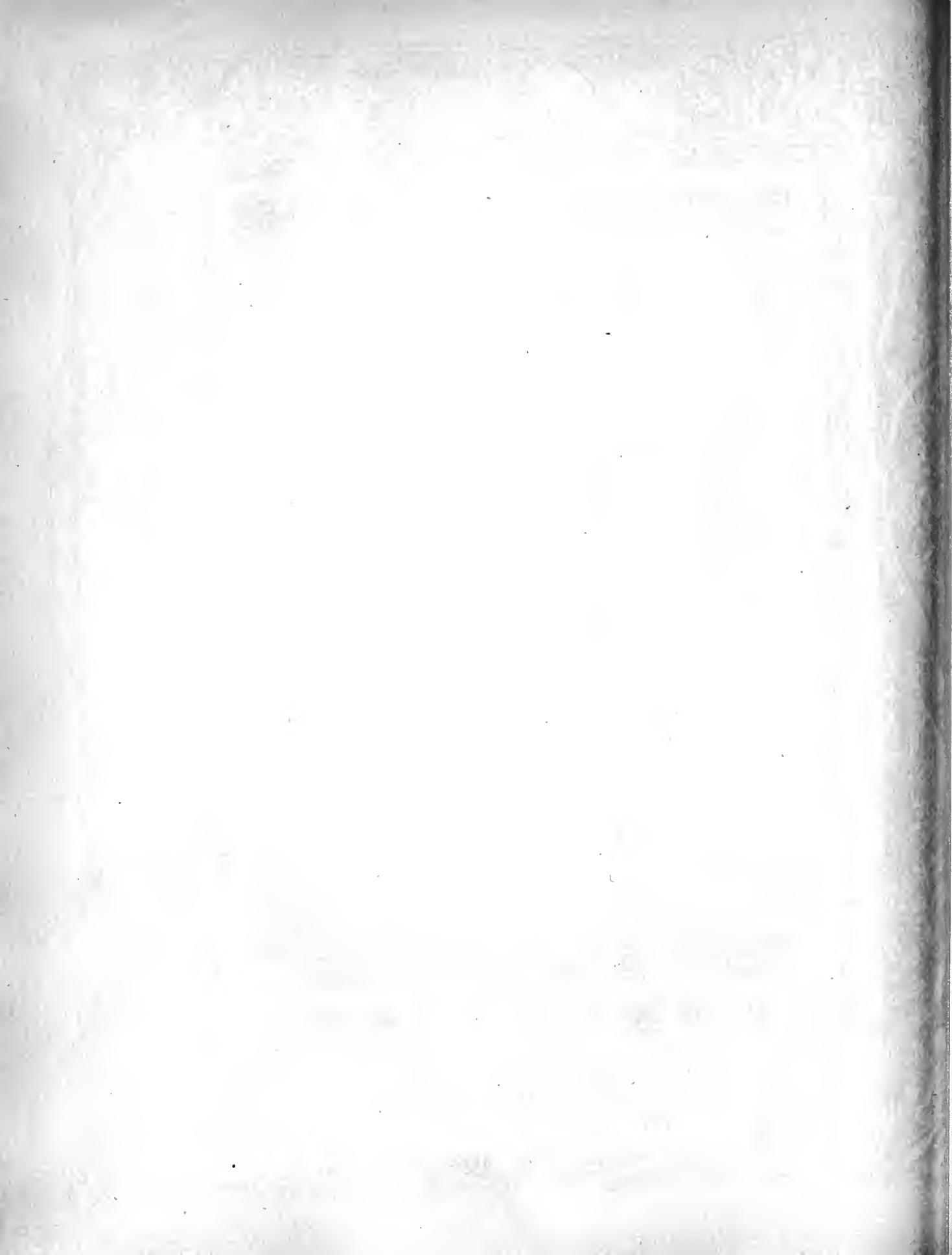


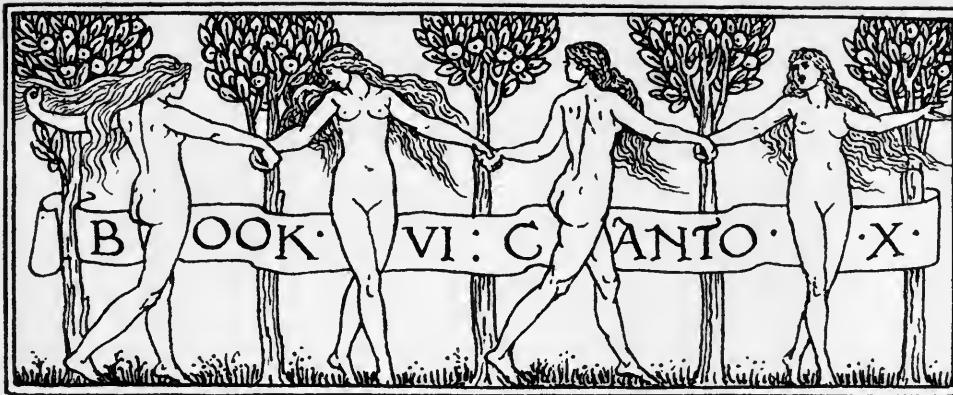






Alidore sees the Graces dance  
To Colins melody:  
The whiles his Pastorell is led  
Into captivity.





HO now does follow the foule Blatant Beast,  
Whilst Calidore does follow that faire Mayd,  
Unmyndfull of his vow, and high beheast  
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,  
That he should never leave, nor be delayd  
From chacing him, till he had it attchieved?

And now, entrapt of love, which him betrayd,  
He mindeth more how he may be relieved  
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath sore engrieved.

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew  
His former quest, so full of toile and paine:  
Another quest, another game in vew  
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine;  
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,  
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,  
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine  
Of courtly favour, fed with light report  
Of every blaste, and sayling alwaies in the port.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto X.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be  
From so high step to stoupe unto so low ;  
For who had tasted once (as oft did he)  
The happy peace which there doth overflow,  
And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe grow  
Amongst poore hyndes, in hills, in woods, in dales,  
Would never more delight in painted show  
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales  
T'entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze  
Like to one sight which Calidore did vew ?  
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,  
That never more they should endure the shew  
Of that sunne-shine that makes them looke askew :  
Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,  
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,  
To which what can compare ?) can it compare ;  
The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad,  
Whilst his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,  
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,  
Unto a place whose pleasaunce did appere  
To passe all others on the earth which were :  
For all that ever was by natures skill  
Devized to worke delight was gathered there,  
And there by her were poured forth at fill,  
As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto X.

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,  
That round about was bordered with a wood  
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th'earth to disdaine ;  
In which all trees of honour stately stood,  
And did all winter as in sommer bud,  
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,  
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud ;  
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,  
Sitting like King of fowles in majesty and powre :

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud  
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,  
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud ;  
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,  
Thereto approch ; ne filth mote therein drowne :  
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit  
In the woods shade which did the waters crowne,  
Keeping all noysome things away from it,  
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine  
Did spred it selfe, to serve to all delight,  
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,  
Or else to course about their bases light ;  
Ne ought there wanted which for pleasure might  
Desired be, or thence to banish bale,  
So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight  
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale ;  
Therefore it rightly cleped was mount Acidale.

They say that Venus, when she did dispose  
Her selfe to pleasaunce, used to resort  
Unto this place, and therein to repose  
And rest her selfe as in a gladsome port,  
Or with the Graces there to play and sport ;  
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it  
She used most to keepe her royll court,  
And in her soveraine Majesty to sit,  
She in regard hereof refusde and thought unfit.

Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight  
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound  
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,  
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,  
That through the woods their Echo did rebound.  
He nigher drew to weete what mote it be :  
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found  
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,  
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

He durst not enter into th'open greene,  
For dread of them unwares to be descryde,  
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene ;  
But in the covert of the wood did byde,  
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde.  
There he did see that pleased much his sight,  
That even he him selfe his eyes envyde,  
An hundred naked maidens lilly white  
All raunged in a ring and dauncing in delight.

All they without were raunged in a ring,  
And daunced round ; but in the midst of them  
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,  
The whilst the rest them round about did hemme,  
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme :  
And in the middest of those same three was placed  
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme  
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,  
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

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Book VI.  
Canto X.

Looke ! how the crowne, which Ariadne wore  
Upon her yvory forehead, that same day  
That Theseus her unto his bridale bore,  
When the bold Centaures made that bloudy fray  
With the fierce Lapithes which did them dismay,  
Being now placed in the firmament,  
Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,  
And is unto the starres an ornament,  
Which round about her move in order excellent.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,  
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell ;  
But she that in the midst of them did stand  
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,  
Crown'd with a rosie girlond that right well  
Did her beseeme : And ever, as the crew  
About her daunst, sweet flowres that far did smell  
And fragrant odours they upon her threw ;  
But most of all those three did her with gifts endew.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,  
Handmaides of Venus, which are wont to haunt  
Upon this hill, and daunce there day and night :  
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt ;  
And all that Venus in her selfe doth vaunt  
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,  
That in the midst was placed paravaunt,  
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone ;  
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

She was, to weete, that jolly Shepheards lasse,  
Which piped there unto that merry rout ;  
That jolly shepheard, which there piped, was  
Poore Colin Clout, (who knowes not Colin Clout?)  
He pypt apace, whilst they him daunst about.  
Pype, jolly shepheard, pype thou now apace  
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout :  
Thy love is present there with thee in place ;  
Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

Much wondred Calidore at this straunge sight,  
Whose like before his eye had never seene ;  
And standing long astonished in spright,  
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene ;  
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,  
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,  
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.  
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,  
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

But, soone as he appeared to their vew,  
They vanisht all away out of his sight,  
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew ;  
All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight  
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,  
And made great mone for that unhappy turne :  
But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight  
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,  
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

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And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake :  
“ Haile, jolly shepheard, which thy joyous dayes  
Here leadest in this goodly merry-make,  
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,  
Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes !  
Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzells be,  
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant playes ?  
Right happy thou that mayst them freely see !  
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me ?”

“ Not I so happy,” answerd then that swaine,  
“ As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace,  
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe ;  
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,  
But whom they of them selves list so to grace.”  
“ Right sory I,” (saide then Sir Calidore)  
“ That my ill fortune did them hence displace ;  
But since things passed none may now restore,  
Tell me what were they all, whose lacke thee grieves so sore ?”

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate :  
“ Then wote, thou shepheard, whatsoever thou bee,  
That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,  
Are Venus Damzels, all within her fee,  
But differing in honour and degree :  
They all are Graces which on her depend,  
Besides a thousand more which ready bee  
Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend ;  
But those three in the midst doe chiefe on her attend.

“ They are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove,  
By him begot of faire Eurynome,  
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,  
As he, this way comming from feastfull glee  
Of Thetis wedding with Æacidee,  
In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary :  
The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,  
Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry ;  
Sweete Goddesses all three, which me in mirth do chery !

“ These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,  
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,  
To make them lovely or well-favoured show ;  
As comely carriage, entertainement kynde,  
Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,  
And all the complements of curtesie :  
They teach us how to each degree and kynde  
We should our selves demeane, to low, to hie,  
To friends, to foes ; which skill men call Civility.

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“ Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,  
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be ;  
And also naked are, that without guile  
Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,  
Simple and true, from covert malice free ;  
And eeke them selves so in their daunce they bore,  
That two of them still foward seem'd to bee,  
But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore ;  
That good should from us goe, then come, in greater store.

“ Such were those Goddesses which ye did see ;  
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them traced,  
Who can aread what creature mote she bee,  
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced  
With heavenly gifts from heven first enraged ?  
But what so sure she was, she worthy was  
To be the fourth with those three other placed :  
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse ;  
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe :

“ So farre, as doth the daughter of the day  
All other lesser lights in light excell ;  
So farre doth she in beautyfull array  
Above all other lasses beare the bell ;  
Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well  
Doth she excede the rest of all her race,  
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,  
Have for more honor brought her to this place,  
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

“ Another Grace she well deserves to be,  
In whom so many Graces gathered are,  
Excelling much the meane of her degree ;  
Divine ressemblance, beauty soveraine rare,  
Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare :  
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,  
That all her peres cannot with her compare,  
But quite are dimmed when she is in place :  
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

“ Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,  
That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,  
Great Gloriana, greatest Majesty !  
Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes.  
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,  
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,  
And underneath thy feete to place her prayse ;  
That when thy glory shall be farre displayd  
To future age, of her this mention may be made ! ”

When thus that shepheard ended had his speach,  
Sayd Calidore : “ Now sure it yrketh mee,  
That to thy blisse I made this lucklesse breach,  
As now the author of thy bale to be,  
Thus to bereave thy loves deare sight from thee :  
But, gentle Shepheard, pardon thou my shame,  
Who rashly sought that which I mote not see.”  
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,  
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame.

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In such discourses they together spent  
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led ;  
With which the Knight him selfe did much content,  
And with delight his greedy fancy fed  
Both of his words, which he with reason red,  
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare  
With such regard his sences ravished,  
That thence he had no will away to fare,  
But wisht that with that shepheard he mote dwelling share.

But that envenimed sting, the which of yore  
His poysnous point deepe fixed in his hart  
Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,  
And to renue the rigour of his smart ;  
Which to recure no skill of Leaches art  
Mote him availe, but to returne againe  
To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart  
Dinting his brest had bred his restlesse paine ;  
Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies from the maine.

So, taking leave of that same gentle Swaine,  
He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,  
Where his faire Pastorella did remaine :  
To whome, in sort as he at first begonne,  
He daily did apply him selfe to donne  
All dewfull service, voide of thoughts impure ;  
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,  
By which he might her to his love allure,  
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

And evermore the shepheard Coridon,  
What ever thing he did her to aggrate,  
Did strive to match with strong contention,  
And all his paines did closely emulate ;  
Whether it were to caroll, as they sate  
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize,  
Or to present her with their labours late ;  
Through which if any grace chaunst to arize  
To him, the Shepheard streight with jealousie did frize.

One day, as they all three together went  
To the greene wood to gather strawberries,  
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident :  
A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,  
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,  
And greedy mouth wide gaping like hell-gate,  
Did runne at Pastorell her to surprize ;  
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,  
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.

Which Coridon first hearing ran in hast  
To reskue her ; but, when he saw the feend,  
Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast,  
Ne durst abide the daunger of the end ;  
His life he steemed dearer then his frend :  
But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,  
When he the beast saw ready now to rend  
His loves deare spoile, in which his heart was prayde,  
He ran at him enraged, instead of being frayde.

He had no weapon but his shepheards hooke  
To serve the vengeance of his wrathfull will ;  
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,  
That to the ground astonished he fell ;  
Whence, ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,  
And, hewing off his head, he it presented  
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell ;  
Who, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,  
A thousand times him thankt that had her death prevented.

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From that day forth she gan him to affect,  
And daily more her favour to augment ;  
But Coridon for cowherdize reject,  
Fit to keepe sheepe, unfit for loves content :  
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.  
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,  
But usde him friendly for further intent,  
That by his fellowship he colour might  
Both his estate and love from skill of any wight.

So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her,  
With humble service, and with daily sute,  
That at the last unto his will he brought her ;  
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,  
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,  
And joyed long in close felicity,  
Till fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and brute,  
That envies lovers long prosperity,  
Blew up a bitter storme of foule adversity.

It fortuned one day, when Calidore  
Was hunting in the woods, (as was his trade)  
A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,  
That never usde to live by plough nor spade,  
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made  
Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border,  
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,  
And spoylid their houses, and them selves did murder,  
And drove away their flocks; with other much disorder.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,  
They spoylid old Melibee of all he had,  
And all his people captive led away;  
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,  
Faire Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad,  
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sight,  
Now made the spoile of theevves and Brigants bad,  
Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight  
That ever liv'd, and th'onely glory of his might.

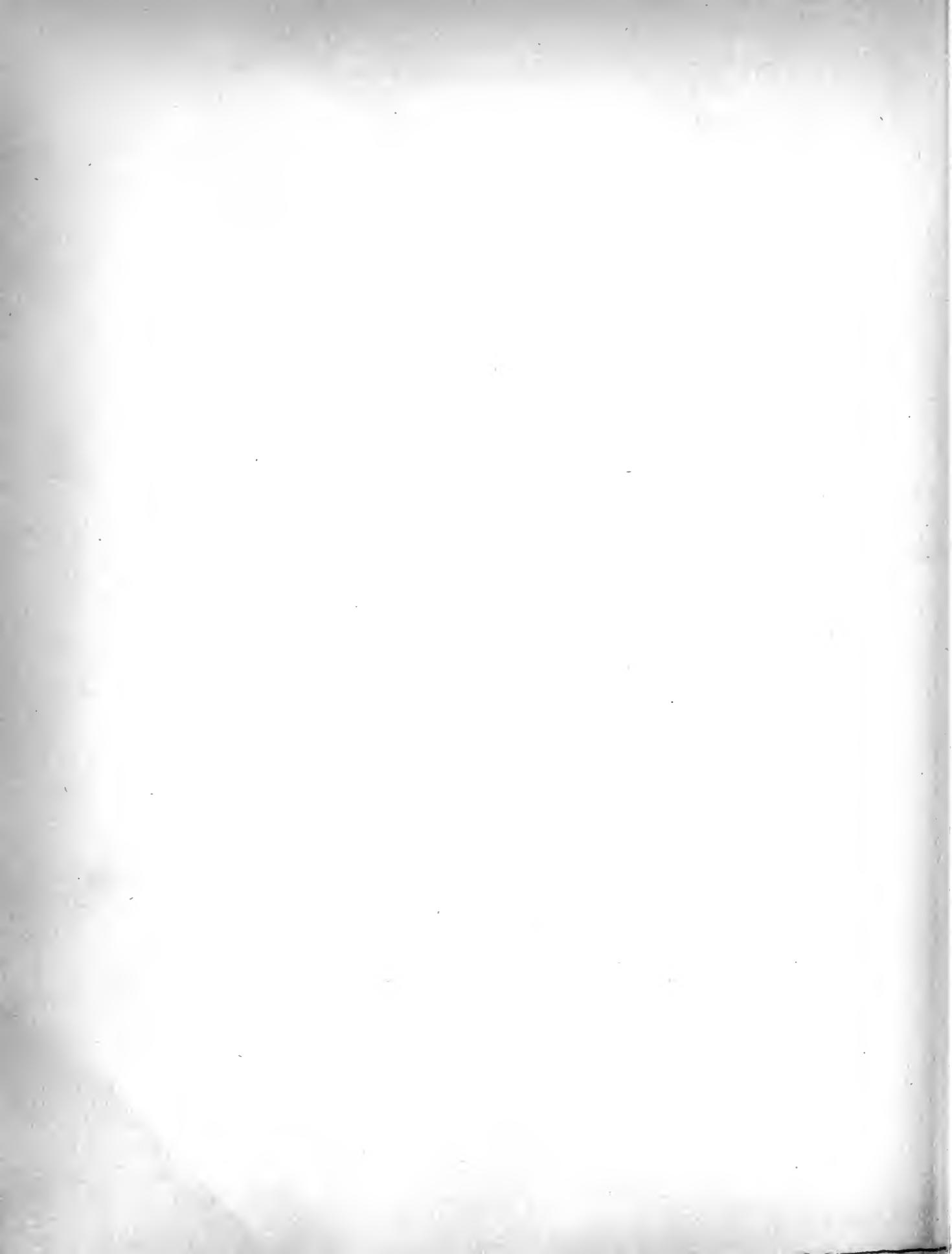
With them also was taken Coridon,  
And carried captive by those theevves away;  
Who in the covert of the night, that none  
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,  
Unto their dwelling did them close convay.  
Their dwelling in a little Island was,  
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way  
Appeard for people in nor out to pas,  
Nor any footing fynde for overgrownen gras:

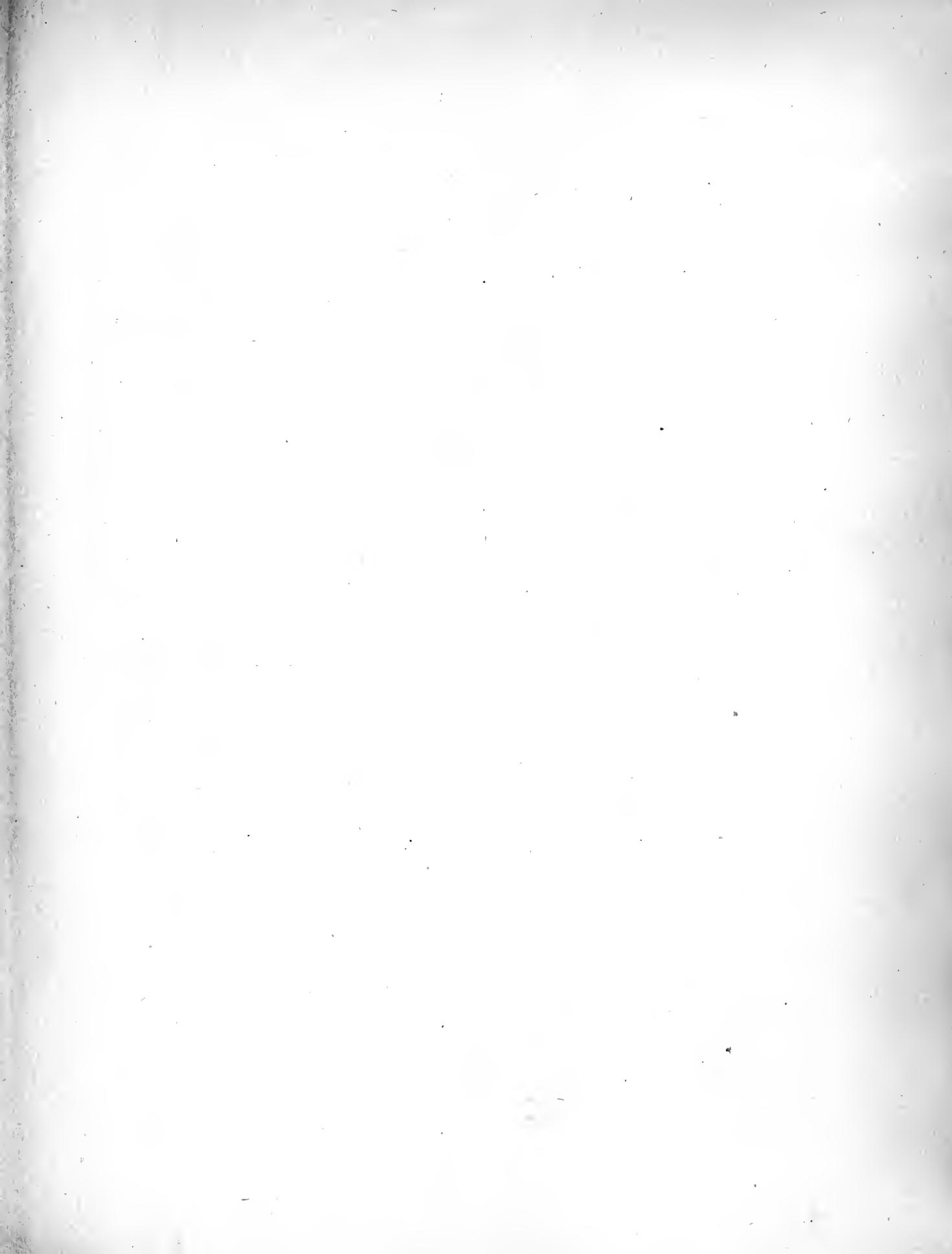
For underneath the ground their way was made  
Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover  
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade  
From view of living wight and covered over ;  
But darkenesse dred and daily night did hover  
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt ;  
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,  
But with continuall candle-light, which delt  
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene as felt.

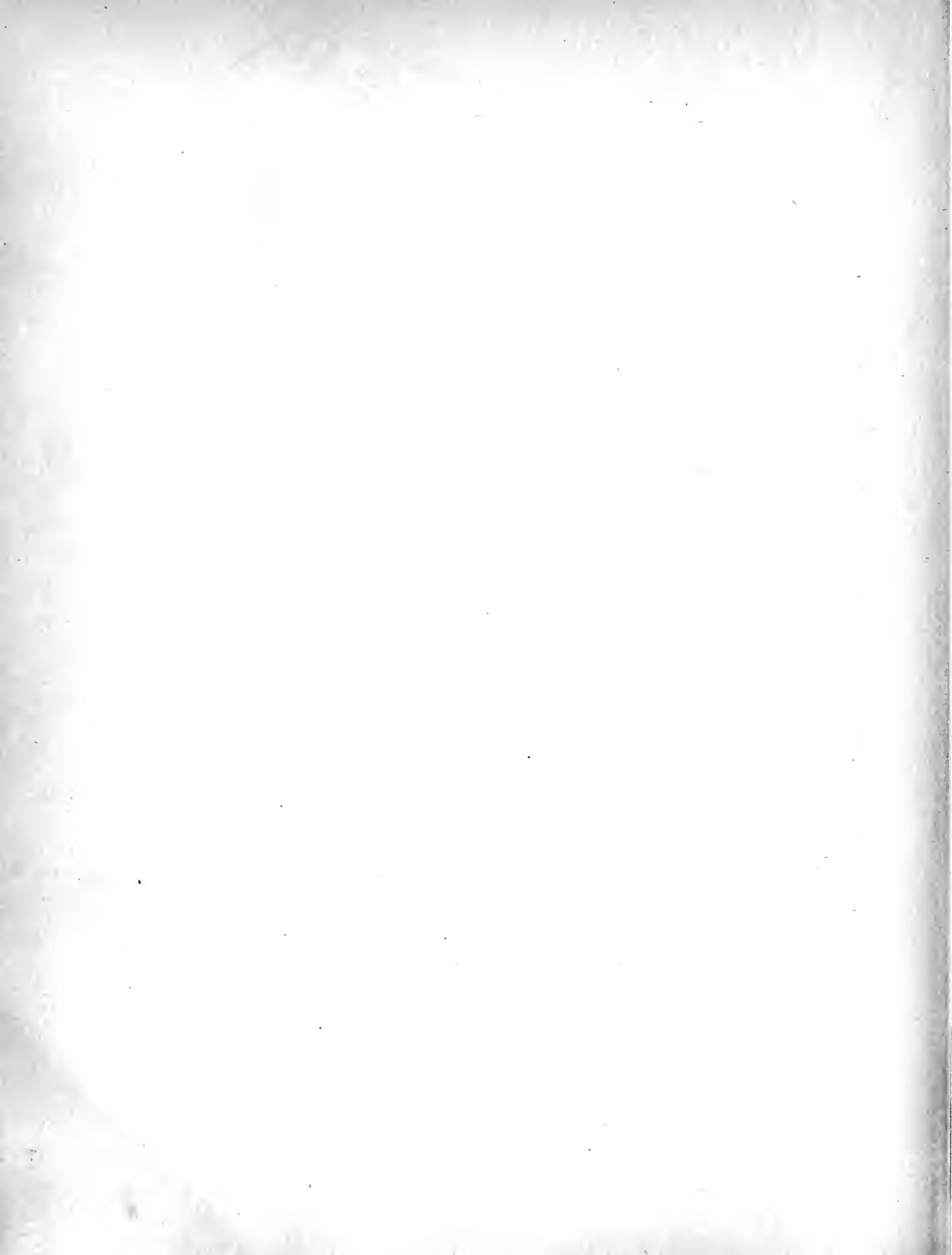
THE  
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Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,  
And kept them with continuall watch and ward ;  
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,  
For slaves to sell them for no small reward  
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,  
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell  
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard  
Of griesly theeves, she thought her self in hell,  
Where with such damned fiends she should in darkness dwell.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment  
And pittifull complaints which there she made,  
Where day and night she nought did but lament  
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,  
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade  
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of sunne,  
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade—  
And what befell her in that theevish wonne,  
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

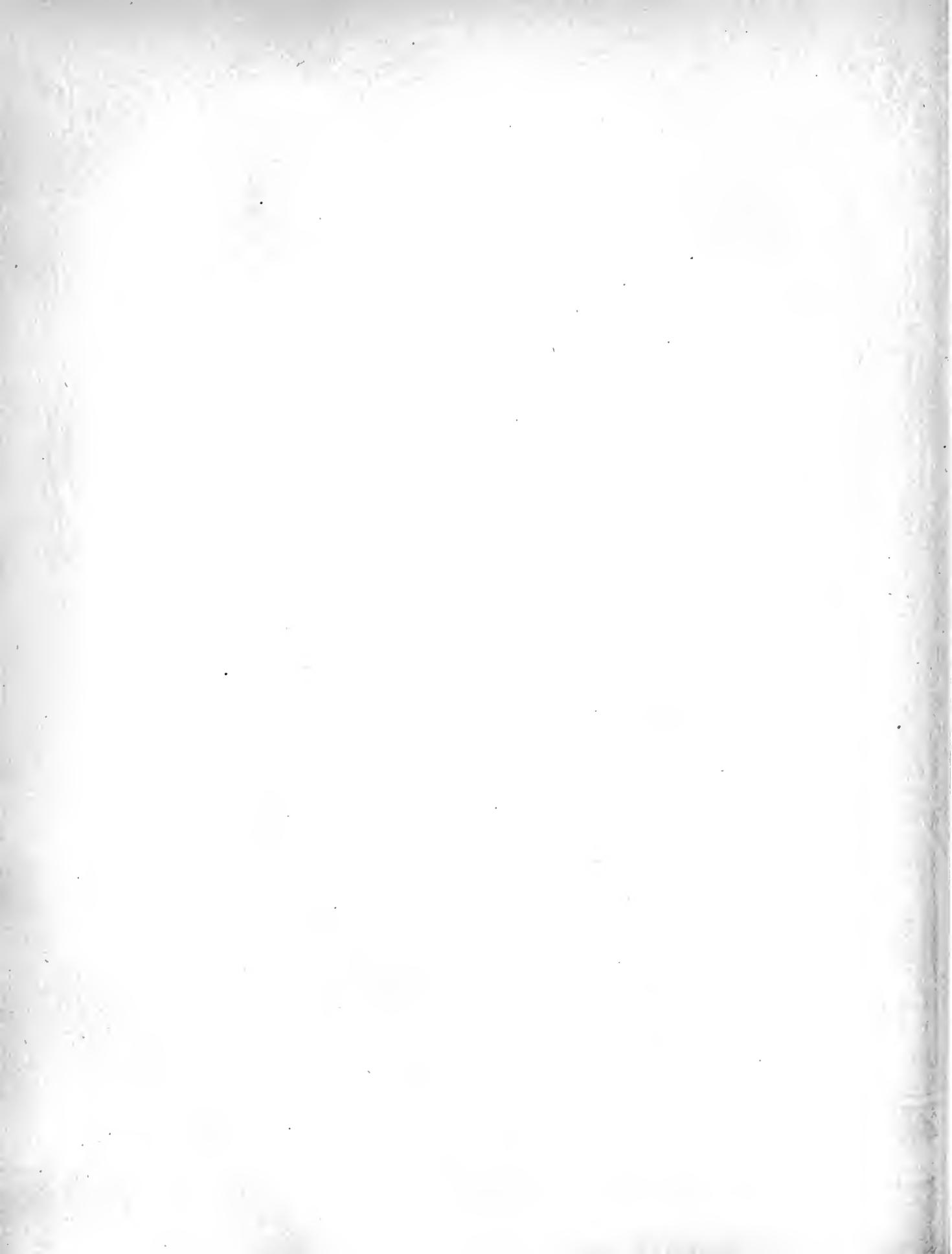


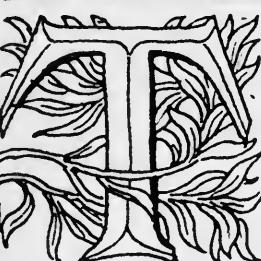
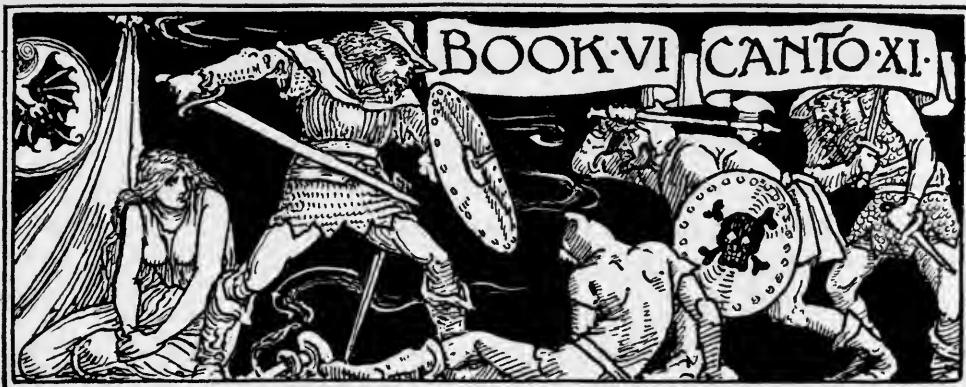






The Thieves fall out for Pastorell,  
Whilesst Melibee is slain;  
Her Calidore from them redemes,  
And bringeth backe again.





HE joyes of love, if they should ever last  
Without affliction or disquietnesse  
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,  
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,  
Liker to heaven then mortall wretchednesse :  
Therefore the winged God, to let men weet  
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,  
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,  
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

Like as is now befalne to this faire Mayd,  
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song :  
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd  
Amongst those theeve, which her in bondage strong  
Detaynd, yet Fortune, not with all this wrong  
Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,  
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng ;  
That who so heares her heavinessse, would rew  
And pitty her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunt hew.

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,  
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,  
It so befell, (as Fortune had ordayned)  
That he which was their Capitaine profest,  
And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,  
One day, as he did all his prisoners vew,  
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,  
Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournefull hew  
Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did shew.

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,  
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,  
That her alone he for his part desired  
Of all the other pray which they had got,  
And her in mynde did to him selfe allot.  
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,  
And sought her love by all the meanes he mote ;  
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed,  
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

But all that ever he could doe or say  
Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,  
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,  
To graunt him favour or afford him love :  
Yet ceast he not to sew, and all waies prove,  
By which he mote accomplish his request,  
Saying and doing all that mote behove ;  
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,  
But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

At last, when him she so importune saw,  
Fearing least he at length the raines would lend  
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,  
Sith in his powre she was to foe or frend,  
She thought it best, for shadow to pretend  
Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,  
That she thereby mote either freely wend,  
Or at more ease continue there his thrall :  
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

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FAERIE  
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So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,  
With better tearmes she did him entertaine,  
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perswade,  
That he in time her joyance should obtaine :  
But when she saw through that small favours gaine,  
That further then she willing was he prest,  
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine  
A sodaine sickenesse which her sore opprest,  
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes behest.

By meanes whereof she would not him permit  
Once to approch to her in privity,  
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,  
Mourning the rigour of her malady,  
And seeking all things meete for remedy ;  
But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,  
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,  
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde :  
Her sickenesse was not of the body, but the mynde.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
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Canto XI.

During which space that she thus sicke did lie,  
It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were wount  
To skim those coastes for bondmen there to buy,  
And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,  
Arrived in this Isle, though bare and blunt,  
T'inquire for slaves ; where being readie met  
By some of these same theeves at the instant brunt,  
Were brought unto their Captaine, who was set  
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

To whom they shewed, how those marchants were  
Arriv'd in place their bondslaves for to buy ;  
And therefore prayd that those same captives there  
Mote to them for their most commodity  
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.  
This their request the Captaine much appalled,  
Yet could he not their just demaund deny,  
And willed streight the slaves should forth be called,  
And sold for most advantage, not to be forstalled.

Then forth the good old Melibœ was brought,  
And Coridon with many other moe,  
Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught ;  
All which he to the marchants sale did showe :  
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,  
Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,  
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe ;  
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,  
The more t'augment her price through praise of comlinesse.

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize  
Made answere, that the mayd of whom they spake  
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize ;  
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,  
But he himselfe which did that conquest make :  
Little for him to have one silly lasse ;  
Besides, through sicknesse now so wan and weake,  
That nothing meet in merchandise to passe :  
So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake she was.

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Book VI.  
Canto XI.

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,  
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,  
Yet, like a Diamond of rich regard,  
In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night  
With starrie beames about her shining bright,  
These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,  
That what through wonder, and what through delight,  
A while on her they greedily did gaze,  
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

At last when all the rest them offred were,  
And prises to them placed at their pleasure,  
They all refused in regard of her,  
Ne ought would buy, how ever prisd with measure,  
Withouten her, whose worth above all threasure  
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold :  
But then the Captaine, fraught with more displeasure,  
Bad them be still ; his love should not be sold ;  
The rest take if they would ; he her to him would hold.

Therewith some other of the chiefeſt theeves  
Boldly him bad ſuch injurie forbeare ;  
For that ſame mayd, how ever it him greeves,  
Should with the reſt be ſold before him theare,  
To make the priſes of the reſt more deare.  
That with great rage he ſtoutly doth denay ;  
And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth ſweare  
That who ſo hardie hand on her doth lay,  
It dearely ſhall aby, and death for handsell pay.

Thus, as they words amongſt them multiply,  
They fall to ſtokeſ, the frute of too muſh talke,  
And the mad ſteele about doth fiercely fly,  
Not ſparing wight, ne leaving any balke,  
But making way for death at large to walke ;  
Who, in the horror of the griesly night,  
In thouſand dreadful ſhapes doth mongſt them ſtakke,  
And makes huge havocke ; whiles the candle-light  
Out quenched leaves no ſkill nor diſference of wight.

Like a ſort of hungry dogs, ymet  
About ſome carcase by the common way,  
Doe fall together, ſtryving each to get  
The greateſt portion of the greedie pray,  
All on conuſed heapes themſelves assay,  
And ſnatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare ;  
That who them ſees would wonder at their fray,  
And who ſees not would be affrayd to heare :  
Such was the conuict of thoſe cruell Brigants there.

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FAERIE  
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Canto XI.

But first of all their captives they doe kill,  
Least they should joyne against the weaker side,  
Or rise against the remnant at their will :  
Old Melibœ is slaine ; and him beside  
His aged wife, with many others wide ;  
But Coridon, escaping craftily,  
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,  
And flyes away as fast as he can hye,  
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

But Pastorella, wofull wretched Elfe,  
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,  
Who, minding more her safety then himselfe,  
His target alwayes over her pretended ;  
By means whereof, that mote not be amended,  
He at the length was slaine and layd on ground,  
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended  
Fayre Pastorell, who, with the selfe same wound  
Launcht through the arme, fell down with him in drerie swound.

There lay she covered with confused preasse  
Of carcases, which dying on her fell.  
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan ceasse ;  
And each to other calling did compell  
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,  
Sith they that were the cause of all were gone :  
Thereto they all attonce agreed well ;  
And, lighting candles new, gan search anone,  
How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

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Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,  
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,  
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds uphild ;  
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd  
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd ;  
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light  
Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse layd,  
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright  
To sparke out little beames, like starres in foggie night.

But when they mov'd the carcases aside,  
They found that life did yet in her remaine :  
Then all their helpes they busily applyde  
To call the soule backe to her home againe ;  
And wrought so well, with labour and long paine,  
That they to life recovered her at last :  
Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine  
Had riven bene and all her hart-strings brast,  
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghast.

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,  
Her father and her friends about her lying,  
Her selfe sole left a second spoyle to bee  
Of those, that, having saved her from dying,  
Renew'd her death by timely death denying.  
What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,  
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying ?  
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,  
Albe with all their might those Brigants her did keepe.

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FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto XI.

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe,  
They left her so, in charge of one, the best  
Of many worst, who with unkind disdaine  
And cruell rigour her did much molest ;  
Scarse yeelding her due food or timely rest,  
And scarsely suffring her infestred wound,  
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.  
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,  
And turne we backe to Calidore where we him found.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,  
And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,  
And his love reft away, he wexed wood  
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight ;  
That even his hart, for very fell despight,  
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare :  
He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sight,  
And fared like a furious wyld Beare,  
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being otherwhere.

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine,  
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire,  
That more increast the anguish of his paine :  
He sought the woods, but no man could see there ;  
He sought the plaines, but could no tydings heare :  
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound ;  
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare ;  
Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes resound,  
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

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Canto XI.

At last, as there he romed up and downe,  
He chaunst one comming towards him to spy,  
That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,  
With ragged weedes, and lockes upstaring hye,  
As if he did from some late daunger fly,  
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:  
Who as he unto him approched nye,  
He mote perceive by signes which he did fynd,  
That Coridon it was, the silly shepherds hynd.

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay  
To greet him first, but askt where were the rest ?  
Where Pastorell ?—Who full of fresh dismay,  
And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,  
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,  
And up to heaven his eyes fast-streming threw :  
Whereat the knight amaz'd yet did not rest,  
But askt againe, what ment that rufull hew :  
Where was his Pastorell ? where all the other crew ?

“ Ah, well-away ! ” (sayd he, then sighing sore)  
“ That ever I did live this day to see,  
This dismal day, and was not dead before,  
Before I saw faire Pastorella dye.”  
“ Die? out alas ! ” then Calidore did cry,  
“ How could the death dare ever her to quell ?  
But read thou, shepheard, read what destiny  
Or other dyrefull hap from heaven or hell  
Hath wrought this wicked deed : doe feare away, and tell.”

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FAERIE  
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Book VI.  
Canto XI.

Tho, when the Shepheard breathed had a-while,  
He thus began : " Where shall I then commence  
This wofull tale? or how those Brigants vyle,  
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence,  
Spoyld all our cots, and caried us from hence ;  
Or how faire Pastorell should have bene sold  
To marchants, but was sav'd with strong defence ;  
Or how those theeves, whilst one sought her to hold,  
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

" In that same conflict (woe is me !) befell  
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,  
Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell.  
First all the captives, which they here had hent,  
Were by them slaine by generall consent :  
Old Melibœ and his good wife withall  
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament ;  
But, when the lot to Pastorell did fall,  
Their Captaine long withstood, and did her death forstall.

" But what could he gaist all them doe alone ?  
It could not boot : needs mote she die at last.  
I onely scapt through great confusione  
Of cryes and clamors which amongst them past,  
In dreadfull darknesse dreadfully aghast ;  
That better were with them to have bene dead,  
Then here to see all desolate and wast,  
Despoyled of those joyes and jolly-head,  
Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont to lead."

THE  
FAERIE  
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Book VI.  
Canto XI.

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,  
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,  
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,  
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,  
And death it selfe unto himselfe did threat ;  
Oft cursing th' heavens, that so cruell were  
To her, whose name he often did repeat ;  
And wishing oft that he were present there  
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour nere.

But after grieve awhile had had his course,  
And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last  
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,  
And in his mind with better reason cast  
How he might save her life, if life did last ;  
Or, if that dead, how he her death might wreake,  
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past ;  
Or if it to revenge he were too weake,  
Then for to die with her, and his lives threed to breake.

Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew  
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,  
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew  
Unto the place, to see what should be donne ;  
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,  
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,  
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne :  
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,  
And faire bespose with words, that he at last agreed.

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So forth they goe together (God before)  
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,  
And both with shepheards hookes : But Calidore  
Had, underneath, him armed privily.  
Tho, to the place when they approched nyne,  
They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,  
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espy ;  
To whom they both agreed to take their way,  
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,  
The selfe same flockes the which those theeves had reft  
From Melibœ and from themselves whyleare ;  
And certaine of the theeves there by them left,  
The which, for want of heards, themselves then kept.  
Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,  
And seeing them for tender pittie wept ;  
But when he saw the theeves which did them keepe,  
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all a-sleepe.

But Calidore recomforting his griefe,  
Though not his feare, for nought may feare disswade,  
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thief  
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,  
Whom Coridon him counseld to invade  
Now all unwares, and take the spoyle away ;  
But he, that in his mind had closely made  
A further purpose, would not so them slay,  
But gently waking them gave them the time of day.

THE  
FAERIE  
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Canto XI.

Tho, sitting downe by them upon the greene,  
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine,  
That he by them might certaine tydings weene  
Of Pastorell, were she alive or slaine :  
Mongst which the theeves them questioned againe,  
What mister men, and eke from whence they were :  
To whom they aunswer'd, as did appertaine,  
That they were poore heardgromes, the which whylere  
Had from their maisters fled, and now sought hyre elsewhere.

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made  
To hyre them well if they their flockes would keepe ;  
For they themselves were evill gromes, they sayd,  
Unwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,  
But to forray the land, or scour the deepe.  
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke  
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe,  
For they for better hyre did shortly looke :  
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke.

Tho, when as towards darksome night it drew,  
Unto their hellish dens those theeves them brought ;  
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,  
And all the secrets of their entrayles sought.  
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,  
That Pastorell yet liv'd ; but all the rest  
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught :  
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,  
But chiefly Calidore, whom grieve had most possest.

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Book VI.  
Canto XI.

At length, when they occasion fittest found,  
In dead of night, when all the theeves did rest,  
After a late forray, and slept full sound,  
Sir Calidore him arm'd as he thought best,  
Having of late by diligent inquest  
Provided him a sword of meanest sort ;  
With which he streight went to the Captaines nest :  
But Coridon durst not with him consort,  
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

When to the Cave they came, they found it fast ;  
But Calidore with huge resistlesse might  
The dores assayled, and the locks upbrast :  
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light  
Unto the entrance ran ; where the bold knight  
Encountring him with small resistance slew,  
The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright  
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of-new  
Some uprore were like that which lately she did vew.

But when as Calidore was comen in,  
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,  
Knowing his voice, although not heard long sin,  
She sudden was revived therewithall,  
And wondrous joy felt in her spirits thrall :  
Like him that being long in tempest tost,  
Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,  
At length espyes at hand the happie cost,  
On which he safety hopes that earst feard to be lost.

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Her gentle hart, that now long season past  
Had never joyance felt nor chearefull thought,  
Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,  
Like lyfull heat to nummed senses brought,  
And life to feele that long for death had sought.  
Ne lesse in hart rejoiced Calidore,  
When he her found ; but, like to one distraught  
And robd of reason, towards her him bore ;  
A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand more.

But now by this, with noyse of late uprore,  
The hue and cry was raysed all about ;  
And all the Brigants flocking in great store  
Unto the cave gan preasse, nought having dout  
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout :  
But Calidore in th'entry close did stand,  
And entertayning them with courage stout,  
Still slew the formost that came first to hand ;  
So long till all the entry was with bodies mand.

Tho, when no more could nigh to him approch,  
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day ;  
Which when he spyde upon the earth t'encroch,  
Through the dead carcases he made his way,  
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,  
With which he forth went into th'open light,  
Where all the rest for him did readie stay,  
And, fierce assayling him, with all their might  
Gan all upon him lay : there gan a dreadfull fight.

How many flyes, in whottest sommers day,  
Do seize upon some beast whose flesh is bare,  
That all the place with swarmes do overlay,  
And with their litle stings right felly fare ;  
So many theeveſ about him swarming are,  
All which do him assayle on every side,  
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare ;  
But he doth with his raging brond divide  
Their thickest troupſ, and round about him scattreth wide.

THE  
FAERIE  
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Canto XI.

Like as a Lion mongſt an heard of dere,  
Disperseth them to catch his choyſest pray ;  
So did he fly amongſt them here and there,  
And all that nere him came did hew and slay,  
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way ;  
That none his daunger daring to abide  
Fled from his wrath, and did themſelves convay  
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,  
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

Then, backe returning to his deareſt deare,  
He her gan to recomfort all he might  
With gladfull ſpeaches and with lovely cheare ;  
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,  
Whereof ſhe long had lackt the wiſhfull ſight,  
Deviz'd all goodly meaneſ from her to drive  
The ſad remembrance of her wretched plight :  
So her uneath at laſt he did revive  
That long had lyen dead, and made again alive.

THE  
FAERIE  
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This doen, into those theevish dens he went,  
And thence did all the spoyles and threasures take,  
Which they from many long had robd and rent,  
But fortune now the victors meed did make:  
Of which the best he did his love betake;  
And also all those flockes, which they before  
Had reft from Melibœ and from his make,  
He did them all to Coridon restore:  
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore.

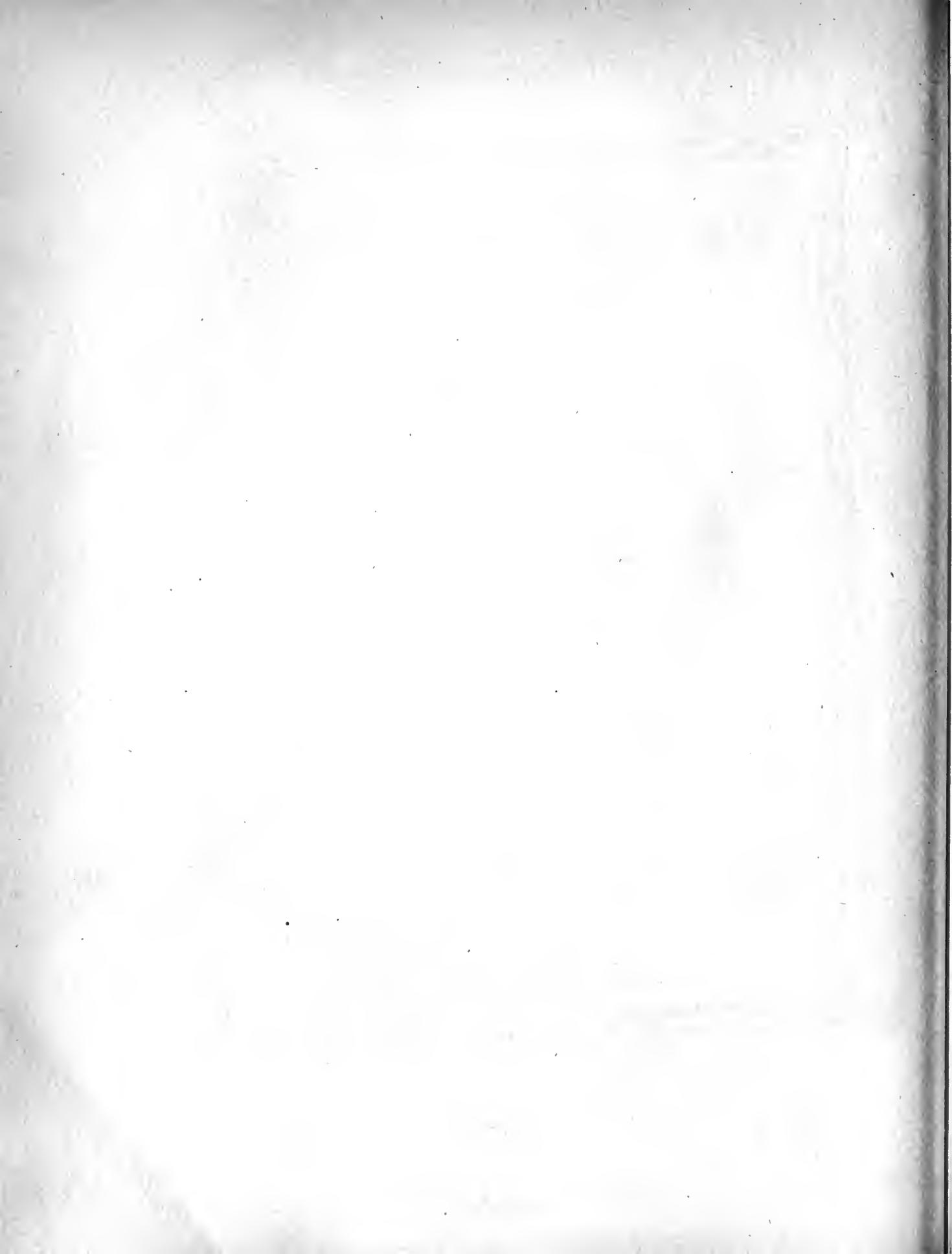


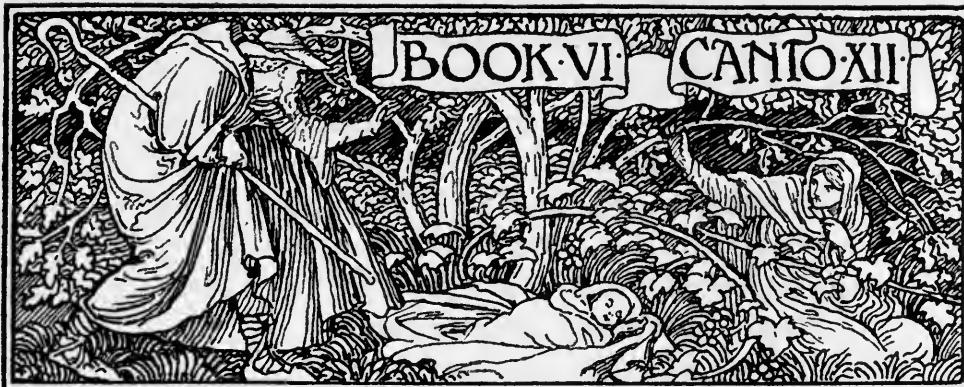






**H**ayne Pastorella by great hap  
Her parents understande.  
Alidore doth the Blatant Beast  
Subdue, and bind in bands.





IKE as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde  
 Directs her course unto one certaine cost,  
 Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,  
 With which her winged speed is let and crost,  
 And she her selfe in stormie surges tost ;  
 Yet, making many a borde and many a bay,  
 Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost :  
 Right so it fares with me in this long way,  
 Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd  
 This gentle knight from sewing his first quest,  
 Though out of course, yet hath not bene missayd,  
 To shew the courtesie by him profest  
 Even unto the lowest and the least.  
 But now I come into my course againe,  
 To his atchievement of the Blatant Beast :  
 Who all this while at will did range and raine,  
 Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught  
Faire Pastorella from those Brigants powre,  
Unto the Castle of Belgard her brought,  
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure ;  
Who whylome was, in his youthes freshest flowre,  
A lustie knight as ever wielded speare,  
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure  
In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,  
The fayrest Ladie then of all that living were :

. Her name was Claribell ; whose father hight  
The Lord of Many Islands, farre renound  
For his great riches and his greater might :  
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,  
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound  
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere ;  
But she, whose sides before with secret wound  
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,  
By all meanes shund to match with any forrein fere.

And Bellamour againe so well her pleased  
With dayly service and attendance dew,  
That of her love he was entyrely seized,  
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few :  
Which when her father understood, he grew  
In so great rage that them in dongeon deepe  
Without compassion cruelly he threw ;  
Yet did so streightly them asunder keepe,  
That neither could to company of th'other creepe.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto XII.

Nathlesse Sir Bellamour, whether through grace  
Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,  
That to his love sometimes he came in place ;  
Whereof her wombe, unwist to wight, was fraught,  
And in dew time a mayden child forth brought :  
Which she streightway, (for dread least if her syre  
Should know thereof to slay he would have sought,)  
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre  
She should it cause be fostred under straunge attyre.

The trustie damzell bearing it abrode  
Into the emptie fields, where living wight  
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,  
She forth gan lay unto the open light  
The litle babe, to take thereof a sight :  
Whom whylest she did with watrie eyne behold,  
Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,  
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,  
That like a rose her silken leaves did faire unfold.

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,  
Yet could not remedie her wretched case ;  
But, closing it againe like as before,  
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place :  
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space  
Behind the bushes, where she did her hyde,  
To weet what mortall hand, or heavens grace,  
Would for the wretched infants helpe provyde ;  
For which it loudly cald, and pittifullly cryde.

At length a Shepheard, which there by did keepe  
His fleecie flock upon the playnes around,  
Led with the infants cry that loud did weepe,  
Came to the place ; where, when he wrapped found  
Th'abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound ;  
And, seeing there that did him pittie sore,  
He tooke it up and in his mantle wound ;  
So home unto his honest wife it bore,  
Who as her owne it nurst (and named) evermore.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,  
And Bellamour in bands ; till that her syre  
Departed life, and left unto them all :  
Then all the stormes of fortunes former yre  
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.  
Thenceforth they joy'd in happinesse together,  
And lived long in peace and love entyre,  
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,  
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella thether.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine ;  
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,  
And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine  
Long since had fought in field : Als Claribell  
Ne lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,  
Seeing her weake and wan through durance long.  
There they a while together thus did dwell  
In much delight, and many joyes among,  
Untill the Damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize  
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,  
Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,  
The which the Faery Queene had long afore  
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore ;  
That much he feared least reprochfull blame  
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore ;  
Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,  
As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

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FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto XII.

Therefore, resolving to returne in hast  
Unto so great atchivement, he bethought  
To leave his love, now perill being past,  
With Claribell ; whylest he that monster sought  
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.  
So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,  
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,  
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,  
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell  
In this exploite, me needeth to declare  
What did betide to the faire Pastorell  
During his absence, left in heavy care  
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare :  
Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,  
To cherish her with all things choice and rare ;  
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,  
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

Who in a morning, when this Maiden faire  
Was dighting her, having her snowy brest  
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire  
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,  
Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest  
The rosie marke, which she remembred well  
That little Infant had, which forth she kest,  
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,  
The which she bore the whiles in prison she did dwell.

Which well avizing, streight she gan to cast  
In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire Mayd  
Was that same infant, which so long sith past  
She in the open fields had loosely layd  
To fortunes spoile, unable it to ayd :  
So, full of joy, streight forth she ran in hast  
Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,  
To tell her how the heavens had her graste  
To save her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth was plaste.

The sober mother seeing such her mood,  
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine thro,  
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,  
And what the matter was that mov'd her so ?  
" My liefe," (sayd she) " ye know that long ygo,  
Whilst ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave  
A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho ;  
The same againe if now ye list to have,  
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did save."

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto XII.

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,  
And gan to question streight, how she it knew?  
" Most certaine markes " (sayd she) " do me it teach ;  
For on her brest I with these eyes did view  
The litle purple rose which thereon grew,  
Whereof her name ye then to her did give.  
Besides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,  
Matched with equall years, do surely prieve  
That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth live."

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,  
But forth in hast ran to the straunger Mayd ;  
Whom catching greedily, for great desire  
Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,  
In which that rose she plainly saw displayd :  
Then, her embracing twixt her armes twaine,  
She long so held, and softly weeping sayd ;  
" And livest thou, my daughter, now againe ?  
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did faine ? "

Tho further asking her of sundry things,  
And times comparing with their accidents,  
She found at last, by very certaine signes  
And speaking markes of passed monuments,  
That this young Mayd, whom chance to her presents,  
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.  
Tho, wondring long at those so straunge events,  
A thousand times she her embraced nere,  
With many a joyfull kisse and many a melting teare.

Who ever is the mother of one chylde,  
Which having thought long dead she fyndes alive,  
Let her by prooфе of that which she hath fylde  
In her owne breast, this mothers joy descriue ;  
For other none such passion can contrive  
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,  
When she so faire a daughter saw survive,  
As Pastorella was, that nigh she swelt  
For passing joy, which did all into pitty melt.

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,  
She unto him recounted all that fell ;  
Who, joyning joy with her in one accord,  
Acknowleg'd for his owne faire Pastorell.  
There leave we them in joy, and let us tell  
Of Calidore ; who, seeking all this while  
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,  
Through every place with restlesse paine and toile  
Him follow'd by the tract of his outragious spoile.

Through all estates he found that he had past,  
In which he many massacres had left,  
And to the Clergy now was come at last ;  
In which such spoile, such havocke, and such theft  
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,  
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,  
Who now no place besides unsought had left,  
At length into a Monastere did light,  
Where he him found despoyling all with maine and might.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto XII.

Into their cloysters now he broken had,  
Through which the Monkes he chaced here and there,  
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,  
And searched all their cels and secrets neare :  
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,  
Were yrkesome to report ; yet that foule Beast,  
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,  
And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,  
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

From thence into the sacred Church he broke,  
And rob'd the Chancell, and the deskes downe threw,  
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,  
And th' Images, for all their goodly hew,  
Did cast to ground, whilst none was them to rew ;  
So all confounded and disordered there :  
But, seeing Calidore, away he flew,  
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare ;  
But he him fast pursuing soone approched neare.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,  
And fierce assailing forst him turne againe :  
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke  
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine  
With open mouth, that seemed to containe  
A full good pecke within the utmost brim,  
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,  
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,  
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly grim :

And therein were a thousand tonges empight  
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality ;  
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night ;  
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry ;  
And some of Beares, that groynd continually ;  
And some of Tygres, that did seeme to gren  
And snar at all that ever passed by :  
But most of them were tonges of mortall men,  
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

And them amongst were mingled here and there  
The tonges of Serpents, with three forked stings,  
That spat out poyson, and gore-bloody gere,  
At all that came within his ravenings ;  
And spake licentious words and hatefull things  
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie,  
Ne Kesars spared he a whit, nor Kings ;  
But either blotted them with infamie,  
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afayd,  
Rencountred him with so impetuous might,  
That th'outrage of his violence he stayd,  
And bet abacke, threatening in vaine to bite,  
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight  
That fomed all about his bloody jawes :  
Tho, rearing up his former feete on hight,  
He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,  
As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes :

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto XII.

But he, right well aware, his rage to ward  
Did cast his shield atweene; and, therewithall  
Putting his puissaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,  
That backward he enforced him to fall;  
And, being downe, ere he new helpe could call,  
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held:  
Like as a bullocke, that in bloody stall  
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,  
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore  
To be downe held, and maystred so with might,  
That he gan fret and fome out bloody gore,  
Striving in vaine to rere him selfe upright:  
For still, the more he strove, the more the Knight  
Did him suppresse, and forcibly subdew,  
That made him almost mad for fell despight:  
He grind, he bit, he scratcht, he venom threw,  
And fared like a feend right horrible in hew:

Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they faine  
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,  
After that he had labourd long in vaine  
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new  
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.  
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,  
Whilst Calidore him under him downe threw;  
Who nathemore his heavy load releast,  
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought availe  
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,  
And sharpely at him to revile and raile  
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy ;  
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,  
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,  
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily :  
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbeare,  
But strained him so streightly that he chokt him neare.

At last, when as he found his force to shrincke  
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzel strong  
Of surest yron, made with many a lincke :  
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,  
And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,  
For never more defaming gentle Knight,  
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong ;  
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,  
With which he drew him forth, even in his own despight.

Like as whylome that strong Tirynthian swaine  
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,  
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,  
And, roring horribly, did him compell  
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell  
To griesly Pluto what on earth was donne,  
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell  
For aye in darkenesse, which day-light doth shonne :  
So led this Knight his captyve with like conquest wonne.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those  
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never bore,  
Ne ever any durst till then impose ;  
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more  
Him liberty was left aloud to rore :  
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once withstand  
The proved powre of noble Calidore,  
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,  
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE.  
Book VI.  
Canto XII.

Him through all Faery land he follow'd so,  
As if he learned had obedience long,  
That all the people, where so he did go,  
Out of their townes did round about him throng,  
To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong ;  
And seeing it much wondred at the sight :  
And all such persons as he earst did wrong  
Rejoyced much to see his captive plight,  
And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd the Knight.

Thus was this Monster, by the maystring might  
Of doughty Calidore, supprest and tamed,  
That never more he mote endammadge wight  
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,  
And many causelesse caused to be blamed.  
So did he eeke long after this remaine,  
Untill that, (whether wicked fate so framed  
Or fault of men,) he broke his yron chaine,  
And got into the world at liberty againe.

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he wrought  
To mortall men then he had done before ;  
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought  
Into like bands, ne maystred any more :  
Albe that, long time after Calidore,  
The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand,  
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,  
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land ;  
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,  
And rageth sore in each degree and state ;  
Ne any is that may him now restraine,  
He growen is so great and strong of late,  
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,  
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime :  
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,  
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime ;  
But rends without regard of person or of time.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,  
Hope to escape his venomous despite,  
More then my former writs, all were they cleanest  
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite  
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,  
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,  
That never so deserved to endite.  
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,  
And seeke to please ; that now is counted wise mens threasure.

BOOK  
VII

EDITED BY  
THOMAS J. WISE

PART  
XIX



SPENSER'S  
FAERIE  
QUEENE

WITH  
ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY  
WALTER  
CRANE

CANTO  
VI-  
VIII

LONDON:  
GEORGE ALLEN  
RUSKIN HOUSE

PRICE  
10/6



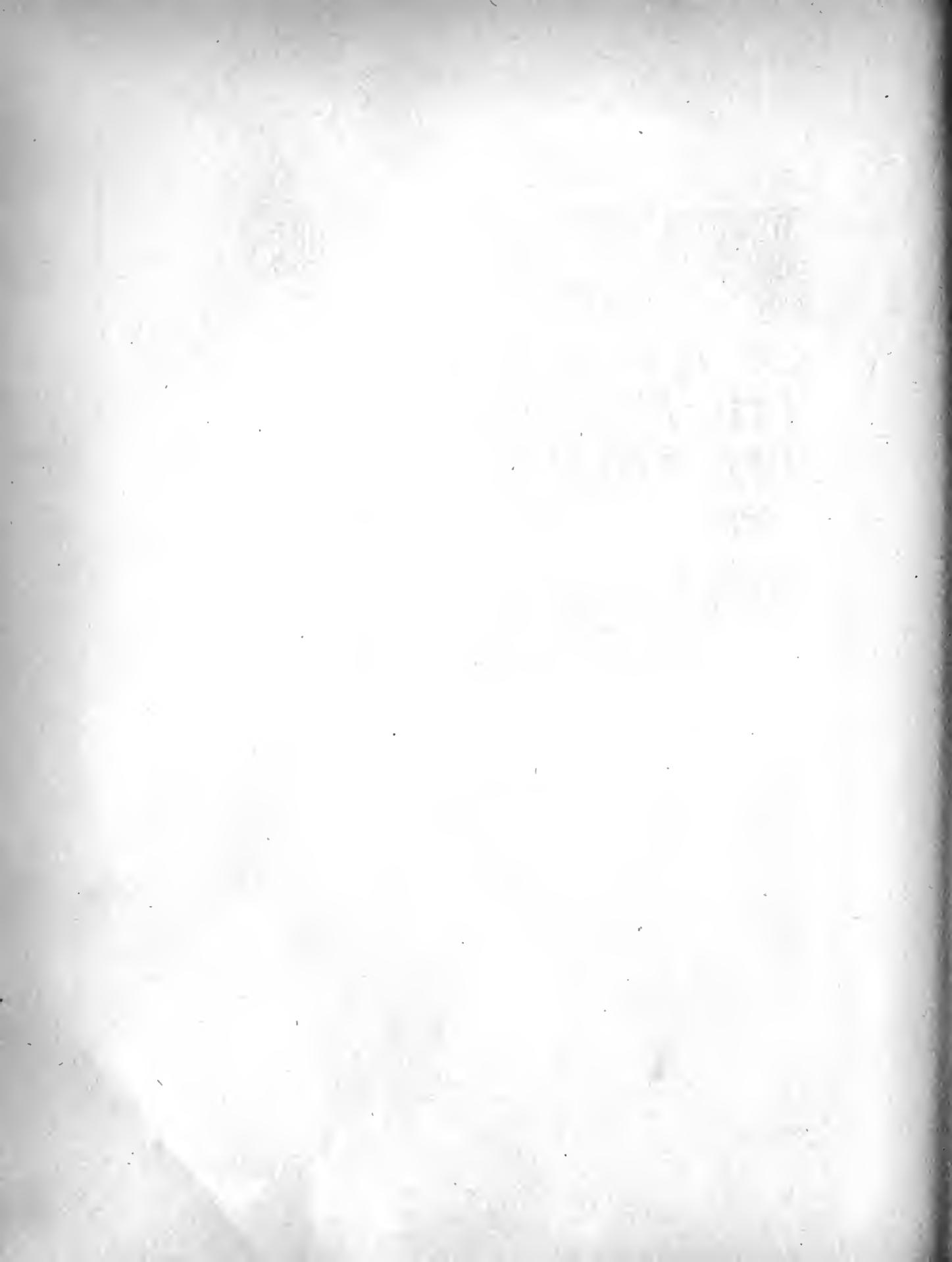


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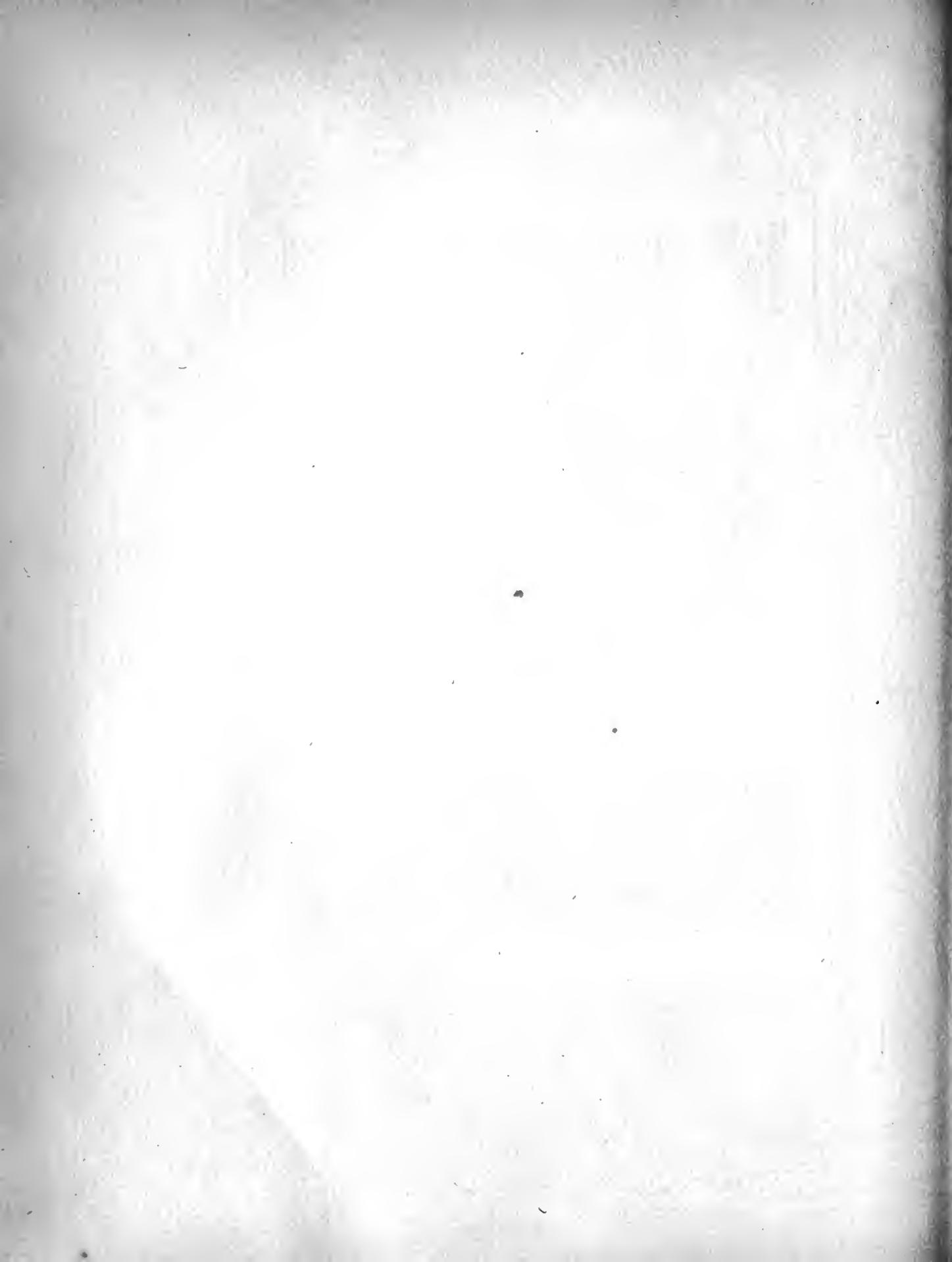
MUTABILITIE  
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THE MANNER OF  
THE FAERIE QUEENE

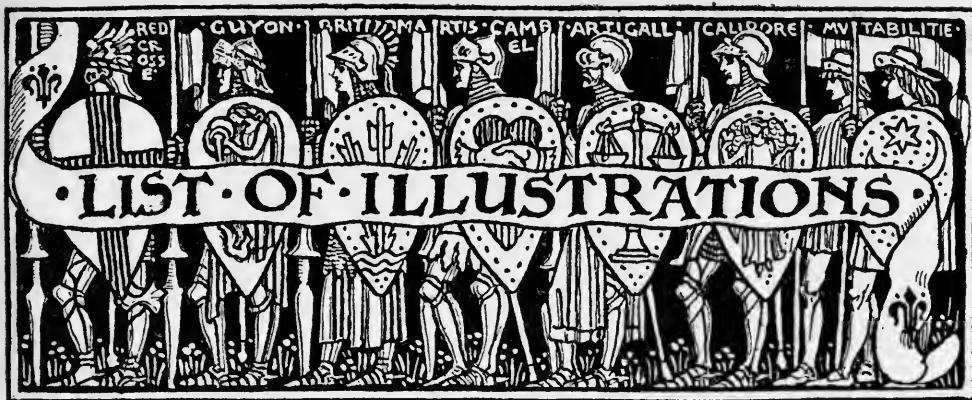
THE LEGEND OF  
CONSTANCIE



MUTABILITIE  
· A FRAGMENT ·  
· OF A POEM · AFTER ·  
· THE MANNER · OF ·  
· THE FAERIE QUEENE ·  
BY EDMUND SPENSER  
· THE LEGEND · OF ·  
· CONSTANCIE ·

· EDITED · BY · THOMAS · J · WISE ·  
· PICTURED · BY · WALTER · CRANE ·  
· PUBLISHED · BY · GEORGE · ALLEN ·  
· LONDON: MDCCCXCVI ·





TO  
MUTABILITIE.

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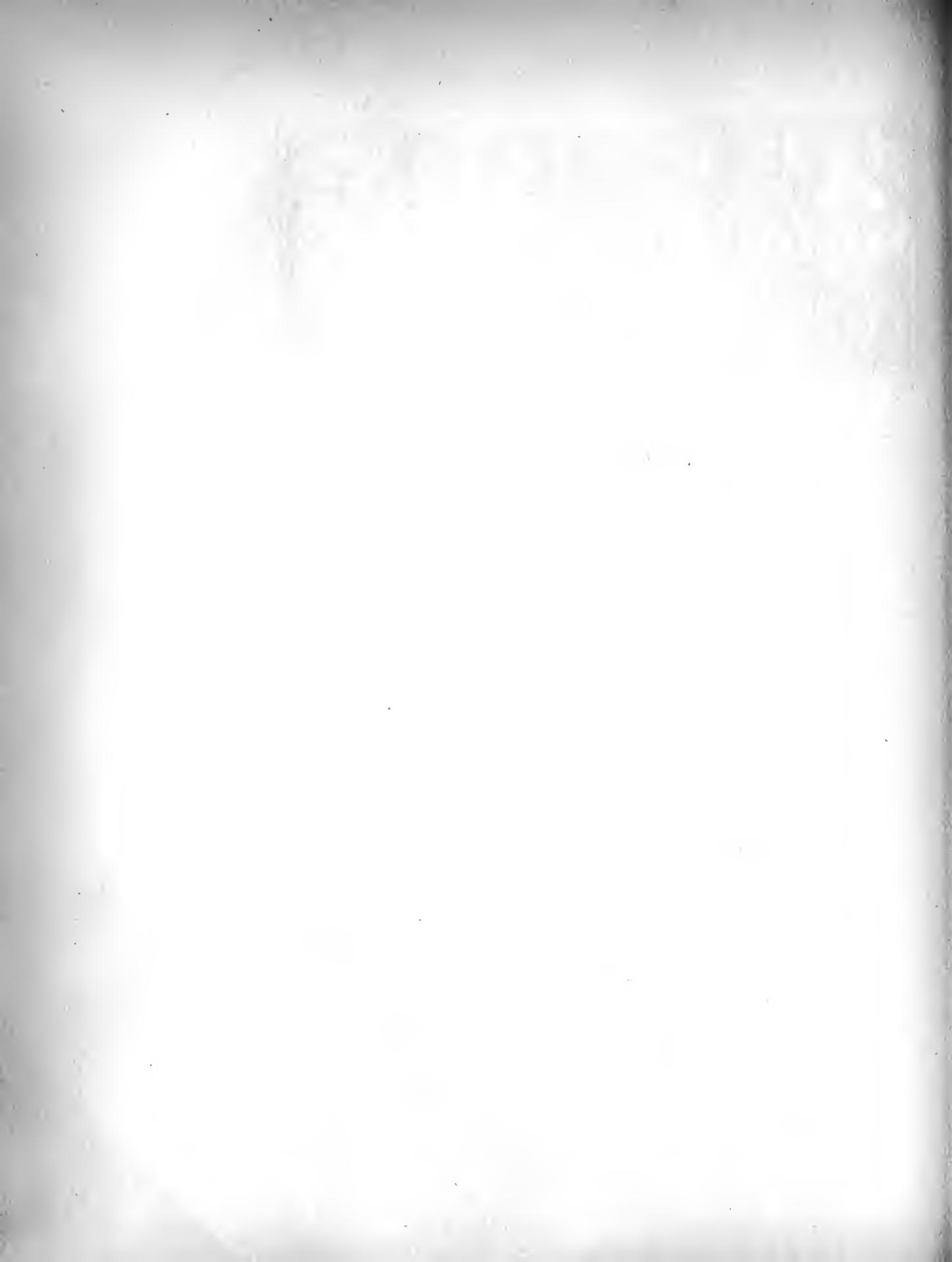
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CANTO VIII (unperfite).

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## MUTABILITIE: CANTO VI

PROUD CHANGE (NOT PLEASED IN MORTALL  
BENEATH THE MOONE TO RAINNE<sup>THINGS</sup>  
PRETENDS, AS WELL OF GODS AS MEN,  
TO BE THE SOVERAINE.



HAT man that sees the ever-whirling wheele,  
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth sway,  
But that therby doth find, and plainly feele,  
How MUTABILITY in them doth play  
Her cruell sports to many mens decay ?  
Which that to all may better yet appeare,

I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,  
How she at first her selfe began to reare  
Gainst all the Gods, and th'empire sought from them to beare.

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold  
Her antique race and linage ancient,  
As I have found it registred of old  
In Faery Land mongst records permanent.  
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent  
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive  
With Saturnes sonne for heavens regiment ;  
Whom though high Jove of kingdome did deprive,  
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive :

And many of them afterwards obtain'd  
Great power of Jove, and high authority :  
As Hecaté, in whose almighty hand  
He plac't all rule and principalitie,  
To be by her disposed diversly  
To Gods and men, as she them list divide ;  
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie  
Warres and allarums unto Nations wide,  
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her pride.

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire  
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine ;  
That as a Goddesse men might her admire,  
And heavenly honors yield, as to them twaine :  
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine ;  
Where shee such proofe and sad examples shewed  
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,  
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewed)  
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings rewed.

For she the face of earthly things so changed,  
That all which Nature had establisht first  
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,  
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst :  
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst  
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)  
She alter'd quite ; and made them all accurst  
That God had blest, and did at first provide  
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,  
But eke of Justice, and of Policie ;  
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,  
And death for life exchanged foolishlie :  
Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,  
And all this world is woxen daily worse.  
O pittious worke of MUTABILITY,  
By which we all are subject to that curse,  
And death, instead of life, have sucked from our Nurse !

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VI.

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought  
To her behest, and thralled to her might,  
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought  
T'attempt the empire of the heavens hight,  
And Jove himselfe to shoulder from his right.  
And first, she past the region of the ayre  
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight  
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,  
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire.

Thence to the Circle of the Moone she clambe,  
Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,  
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,  
All fairely deckt with heavens goodly storie ;  
Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory  
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,  
Hight Time,) she entred, were he liefe or sory ;  
Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,  
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

Her sitting on an Ivory throne shee found,  
Drawne of two steeds, th'one black, the other white,  
Environd with tenne thousand starres around,  
That duly her attended day and night ;  
And by her side there ran her Page, that hight  
Vesper, whom we the Evening-starre intend ;  
That with his Torche, still twinkling like twylight,  
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,  
And joy to weary wandring travailers did lend :

That when the hardy Titanesse beheld  
The goodly building of her Palace bright,  
Made of the heavens substance, and up-held  
With thousand Crystall pillors of huge hight,  
She gan to burne in her ambitious spright,  
And t'envie her that in such glory raigned.  
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might  
Her to displace, and to her selfe to have gained  
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

Boldly she bid the Goddesse downe descend,  
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne ;  
For she her selfe more worthy thereof wend,  
And better able it to guide alone ;  
Whether to men, whose fall she did bemone,  
Or unto Gods, whose state she did maligne,  
Or to th'inferrall Powers her need give lone  
Of her faire light and bounty most benigne,  
Her selfe of all that rule she deemed most condigne.

But she, that had to her that soveraigne seat  
By highest Jove assign'd, therein to beare  
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,  
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare ;  
But with sterne count'naunce and disdainfull cheare,  
Bending her horned browes, did put her back ;  
And, boldly blaming her for comming there,  
Bade her attonce from heavens coast to pack,  
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VI.

Yet nathemore the Giantesse forbare,  
But boldly preacing-on raught forth her hand  
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire ;  
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,  
Threatned to strike her if she did with-stand :  
Where-at the starres, which round about her blazed,  
And eke the Moones bright wagon still did stand,  
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,  
And on her uncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

Mean-while the lower World, which nothing knew  
Of all that chaunced heere, was darkned quite ;  
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew  
Of happy wights, now unpurvaid of light,  
Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight ;  
Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,  
And brought againe on them eternall night ;  
But chiefly Mercury, that next doth raigne,  
Ran forth in haste unto the king of Gods to plaine.

All ran together with a great out-cry  
To Joves faire palace fixt in heavens hight ;  
And, beating at his gates full earnestly,  
Gan call to him aloud with all their might  
To know what meant that suddaine lacke of light.  
The father of the Gods, when this he heard,  
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,  
Doubting least Typhon were againe uprear'd,  
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

Eftsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent  
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe  
The cause of this so strange astonishment,  
And why she did her wonted course forslowe ;  
And if that any were on earth belowe  
That did with charmes or Magick her molest,  
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe ;  
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest  
The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.

The wingd-foot God so fast his plumes did beat,  
That soone he came where-as the Titanesse  
Was striving with faire Cynthia for her seat ;  
At whose strange sight and haughty hardinesse  
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse :  
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,  
At last he bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)  
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,  
Or come before high Jove her dooings to discharge.

And there-with-all he on her shoulder laid  
His snaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power  
Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends affraid :  
Where-at the Titanesse did sternly lower,  
And stoutly answer'd, that in evill hower  
He from his Jove such message to her brought,  
To bid her leave faire Cynthia's silver bower ;  
Sith shee his Jove and him esteemed nought,  
No more then Cynthia's selfe ; but all their kingdoms sought.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VI.

The Heavens Herald staid not to reply,  
But past away, his doings to relate  
Unto his Lord ; who now, in th' highest sky,  
Was placed in his principall Estate,  
With all the Gods about him congregate :  
To whom when Hermes had his message told,  
It did them all exceedingly amate,  
Save Jove ; who, changing nought his count'nce bold,  
Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold ;

“ Harken to mee awhile, yee heavenly Powers !  
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed  
Sought to assaile the heavens eternall towers,  
And to us all exceeding feare did breed,  
But, how we then defeated all their deed,  
Yee all do knowe, and them destroyed quite ;  
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed  
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite  
Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet despite.

“ Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,  
That now with bold presumption doth aspire  
To thrust faire Phœbe from her silver bed,  
And eke our selves from heavens high Empire,  
If that her might were match to her desire.  
Wherefore it now behoves us to advise  
What way is best to drive her to retire,  
Whether by open force, or counsell wise :  
Areed, ye sonnes of God, as best as ye can devise.”

So having said, he ceast ; and with his brow  
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beck  
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,  
And even the highest Powers of heaven to check)  
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake,  
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave and wise.  
Mean-while th’ Earths daughter, thogh she nought did reck  
Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise  
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprise.

Eftsoones she thus resolv’d ; that whil’st the Gods  
(After returne of Hermes Embassie)  
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at ods,  
Before they could new counsels re-allie,  
To set upon them in that extasie,  
And take what fortune, time, and place would lend.  
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky  
To Joves high Palace straight cast to ascend,  
To prosecute her plot. Good on-set boads good end.

Shee there arriving boldly in did pass ;  
Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,  
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.  
At sight of her they suddaine all arose  
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose :  
But Jove, all fearlesse, forc't them to aby ;  
And in his soveraine throne gan straight dispose  
Himselfe, more full of grace and Majestie,  
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VI.

That when the haughty Titanesse beheld,  
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,  
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld ;  
And, inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense  
And voyd of speech in that drad audience,  
Until that Jove himselfe her selfe bespake :  
“ Speake, thou fraile woman, speake with confidence ;  
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now make ?  
What idle errand hast thou earths mansion to forsake ? ”

She, halfe confused with his great commaund,  
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,  
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund :  
“ I am a daughter, by the mothers side,  
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide  
Of all the Gods, great Earth, great Chaos child ;  
But by the fathers, (be it not envide)  
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build) }  
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heaven exil'd.

“ For Titan (as ye all acknowledge must)  
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,  
Both sonnes of Uranus ; but by unjust  
And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes slight,  
The younger thrust the elder from his right :  
Since which thou, Jove, injuriously hast held  
The Heavens rule from Titans sonnes by might,  
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld.  
Witnesse, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I have told ! ”

Whil’st she thus spake, the Gods, that gave good eare  
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,  
(Beeing of stature tall as any there  
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face  
As any of the Goddesses in place,)  
Stood all astonied ; like a sort of steeres,  
Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraine race  
Unwares is chaunc’t, far straying from his peeres :  
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

Till, having pauz’d awhile, Jove thus bespake :  
“ Will never mortall thoughts ceasse to aspire  
In this bold sort to Heaven claime to make,  
And touch celestiall seats with earthly mire ?  
I would have thought that bold Procrustes hire,  
Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions paine,  
Or great Prometheus tasting of our ire,  
Would have suffiz’d the rest for to restraine,  
And warn’d all men by their example to refraine.

“ But now this off-scum of that cursed fry  
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,  
And chalenge th’ heritage of this our skie ;  
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise  
Should handle as the rest of her allies,  
And thunder-drive to hell ? ” With that, he shooke  
His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes  
And all the world beneath for terror quoode,  
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VI.

But when he looked on her lovely face,  
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare  
That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace,  
(Such sway doth beauty even in Heaven beare)  
He staid his hand ; and, having chang’d his cheare,  
He thus againe in milder wise began :  
“ But ah ! if Gods should strive with flesh yfere,  
Then shortly should the progeny of man  
Be rooted out, if Jove should do still what he can.

“ But thee, faire Titans child, I rather weene,  
Through some vaine errorr, or inducement light,  
To see that mortall eyes have never seene ;  
Or through ensample of thy sisters might,  
Bellona, whose great glory thou doost spight,  
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power belowe,  
Mongst wretched men (dismaide with her affright)  
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdoms to bestowe :  
And sure thy worth no lesse then hers doth seem to shewe.

“ But wote thou this, thou hardy Titanesse,  
That not the worth of any living wight  
May challenge ought in Heavens interesse ;  
Much lesse the Title of old Titans Right :  
For we by conquest, of our soveraine might,  
And by eternal doome of Fates decree,  
Have wonne the Empire of the Heavens bright ;  
Which to our selves we hold, and to whom wee  
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

“ Then ceasse thy idle claime, thou foolish gerle ;  
And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine  
That place, from which by folly Titan fell :  
There to thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine  
Have Jove thy gracious Lord and Soveraine.”  
So having said, she thus to him replide :  
“ Ceasse, Saturnes sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine  
Of idle hopes t’allure me to thy side,  
For to betray my Right before I have it tride.

“ But thee, O Jove ! no equall Judge I deeme  
Of my desert, or of my dewfull Right ;  
That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme :  
But to the highest him, that is behight  
Father of Gods and men by equall might,  
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale.”  
There-at Jove wexed wroth, and in his spright  
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale ;  
And bade Dan Phœbus scribe her Appellation seale.

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,  
Where all, both heavenly Powers and earthly wights,  
Before great Natures presence should appeare,  
For triall of their Titles and best Rights :  
That was, to weet, upon the highest hights  
Of Arlo-hill (Who knowes not Arlo-hill ?)  
That is the highest head (in all mens sights)  
Of my old father MOLE, whom Shepheards quill  
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VI.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file  
To sing of hilles and woods mongst warres and Knights,  
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,  
Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights ;  
And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes spights,  
(Beeing of old the best and fairest Hill  
That was in all this holy Islands hights)  
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill :  
Meane-while, O Clio ! lend Calliope thy quill.

Whylome when IRELAND florished in fame  
Of wealths and goodnesse, far above the rest  
Of all that beare the British Islands name,  
The gods then us'd (for pleasure and for rest)  
Oft to resort there-to, when seem'd them best ;  
But none of all there-in more pleasure found  
Then Cynthia, that is soveraine Queene profest  
Of woods and forrests which therein abound,  
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most on ground :

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,  
Eyther for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,  
Or for to shrowde in shade from Phœbus flame,  
Or bathe in fountaines that do freshly flowe  
Or from high hilles or from the dales belowe,  
She chose this Arlo ; where she did resort  
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,  
With whom the woody Gods did oft consort,  
For with the Nymphes the Satyres love to play and sport.

Amongst the which there was a Nymph that hight  
Molanna ; daughter of old Father Mole,  
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright,  
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,  
That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole,  
And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be :  
But this Molanna, were she not so shole,  
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee ;  
Yet, as she is, a fayrer flood may no man see.

For, first, she springs out of two marble Rocks,  
On which a grove of Oakes high-mounted growes,  
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks  
Of som faire Bride, brought forth with pompous showes  
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes :  
So through the flowry Dales she tumbling downe  
Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,  
(That on each side her silver channell crowne)  
Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleyes she doth drowne.

In her sweet streames Diana used oft  
(After her sweaty chace and toylesome play)  
To bathe her selfe; and, after, on the soft  
And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay  
In covert shade, where none behold her may;  
For much she hated sight of living eye.  
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day  
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly  
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in privity.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VI.

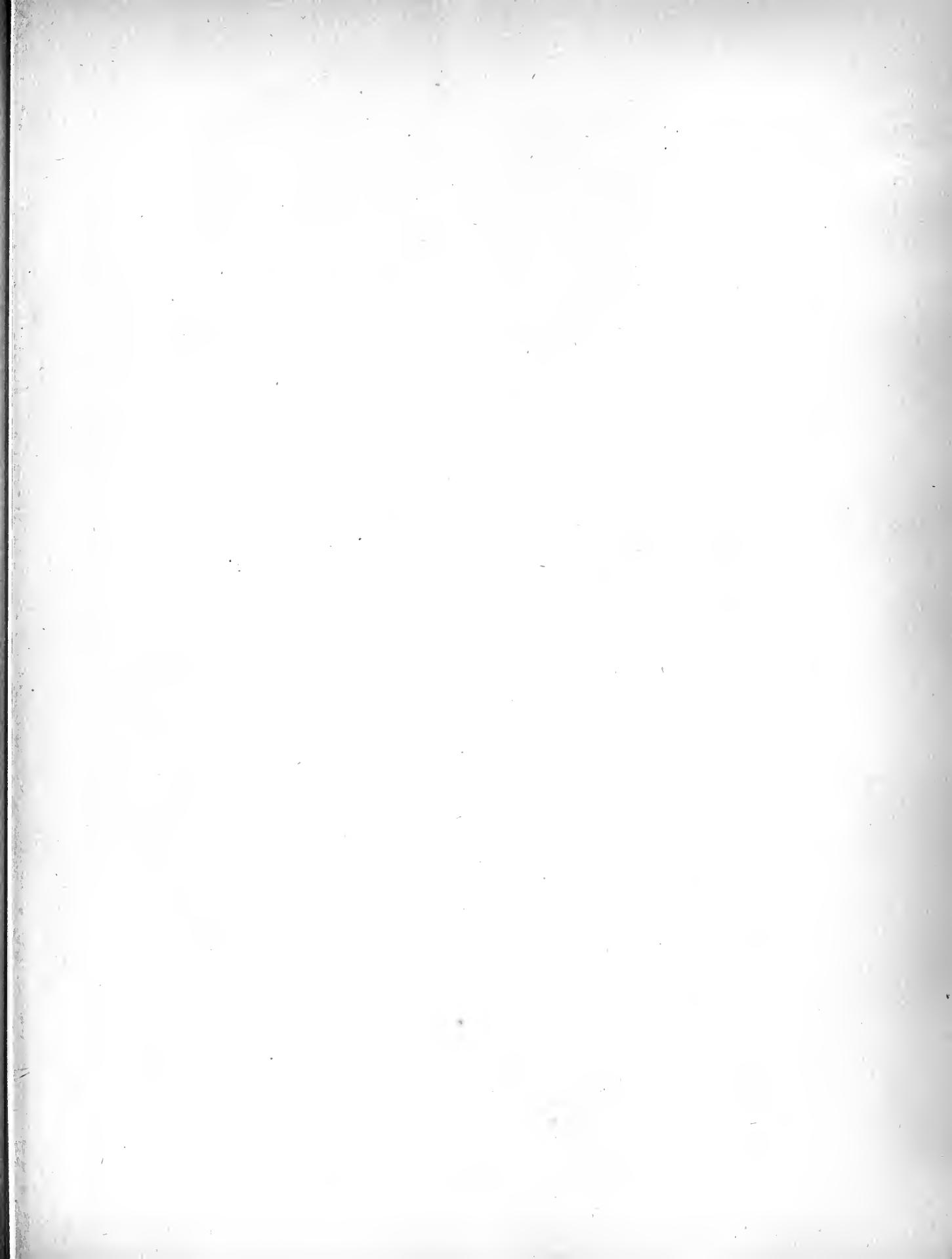
No way he found to compasse his desire,  
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,  
Her to discover for some secret hire:  
So her with flattering words he first assaid;  
And after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,  
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,  
With which he her allured, and betrayd  
To tell what time he might her Lady see  
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret bee.

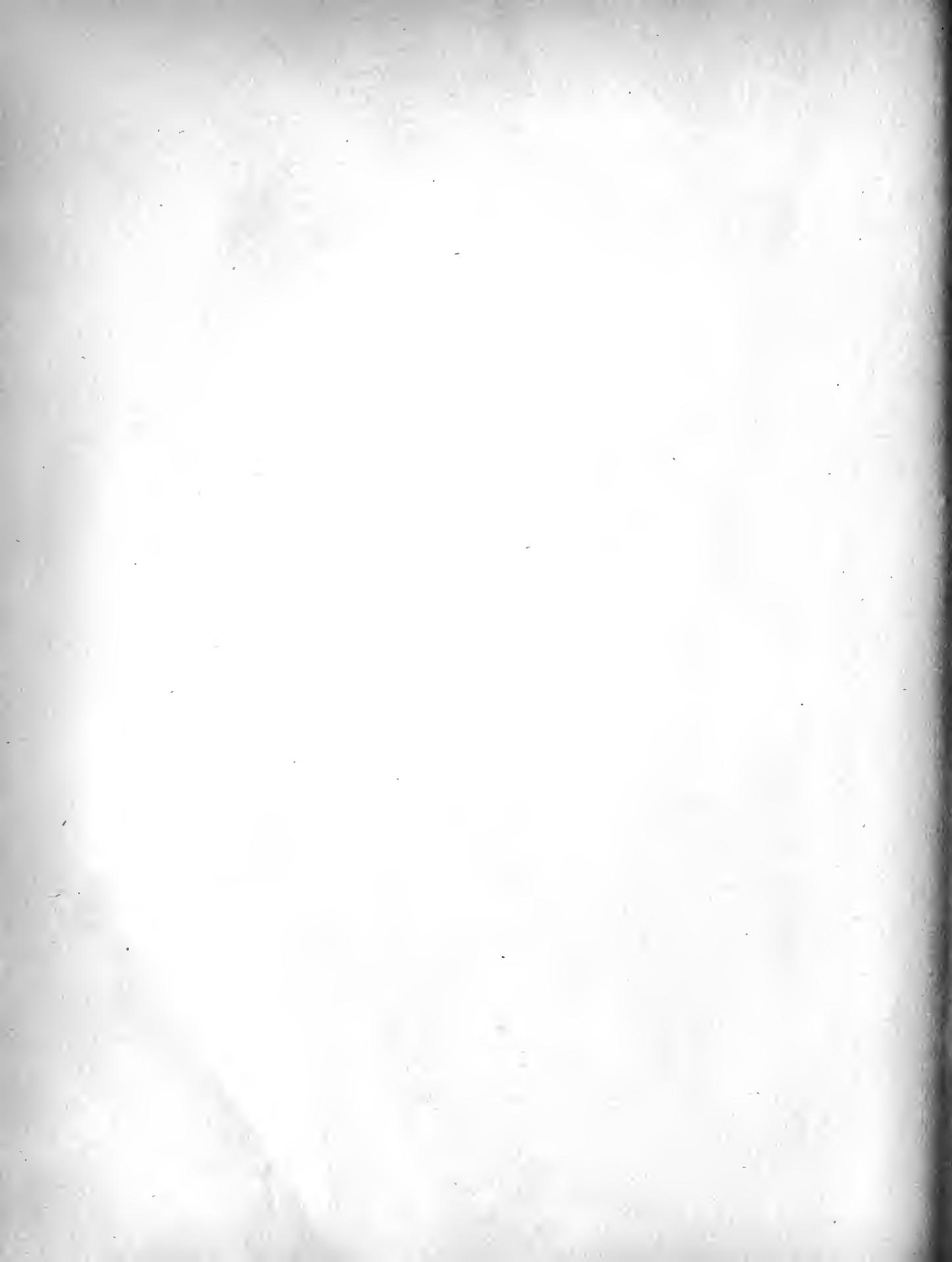
There-to he promist, if shee would him pleasure  
With this small boone, to quit her with a better;  
To weet, that where-as shee had out of measure  
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,  
That he would undertake for this to get her  
To be his Love, and of him liked well:  
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debtor  
For many moe good turnes then he would tell,  
The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

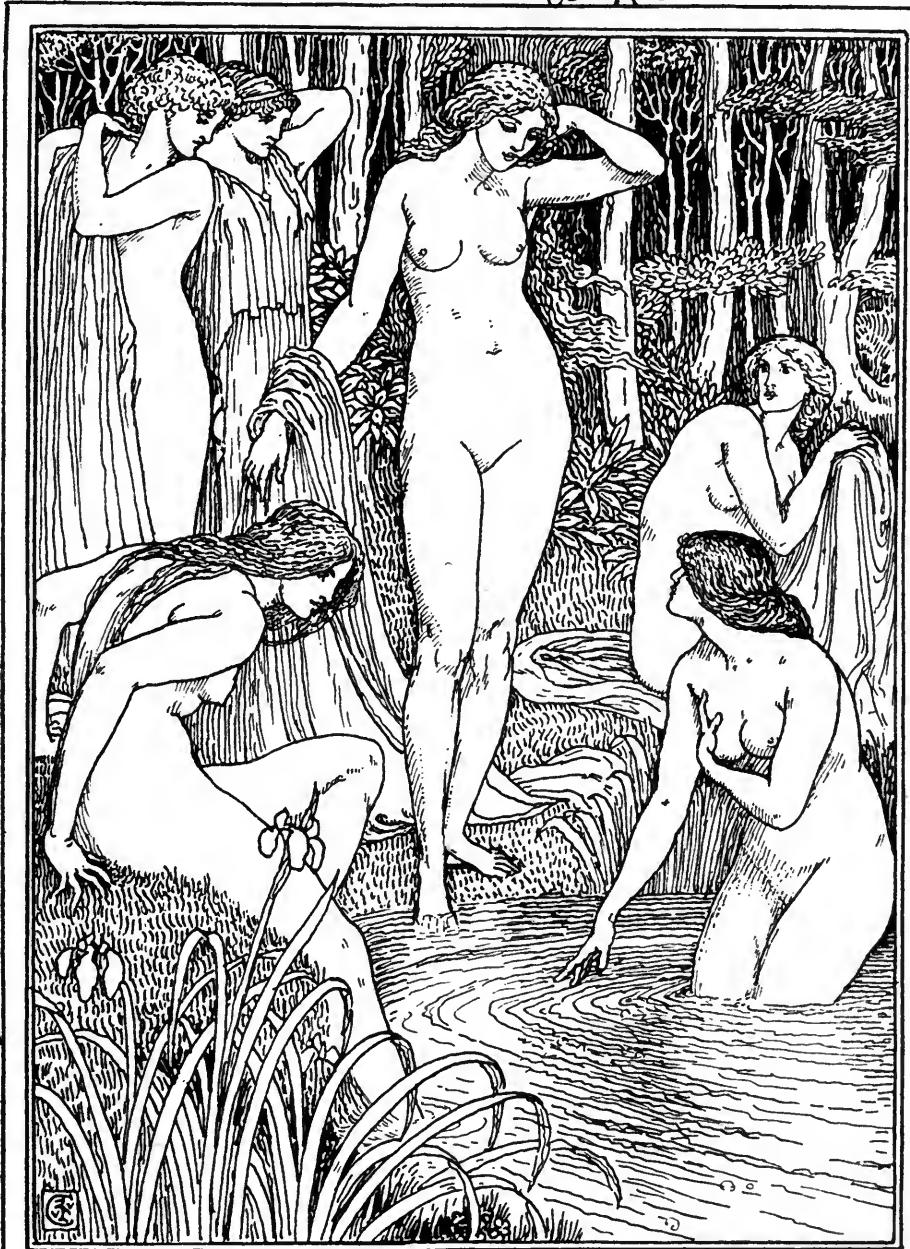
The simple mayd did yield to him anone ;  
And eft him placed where he close might view  
That never any saw, save onely one,  
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,  
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew.  
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,  
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew  
To this sweet spring ; where, doffing her array,  
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for Jove a likely pray.

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,  
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,  
That, for great joy of some-what he did spy,  
He could him not containe in silent rest ;  
But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profest  
His foolish thought : A foolish Faune indeed,  
That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest,  
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed !  
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise,  
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke ;  
And, running straight where-as she heard his voice,  
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,  
Like darred Larke, not daring up to looke  
On her whose sight before so much he sought.  
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and shooke  
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought ;  
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

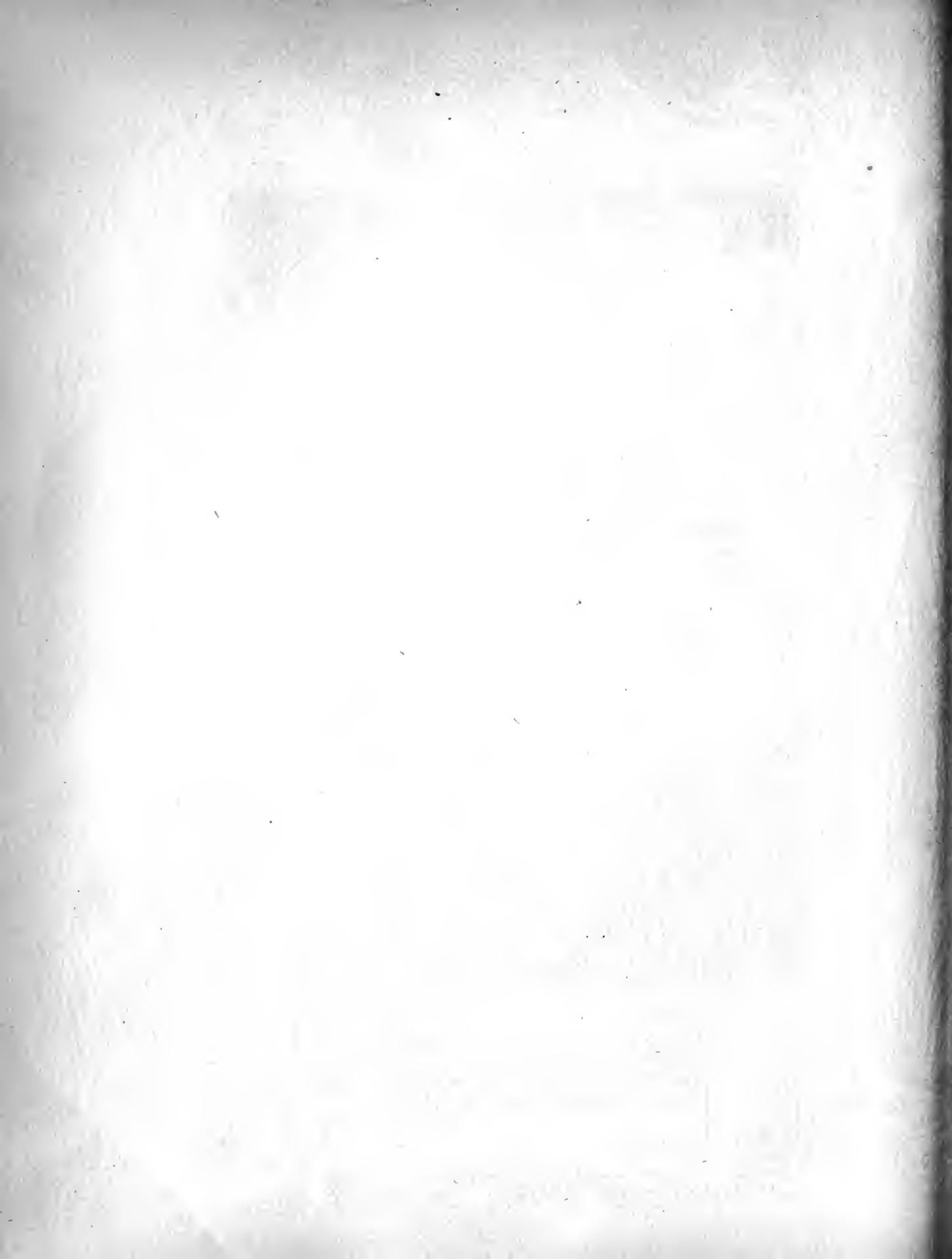






THO, AS HER MANNER WAS ON SUNNY DAY,  
DIANA, WITH HER NYMPHES ABOUT HER, DREW  
TO THIS SWEET SPRING; WHERE, DOFFING HER ARRAY  
SHE BATHED HER LOVELY LIMBS, FOR LOVE A  
LIKELY PRAY.

M. VI. XLV.



Like as an huswife, that with busie care  
Thinks of her Dairy to make wondrous gaine,  
Finding where-as some wicked beast unware  
That breakes into her Dayr' house, there doth draine  
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine,  
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,  
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine ;  
Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,  
And thousand deathes deviseth in her vengefull mind.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VI.

So did Diana and her maydens all  
Use silly Faunus, now within their baile :  
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall ;  
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,  
And by his goatish beard some did him haile :  
Yet he (poore soule !) with patience all did beare ;  
For nought against their wils might countervaile :  
Ne ought he said, what ever he did heare,  
But, hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,  
They gan to cast what penaunce him to give.  
Some would have gelt him ; but that same would spill  
The Wood-gods breed, which must for ever live :  
Others would through the river him have drive  
And ducked deepe ; but that seem'd penaunce light :  
But most agreed, and did this sentence give,  
Him in Deares skin to clad ; and in that plight  
To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe save how hee might.

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest,  
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,  
And of her shame to make a gamesome jest ;  
But gan examine him in straighter sort,  
Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,  
Him thither brought, and her to him betraide ?  
He, much affeard, to her confessed short  
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewraide.  
Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

But him (according as they had decreed)  
With a Deeres-skin they covered, and then chast  
With all their hounds that after him did speed ;  
But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast  
Then any Deere, so sore him dread aghast.  
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,  
Shouting as they the heavens would have brast ;  
That all the woods and dales, where he did flie,  
Did ring againe, and loud re-eccho to the skie.

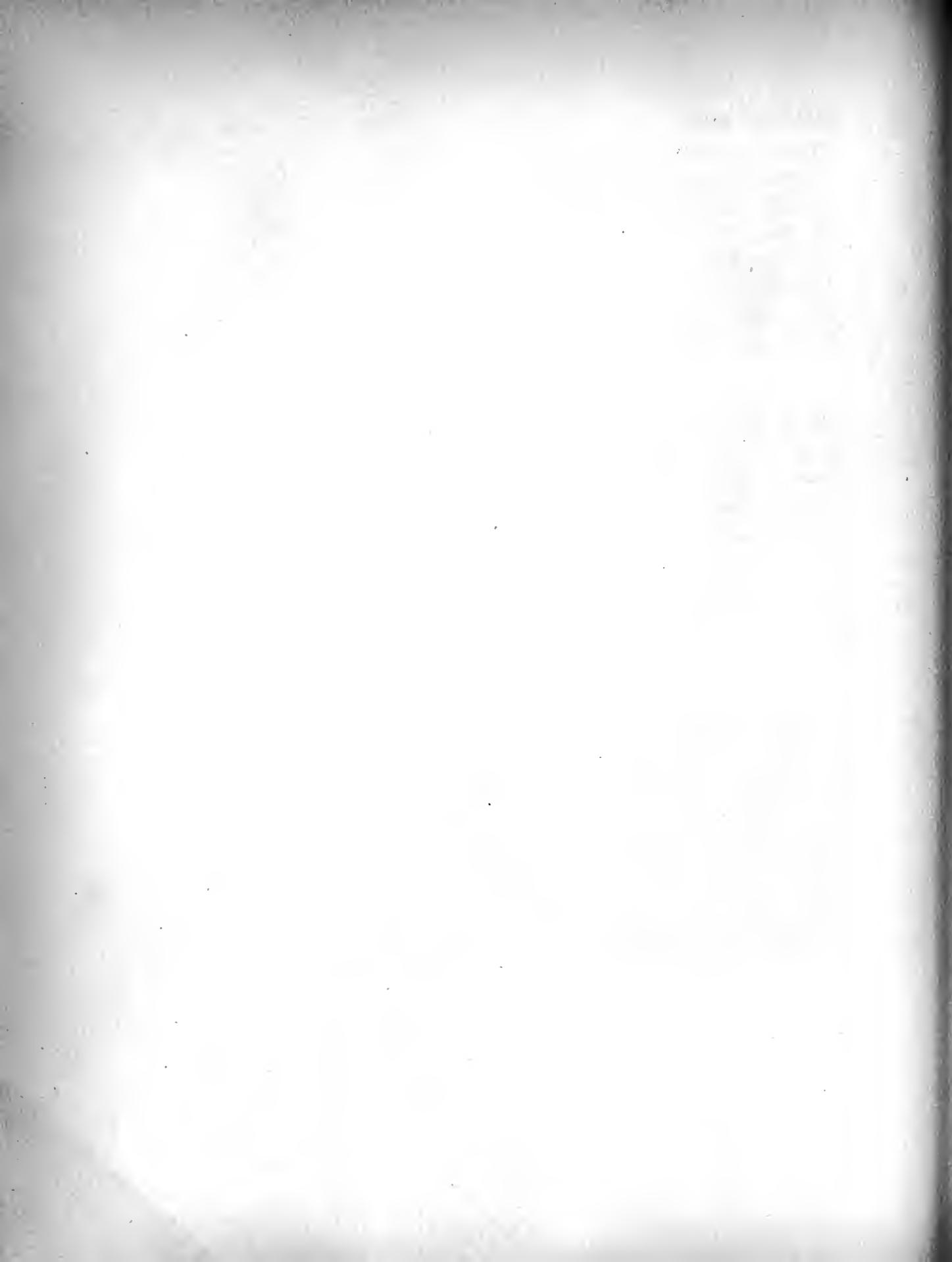
So they him follow'd till they weary were ;  
When, back returning to Molann' againe,  
They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there  
Her whelm'd with stones. Yet Faunus (for her paine)  
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,  
That her he would receive unto his bed :  
So now her waves passe through a pleasant Plaine,  
Till with the Fanchin she her selfe do wed,  
And (both combin'd) themselves in one faire river spred.

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,  
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke,  
In whose sweet streme, before that bad occasion,  
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke :  
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke  
All those faire forrests about Arlo hid ;  
And all that Mountaine, which doth over-looke  
The richest champain that may else be rid ;  
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand Salmons bred.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VI.

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,  
Thence-forth she left ; and, parting from the place,  
There-on an heavy haplesse curse did lay ;  
To weet, that Wolves, where she was wont to space,  
Should harbour'd be and all those Woods deface,  
And Thieves should rob and spoile that Coast around :  
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chase  
Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves abound :  
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since have found.







H! whither doost thou now, thou greater Muse,  
 Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring,  
 And my fraile spirit, (that dooth oft refuse  
 This too high flight, unfit for her weake wing)  
 Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens King  
 (Thy soveraine Sire) his fortunate successe;

And victory in bigger notes to sing  
 Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,  
 That him of heavens Empire sought to dispossesse?

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,  
 Do thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,  
 Fit for this turne; and in my feeble brest  
 Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire  
 Which learned minds inflameth with desire  
 Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone  
 That art yborne of heaven and heavenly Sire,  
 Can tell things doen in heaven so long ygone,  
 So farre past memory of man that may be knowne?

Now, at the time that was before agreed,  
The gods assembled all on Arlo Hill;  
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,  
As those that all the other world do fill,  
And rule both sea and land unto their will :  
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare ;  
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,  
As for th'unruly fiends which they did feare ;  
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.

And thither also came all other creatures,  
What-ever life or motion do retaine,  
According to their sundry kinds of features,  
That Arlo scarsly could them all containe,  
So full they filled every hill and Plaine ;  
And had not Natures Sergeant (that is Order)  
Them well disposed by his busie paine,  
And raunged farre abroad in every border,  
They would have caused much confusion and disorder.

Then forth issewed (great goddesse) great dame Nature  
With goodly port and gracious Majesty,  
Being far greater and more tall of stature  
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie :  
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,  
Whether she man or woman inly were,  
That could not any creature well descry ;  
For with a veile, that wimpled every where,  
Her head and face was hid that mote to none appeare.

That, some do say, was so by skill devized,  
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew  
From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized ;  
For that her face did like a Lion shew,  
That eye of wight could not indure to view :  
But others tell that it so beautious was,  
And round about such beames of splendor threw,  
That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,  
Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VII.

That well may seemen true ; for well I weene,  
That this same day when she on Arlo sat,  
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,  
That my fraile wit cannot devize to what  
It to compare, nor finde like stufte to that :  
As those three sacred Saints, though else most wise,  
Yet on mount Thabor quite their wits forgat,  
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise  
Transfigur'd sawe ; his garments so did daze their eyes.

In a fayre Plaine upon an equall Hill  
She placed was in a pavilion ;  
Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill  
Are wont for Princes states to fashion ;  
But th' Earth herselfe, of her owne motion,  
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe  
Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,  
Did seeme to bow their bloosming heads full lowe  
For homage unto her, and like a throne did showe.

So hard it is for any living wight  
All her array and vestiments to tell,  
That old Dan Geffrey (in whose gentle spright,  
The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)  
In his *Foules parley* durst not with it mel,  
But it transferd to Alane, who he thought  
Had in his *Plaint of kinde* describ'd it well :  
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,  
Go seek he out that Alane where he may be sought.

And all the earth far underneath her feete  
Was dight with flowers that voluntary grew  
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet ;  
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,  
That might delight the smell, or please the view,  
The which the Nymphes from all the brooks thereby  
Had gathered, they at her foot-stoole threw ;  
That richer seem'd then any tapestry,  
That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

And Mole himselfe, to honour her the more,  
Did deck himselfe in freshest faire attire ;  
And his high head, that seemeth alwayes hore  
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,  
He with an Oaken girlond now did tire,  
As if the love of some new Nymph, late seene,  
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,  
And made him change his gray attire to greene :  
Ah, gentle Mole ! such joyance hath thee well beseene.

Was never so great joyance since the day  
That all the gods whylome assembled were  
On Hæmus hill in their divine array,  
To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare  
Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there ;  
Where Phœbus selfe, that god of Poets hight,  
They say, did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,  
That all the gods were ravisht with delight  
Of his celestiall song, and Musicks wondrous might.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VII.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred,  
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld ;  
Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted ;  
Unseene of any, yet of all beheld ;  
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have told,  
Before her came dame Mutability ;  
And, being lowe before her presence feld  
With meek obaysance and humilitie,  
Thus gan her plaintif Plea with words to amplifie :

“ To thee, O greatest Goddess, onely great !  
An humble suppliant loe ! I lowely fly,  
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat,  
Who Right to all dost deale indifferently,  
Damning all Wrong and tortious Injurie,  
Which any of thy creatures do to other  
(Oppressing them with power unequally,)  
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,  
And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother.

“ To thee therefore of this same Jove I plaine,  
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,  
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds raign,  
Of which the greatest part is due to me,  
And heaven it selfe by heritage in Fee :  
For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,  
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee,  
And gods no more then men thou doest esteeme ;  
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do seeme.

“ Then weigh, O soveraigne goddesse ! by what right  
These gods do claime the worlds whole soverainty,  
And that is onely dew unto thy might  
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously :  
As for the gods owne principality,  
Which Jove usurpes unjustly, that to be  
My heritage Jove’s selfe cannot denie,  
From my great Grandsire Titan unto mee  
Deriv’d by dew descent ; as is well knownen to thee.

“ Yet mauger Jove, and all his gods beside,  
I do possesse the worlds most regiment ;  
As if ye please it into parts divide,  
And every parts inholders to convert,  
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.  
And, first, the Earth (great mother of us all)  
That only seemes unmov’d and permanent,  
And unto Mutabilitie not thrall,  
Yet is she chang’d in part, and eke in generall :

“ For all that from her springs, and is ybredde,  
How-ever faire it flourish for a time,  
Yet see we soone decay ; and, being dead,  
To turne againe unto their earthly slime :  
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,  
We daily see new creatures to arize,  
And of their Winter spring another Prime,  
Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise :  
So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VII.

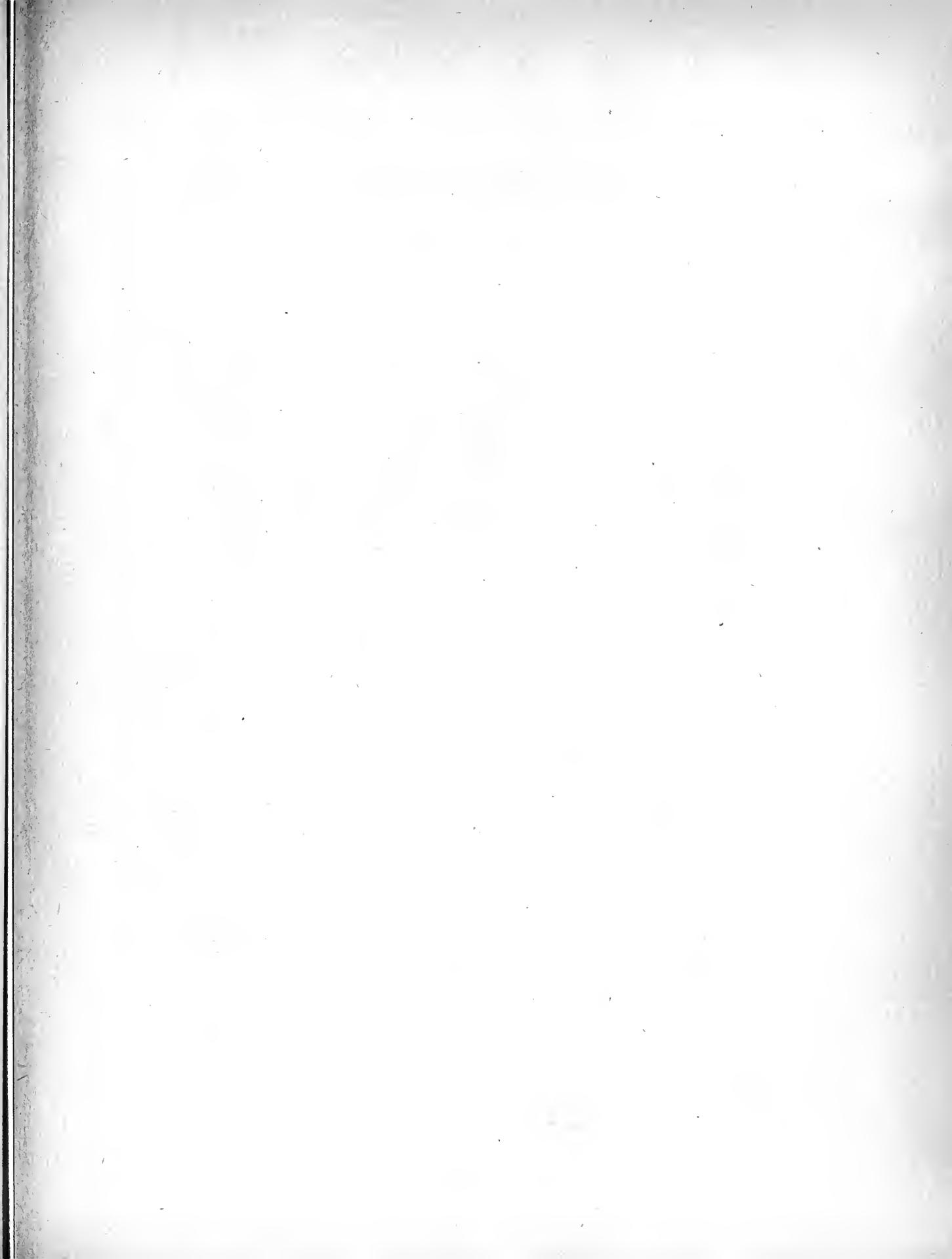
“ As for her tenants, that is, man and beasts,  
The beasts we daily see massacred dy  
As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts ;  
And men themselves do change continually,  
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,  
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all :  
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly,  
But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)  
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

“ Ne is the water in more constant case,  
Whether those same on high, or these belowe ;  
For th’ Ocean moveth still from place to place,  
And every River still doth ebbe and flowe ;  
Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,  
Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde  
When any winde doth under heaven blowe ;  
With which the clouds are also tost and roll’d,  
Now like great Hills, and streight like sluces them unfold.

“ So likewise are all watry living wights  
Still toss and turned with continuall change,  
Never abiding in their stedfast plights :  
The fish, still floting, doe at random range,  
And never rest, but evermore exchange  
Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie :  
Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange  
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry ;  
But flitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

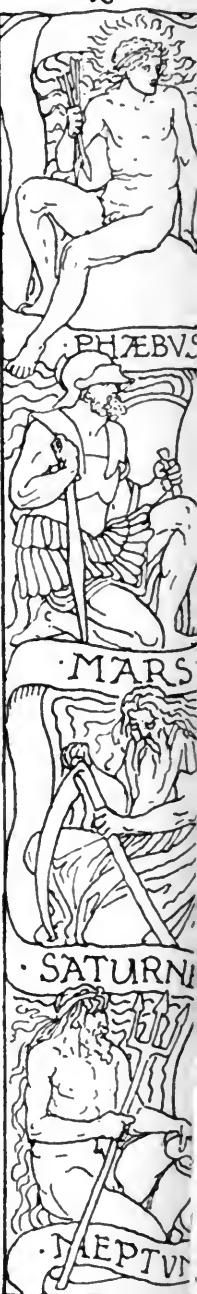
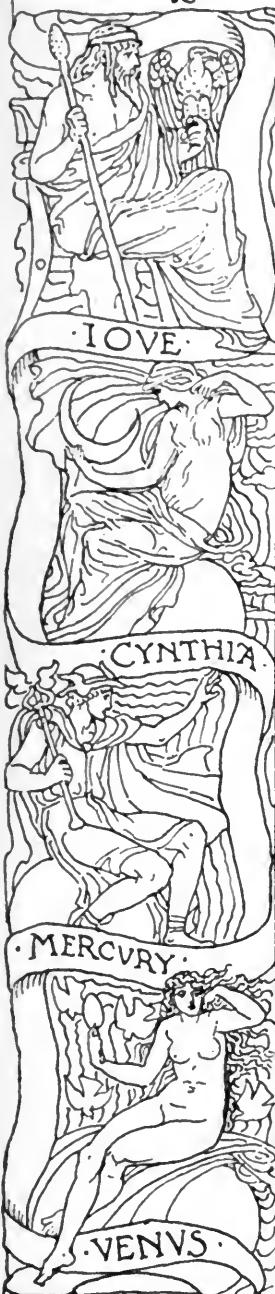
“ Next is the Ayre ; which who feeles not by sense  
(For of all sense it is the middle meane)  
To flit still, and with subtil influence  
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine  
In state of life ? O weake life ! that does leane  
On thing so tickle as th'unsteady ayre,  
Which every howre is chang'd and altered cleane  
With every blast that bloweth, fowle or faire :  
The faire doth it prolong ; the fowle doth it impaire.

“ Therein the changes infinite beholde,  
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce ;  
Now boyling hot, streight friezing deadly cold ;  
Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce ;  
Streight bitter stormes, and balefull countenance  
That makes them all to shiver and to shake :  
Rayne, haile, and snowe do pay them sad penance,  
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)  
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes make.

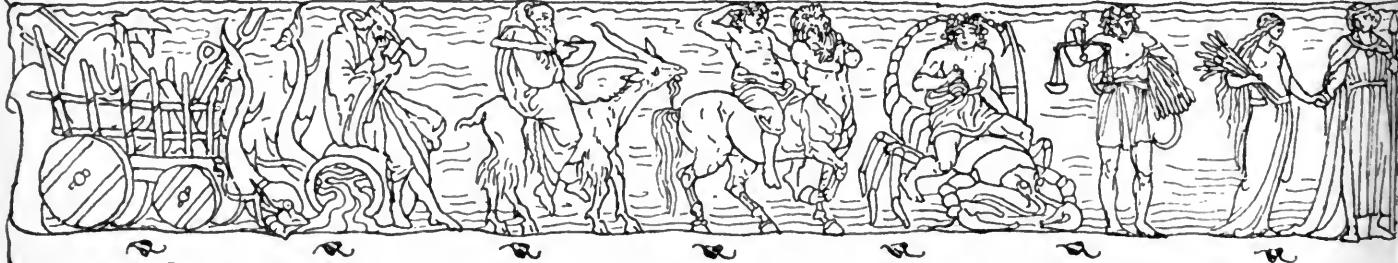


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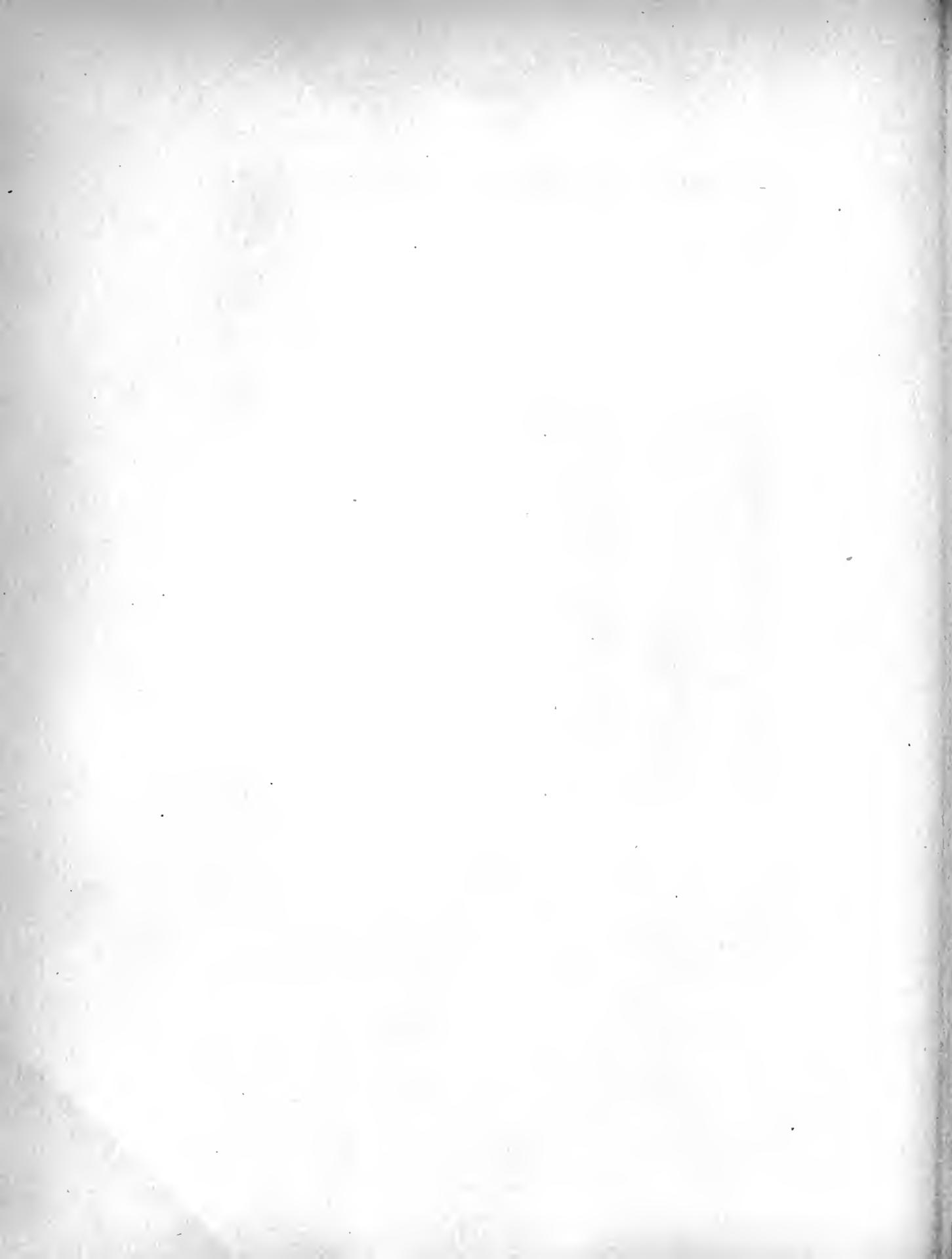
THIS GREAT GRANDMOTHER OF ALL CREATURES BRED,  
GREAT NATURE EVER YOUNG, YET FULL OF ELD;  
STILL MOOVING, YET UNMOVED FROM HER STED;  
UNSEEN OF ANY, YET OF ALL BEHELD;  
THUS SITTING IN HER THRONE, AS I HAVE TELD,  
BEFORE HER CAME DAME MUTABILITIE;  
AND BEING LOWE BEFORE HER PRESENCE FELD  
WITH MEEK OBAYSANCE AND HUMILITIE,  
THUS CAN HER PLANTIF PLEA WITH WORDS TO AMPLIFIE.



FEBRVARY · JANVARY · DECEMBER · NOVEMBER · OCTOBER · SEPTEMBER · AVGUST







“ Last is the fire ; which, though it live for ever,  
Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day  
We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,  
To lose their heat and shortly to decay ;  
So makes himself his owne consuming pray :  
Ne any living creatures doth he breed,  
But all that are of others bredd doth slay ;  
And with their death his cruell life dooth feed ;  
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seede.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VII.

“ Thus all these fower (the which the groundwork bee  
Of all the world and of all living wights)  
To thousand sorts of Change we subject see :  
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous slights)  
Into themselves, and lose their native mights ;  
The Fire to Ayre, and th'Ayre to Water sheere,  
And Water into Earth ; yet Water fights  
With Fire, and Ayre with Earth, approaching neere :  
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

“ So in them all raignes Mutabilitie ;  
How-ever these, that Gods themselves do call,  
Of them do claime the rule and soverainty ;  
As Vesta, of the fire æthereall ;  
Vulcan, of this with us so usuall ;  
Ops, of the earth ; and Juno, of the ayre ;  
Neptune, of seas ; and Nymphes, of Rivers all :  
For all those Rivers to me subject are,  
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

“ Which to approven true, as I have told,  
Vouchsafe, O Goddesse ! to thy presence call  
The rest which doe the world in being hold ;  
As times and seasons of the yeare that fall :  
Of all the which demand in generall,  
Or judge thyselfe, by verdit of thine eye,  
Whether to me they are not subject all.”  
Nature did yeeld thereto ; and by-and-by  
Bade Order call them all before her Majesty.

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare.  
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres  
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,  
(In which a thousand birds had built their bowres  
That sweetly sung to call forth Paramours)  
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,  
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)  
A guilt engraven morion he did weare ;  
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

Then came the jolly Sommer, being dight  
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,  
That was unlyned all, to be more light ;  
And on his head a girlond well beseene  
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,  
The sweat did drop ; and in his hand he bore  
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene  
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,  
And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated sore.

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,  
As though he joyed in his plentious store,  
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad  
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore  
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore :  
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold  
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore ;  
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,  
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VII.

Lastly, came Winter cloathed all in frize,  
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill ;  
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese,  
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill  
As from a limbeck did adown distill.  
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,  
With which his feeble steps he stayed still ;  
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,  
That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went ;  
And after them the Monthes all riding came.  
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent  
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,  
The same which over Hellespontus swam ;  
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,  
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,  
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,  
And fild her wombe with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,  
And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds :  
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led  
Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds :  
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,  
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight  
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds  
Which th'earth brings forth ; and wet he seem'd in sight  
With waves, through which he waded for his loves delight.

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,  
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons prude,  
And throwing flowres out of her lap around :  
Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,  
The twinnes of Leda ; which on eyther side  
Supported her like to their soveraigne Queene :  
Lord ! how all creatures laught when her they spide  
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene !  
And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

And after her came jolly June, arrayd  
All in greene leaves, as he a Player were ;  
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,  
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare.  
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare  
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,  
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare  
Bending their force contrary to their face ;  
Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest grace.

Then came hot July boyling like to fire,  
That all his garments he had cast away.  
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire  
He boldly rode, and made him to obey :  
It was the beast that whylome did forray  
The Nemæan forrest, till th'Amphytrionide  
Him slew, and with his hide did him array.  
Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side  
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VII.

The sixt was August, being rich arrayd  
In garment all of gold downe to the ground ;  
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd  
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround  
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found :  
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old  
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound ;  
But after Wrong was lov'd, and Justice solde,  
She left th'unrighteous world, and was to heaven extold.

Next him September marched, eeke on foote,  
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle  
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,  
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle :  
In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,  
He held a knife-hook ; and in th'other hand  
A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle  
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,  
And equall gave to each as Justice duly scann'd.

Then came October full of merry glee ;  
For yet his noule was totty of the must,  
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,  
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust  
Made him so frolick and so full of lust :  
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,  
The same which by Dianaes doom unjust  
Slew great Orion ; and eeke by his side  
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tyde.

Next was November ; he full grosse and fat  
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme ;  
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,  
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steem,  
And yet the season was full sharp and breem :  
In planting eeke he took no small delight.  
Whereon he rode not easie was to deeme ;  
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,  
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.

And after him came next the chill December :  
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made  
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember ;  
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.  
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,  
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender yeares,  
They say, was nourisht by th' Idæan mayd ;  
And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares,  
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

Then came old January, wrapped well  
In many weeds to keep the cold away ;  
Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,  
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may ;  
For they were numb'd with holding all the day  
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood  
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray :  
Upon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood,  
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane Flood.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VII.

And lastly came cold February, sitting  
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,  
Drawne of two fishes, for the season fitting,  
Which through the flood before did softly slyde  
And swim away : yet had he by his side  
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,  
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride  
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.  
So past the twelve Months forth, and their dew places found.

And after these there came the Day and Night,  
Riding together both with equall pase,  
Th'one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white ;  
But Night had covered her uncomely face  
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,  
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight ;  
And sleep and darknesse round about did trace :  
But Day did beare upon his scepters hight  
The goodly Sun encompast all with beames bright.

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Jove  
And timely Night; the which were all endewed  
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;  
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed  
That might forslack the charge to them foreshewed  
By mighty Jove; who did them porters make  
Of heavens gate (whence all the gods issued)  
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake  
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

And after all came Life, and lastly Death;  
Death with most grim and griesly visage seene,  
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;  
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,  
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene:  
But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,  
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,  
Full of delightfull health and lively joy,  
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse:  
“ Lo! mighty mother, now be judge, and say  
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse  
CHANGE doth not raign and bear the greatest sway;  
For who sees not that Time on all doth pray?  
But Times do change and move continually:  
So nothing heere long standeth in one stay:  
Wherfore this lower world who can deny  
But to be subiect still to Mutability? ”

Then thus gan Jove: "Right true it is, that these  
And all things else that under heaven dwell  
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all disseise  
Of being: But who is it (to me tell)  
That Time himselfe doth move, and still compell  
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee  
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell  
That moves them all, and makes them changed be?  
So them we gods do rule, and in them also thee.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VII

To whom thus Mutability: "The things,  
Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd  
Ye may attribute to your selves as Kings,  
And say, they by your secret powre are made:  
But what we see not, who shall us perswade?  
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,  
Mov'd by your might and ordered by your ayde,  
Yet what if I can prove, that even yee  
Your selves are likewise chang'd, and subject unto mee?

" And first, concerning her that is the first,  
Even you, faire Cynthia; whom so much ye make  
Joves dearest darling, she was bred and nurst  
On Cynthus hill, whence she her name did take;  
Then is she mortall borne, how-so ye crake:  
Besides, her face and countenance every day  
We changed see and sundry formes partake,  
Now hornd, now round, now bright, now browne and gray;  
So that 'as changefull as the Moone' men use to say.

“ Next Mercury ; who though he lesse appeare  
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one,  
Yet he his course doth alter every yeare,  
And is of late far out of order gone.  
So Venus eeke, that goodly Paragone,  
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day :  
And Phœbus selfe, who lightsome is alone,  
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,  
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

“ Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most ;  
For he sometimes so far runnes out of square,  
That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,  
And cleane without his usuall spheere to fare ;  
That even these Star-gazers stonisht are  
At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookees :  
So likewise grim Sir Saturne oft doth spare  
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookees.  
So many turning cranks these have, so many crookes.

“ But you, Dan Jove, that only constant are,  
And King of all the rest, as ye doe clame,  
Are you not subject eeke to this misfare ?  
Then, let me aske you this withouten blame ;  
Where were ye borne ? Some say in Crete by name,  
Others in Thebes, and others other-where ;  
But, wheresoever they comment the same,  
They all consent that ye begotten were  
And borne here in this world ; ne other can appeare.

“ Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me  
Unlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make  
Immortall and unchangeable to be :  
Besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,  
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,  
And your owne natures change ; for each of you,  
That vertue have or this or that to make,  
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,  
By others opposition or obliquid view.

MUTA-  
BILITIE.  
Canto VII.

“ Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheares,  
So sundry wayes and fashions as clerkes faine,  
Some in short space, and some in longer yeares,  
What is the same but alteration plaine ?  
Onely the starry skie doth still remaine :  
Yet do the Starres and Signes therein still move,  
And even it selfe is mov'd, as wizards saine :  
But all that moveth doth mutation love ;  
Therefore both you and them to me I subject prove.

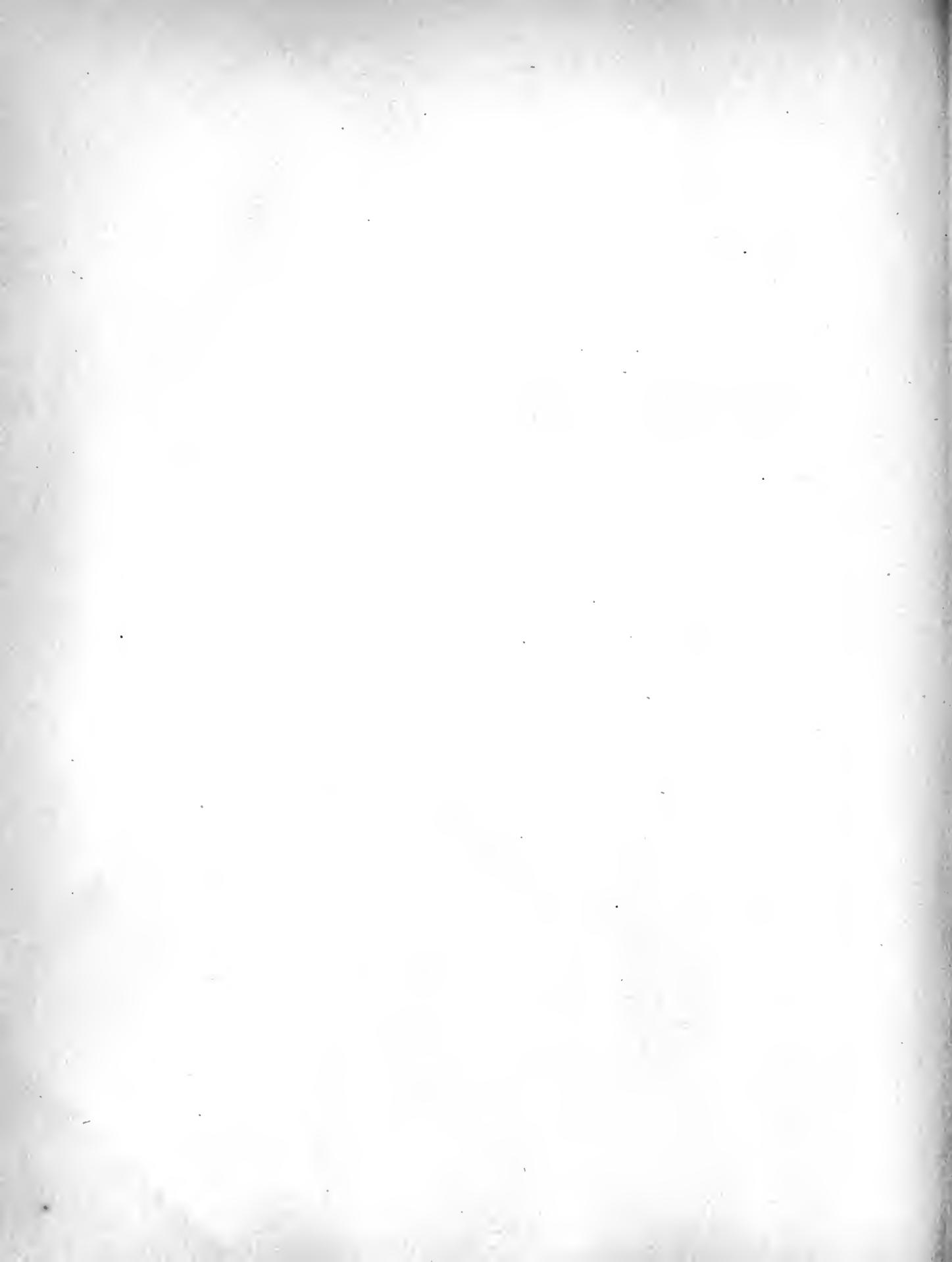
“ Then, since within this wide great Universe  
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,  
But all things tost and turned by transverse,  
What then should let, but I aloft should reare  
My Trophee, and from all the triumph beare ?  
Now judge then, (O thou greatest goddesse trew)  
According as thy selfe doest see and heare,  
And unto me addoom that is my dew ;  
That is, the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.”

So having ended, silence long ensewed ;  
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,  
But with firme eyes affixt the ground still viewed.  
Meane-while all creatures, looking in her face,  
Expecting th'end of this so doubtfull case,  
Did hang in long suspence what would ensew,  
To whether side should fall the soveraine place :  
At length she, looking up with chearefull view,  
The silence brake, and gave her doome in speeches few.

“ I well consider all that ye have said,  
And find that all things stedfastnesse do hate  
And changed be ; yet, being rightly wayd,  
They are not changed from their first estate ;  
But by their change their being do dilate,  
And turning to themselves at length againe,  
Do worke their owne perfection so by fate :  
Then over them Change doth not rule and raigne,  
But they raigne over Change, and do their states maintaine.

“ Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,  
And thee content thus to be rul'd by mee,  
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire ;  
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,  
And from thenceforth none no more change shal see.”  
So was the Titanesse put downe and whist,  
And Jove confirm'd in his imperiall see.  
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,  
And Natur's selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

·THE·VIII<sup>TH</sup>·CANTO· ·UNPERFITE·



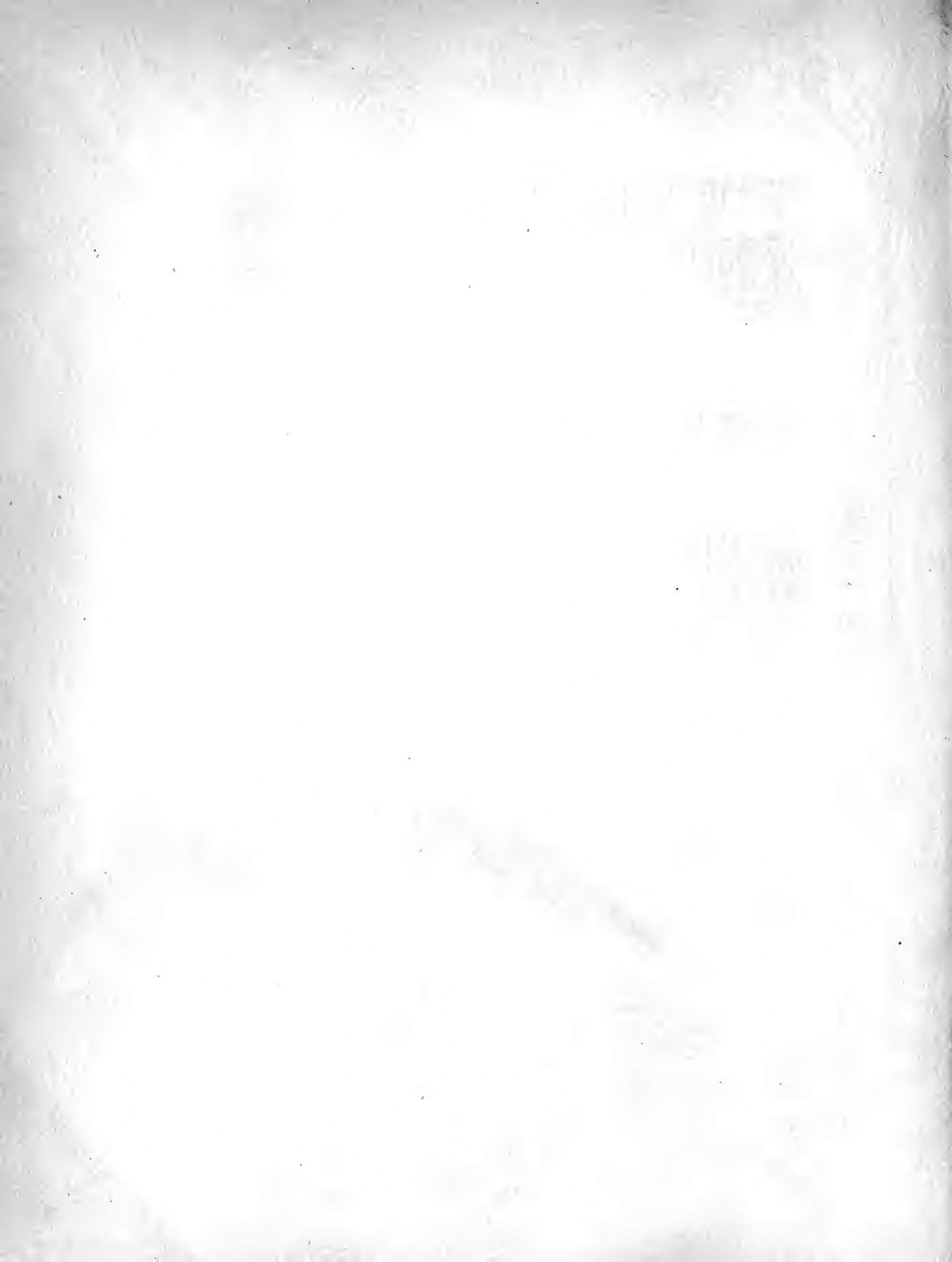
# THE VIII<sup>TH</sup> CANTO. UNPERFITE.

**W**HEN I BETHINK ME ON THAT SPEECH WHYLE ARE  
OF MUTABILITIE, AND WELL IT WAY: [WERE  
ME SEEMES, THAT THOUGH SHE ALL UNWORTHY  
OF THE HEAV'NS RULE; YET, VERY SOOTH TO SAY,  
IN ALL THINGS ELSE SHE BEARS THE GREATEST SWAY.  
WHICH MAKES ME LOATH THIS STATE OF LIFE SO TICKLE,  
AND LOVE OF THINGS SO VAINE TO CAST AWAY;  
WHOSE FLOWRING PRIDE, SO FADING AND SO FICKLE,  
SHORT TIME SHALL SOON CUT DOWN WITH HIS CON-  
SUMING SICKLE.

## II.

**S**HEN GIN I THINKE ON THAT WHICH NATURE SAID,  
OF THAT SAME TIME WHEN NO MORE CHANCE SHALL  
BUT STEDFAST REST OF ALL THINGS, FIRMLY STAYD (BE  
UPON THE PILLOURS OF ETERNITY,  
THAT IS CONTRAYR TO MUTABILITIE:  
FOR ALL THAT MOVETH DOETH IN CHANGE DELIGHT:  
BUT THENCEFORTH ALL SHALL REST ETERNALLY.  
WITH HIM THAT IS THE GOD OF SABAOTH HIGHT:  
O THAT GREAT SABAOTH GOD, GRANT ME THAT  
SABAOTHS SIGHT.





BOOK

EDITED BY  
THOMAS J. WISE

PART



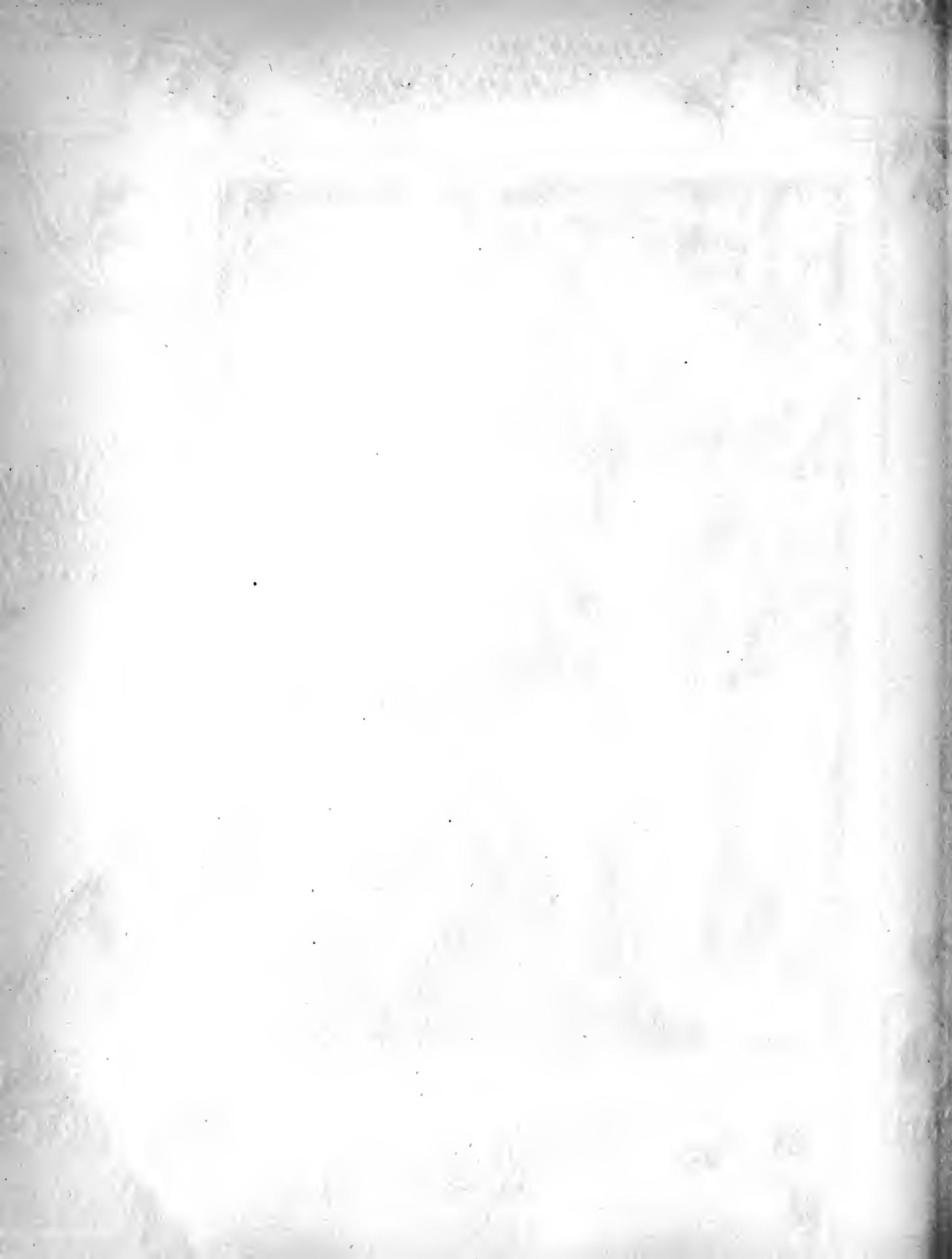
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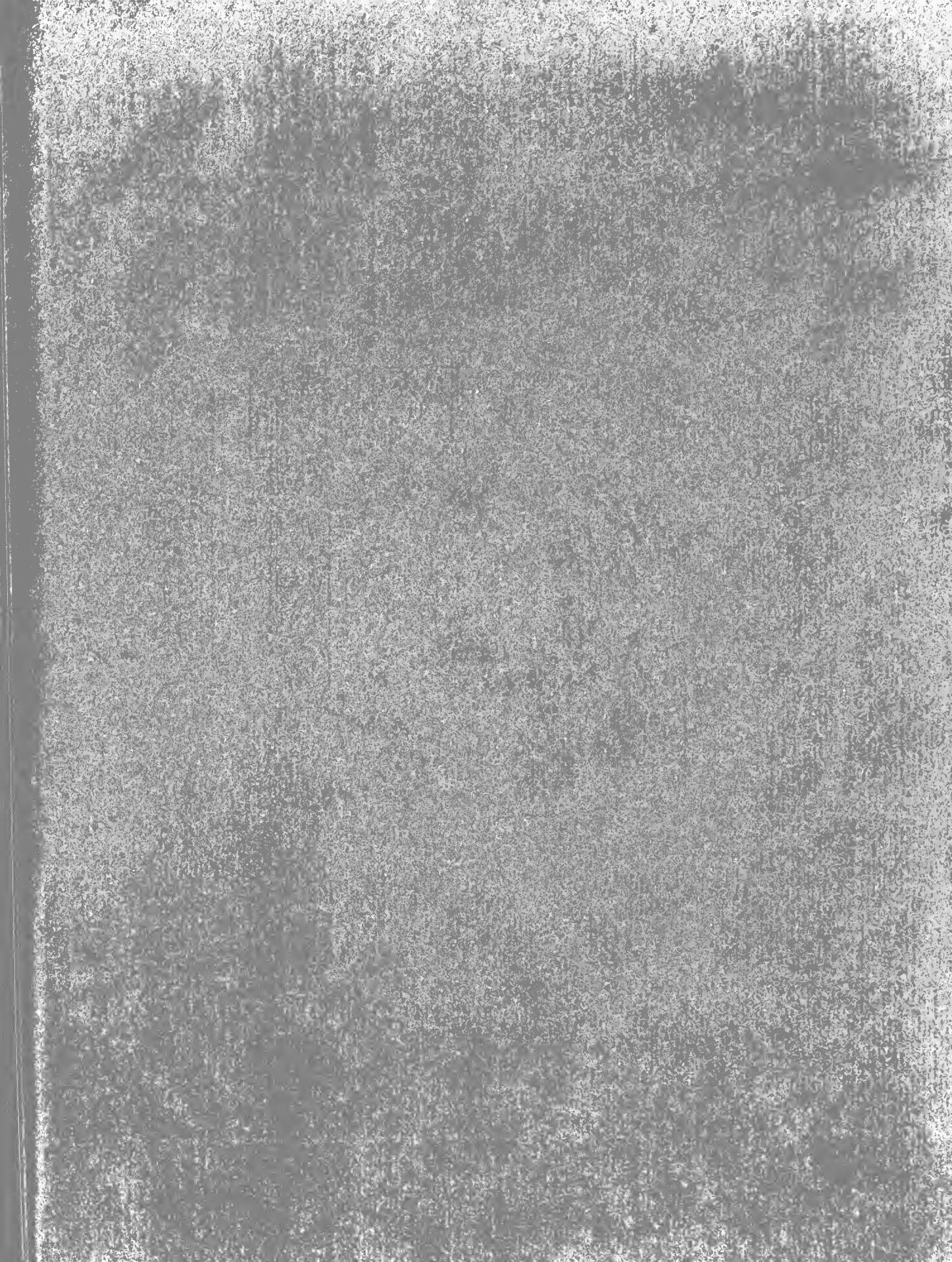
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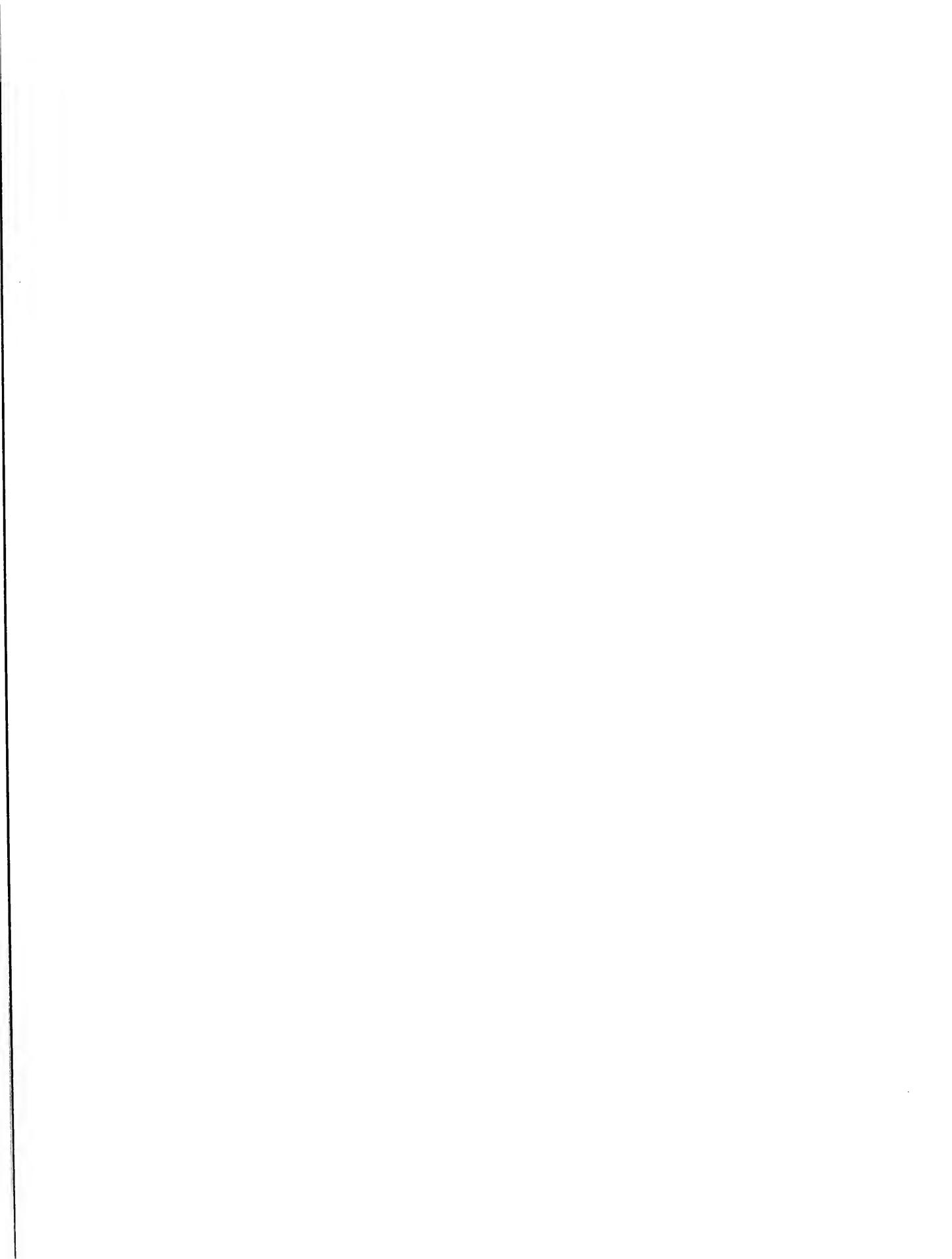


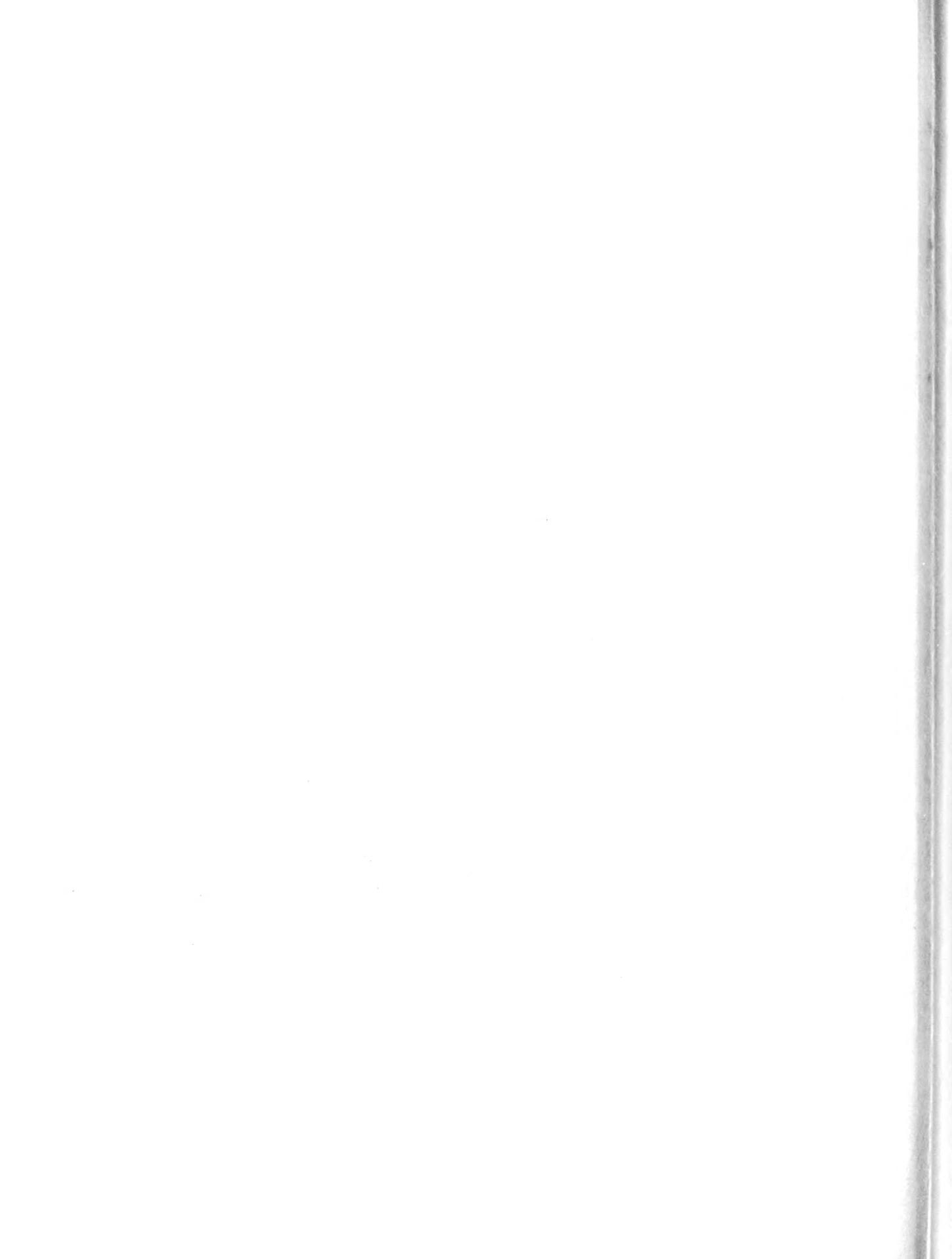












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